THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 5.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 5.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY–To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 4.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director.
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

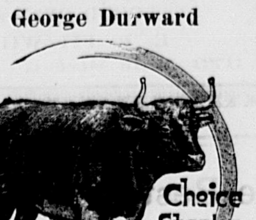
John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1 22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12 30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half on the 37 minute to and 7 minutes after the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

IN THE STORM'S VOICE

By A. S. Richardson

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Tommy, this is the fourth time in ten days, and you promised to behave if Nell let you come!"

"But I couldn't help it this time, dear. It just slipped out." Then, in wheedling tones, he added, "Besides, this is the day for declarations."

"Of independence," interrupted Harriet ruthlessly. "And your declaration calls for independence. I should be dependent upon you for everything—the roof over my head, the food on the table, the furbelows on my back, even my happiness"—

"And would it be so hard, little girl, to accept them? Why, I have dreamed of nothing else for years but giving you all these—and more. I am willing to take my chances of drawing big dividends in happiness"—

"Men are born gamblers," replied Harriet, with her big brown eyes fixed on the line where blue water and bluer sky met in rippling kisses. Tom sat up very straight and dug the toe of his tennis shoe viciously into the stony walk.

"Of course you are not taking any chances in going on the stage. You are going to be a star inside of a year, just because the man to whom you've been paying good money says you are his most promising pupil"—

"I think that will do, Tommy. I really didn't know you could be so rude."

Harriet had risen and was dusting off her linen skirt with elaborate care. Tom was on his feet in an instant.

"Forgive me, dear, but you can't understand how I feel when I think that in less than a short month you will pass out of my life, perhaps forever, and if you do come back that you will not be just the same girl, but one imbittered by hard experience. Hattie, do you think any audience will ever listen to the music of your voice and hang on every word as I do? And the critics, they will say things that will hurt and cut you, and I—I won't be able to punch their heads off! Oh, if you only could"—

"But I can't. And I think it is very horrid of you to spoil my vacation by crying for the moon, for that is what you are doing when you ask me to give up my career."

Harriet swept across the porch and into the house. Tom pulled his cap far down over his eyes and plunged into the tangle of laurel which screened the house on the right. He was perfectly aware that he had bungled the morning's conversation and lost the coveted opportunity involved in a long three hours of Harriet's exclusive company. The rest of the house party had gone across the lake by boat to participate in a good old fashioned up state celebration of Independence day, but Harriet had begged off on the plea that she needed a day of absolute quiet to get up a new role. Tom knew better. It was because she hated firecrackers, cannon and firearms generally. He had smiled grimly when he heard her excuse, wondering what she would do when her dramatic career cast melodrama her way.

And Tom had stayed behind because, as he informed Mrs. Walton, Harriet's sister, a cottage in the heart of the Adirondacks was no place for a young woman to be all alone. Mrs. Walton knew better also, but she held her peace. If only Tom would improve those golden morning hours! Dear knows, the whole family was opposed to this silly notion of Harriet's.

While Tom smoked and shied pebbles at unoffending birds and insects Harriet sat in her room looking over some photographs which had arrived in the last mail. She had ordered them for the manager whose company she was to join in August for a road tour. There were her "Lady of Lyons" costume worn at the last school review and one as Juliet and a head clouded in tulle, to say nothing of half a dozen less striking poses. With a hand that was quite firm and determined she indorsed the pictures, "Yours faithfully, Harriet Wentworth." She would play under her own name. There was nothing to be ashamed of.

She was going to be very happy. Of course it would be hard at first, because some of the fellow players to whom she had been introduced before leaving town were a bit plebeian. But all professions had their drawbacks. And at last her life of dependence would be over. Mrs. Walton had been kind and her husband even more kind. They had not said one word when Harriet took the last dollar of her little inheritance to pay for a term's tuition at a well advertised dramatic school.

"Independence!" She had hungered for it ever since she could remember. And now, in a few brief weeks, she would be mistress of the situation—quite capable of taking care of herself.

An hour of hard study on the role of Amy Leighton "who is always misunderstood," as the playbills would read, a brief respite at the luncheon table, where personalities were carefully avoided, and she was back in her room. But somehow she could not study. She suddenly recalled that Tom had only two weeks' vacation, that this was the biggest holiday of the year, and he had given up the jaunt with other members of the house party. Why? Because she was afraid to go. She hated the long ride on the water—she had always been afraid of boating—and she hated the noise of a country celebration. And Tom loved it all.

She lay on her couch trying to study, but her thoughts reverted unpleasantly and persistently to Tom—Tom who had carried her books and her lunch to school, who had fought for her and fetched and carried for her ever since she could remember. But of course there might be another Tom on the road. If not—well, her art would comfort her.

The room was suddenly shrouded in gloom, and from the distance came the mutter of thunder. Ah, that was why she could not study! Electricity in the air always unnerved her. It was merely a case of depression.

She closed her window, then passed rapidly from room to room, closing doors and windows and busying herself in sheer desperation, for an electrical storm in the Adirondacks is no trifling matter. Down came the darkness like a mighty pall, and with hands that trembled she lighted the sitting room lamp. Surely Tom would come in a few moments if he could find his way through the blackness outdoors. A flash of lightning played on the window, and she jerked down the shade. With the thunder there boomed another crashing sound, and a forest monarch lay prone on the lake's edge. Another crash and another, with the wind whistling and howling a minor accompaniment to the thunder. Harriet lay face downward on the wicker couch, her head buried in pillows. In the inky blackness of the entry stood Tom, his face grim and set, his arms crossed over his chest. Suddenly there came a pause, one of those awful, portentous pauses that presage an exceptional burst of fury. On the ominous silence rang a trembling voice: "Tom, where are you? Why don't you come?"

He reached her side just as the yellow blue light of the bolt seemed to envelop the entire cottage. When it was over Tom was holding a limp, unconscious form tight to his heart.

"It's all over, little girl. It was just a tree or something that was struck. There can't be another crash like that. Look at me, dear; it's Tom. I'm with you."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Walton was smoking his postprandial cigar two nights later in a peaceful frame of mind on the widest hammock the porch afforded. His wife was talking in an undertone.

"Well, thank heavens, Hattie has given it up for good. I think it was that bit of scandal about the manager's being divorced and marrying his leading man's wife. Such a tangle!"

"I don't believe it was anything of the sort. It was that storm."

"Nonsense. How do you know?"

"Tom."

And Mr. Walton lighted a fresh cigar and rolled over to watch the figures of a man and a tall, slender girl disappearing in the direction of the lake.

Reflections About Lawyers.

When Peter the Great visited London in 1698 he was shown Westminster hall. He asked who all those busy people were in black gowns and flowing wigs. He was answered, "They are lawyers, sir." "Lawyers?" said he, much astonished. "I have but two in my whole dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home."

When, in 1558, a lawyer tried to settle in the Isle of Wight, he was hounded out of the place, with a pound of candles hanging at his side, all alight, and with bells about his legs.

In 1867 "a book about lawyers" was written by John Cordy Jeaffreson, who declared: "Sweep away the lawyers, and forthwith there would be an end of triumphant roguery. The lawyer is the typical knave, the arch villain, the perjured monster, the heartless demon of our social system." As "the greatest scoundrel unhung, long since consigned by the unanimous but impotent wishes of his fellow countrymen to endless perdition"—

No wonder that "Death to thieves!" was the cry of the mob as they ransacked the house of Lord Mansfield. Yet solicitors, at any rate, do not always grow rich, and there is truth in Sydney Smith's remark that "it is not in every man's power to say, 'I will be a great and successful lawyer,' but it is in every man's power to say that he will be an honest man."

We earnestly hope that all lawyers who read these lines will do their best to be honest, whatever may be the difficulties in their path.—London News.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Wren's Dwelling.

The great Wren was appointed surveyor general and principal architect of the new London which rose out of the ashes and would have built a city of magnificent distances, worthy of the opportunity, if the citizens had not struck out for their private rights and fancies. The result was another maze of streets, above whose heads, however, loomed the wonderful dome of St. Paul's and the host of spires and towers which to this day soothe many a weary eye by their manifold beauties. Parallel with Pudding lane, now given up to the fishes, runs another beetling passage called Love lane. It is so narrow that you can almost step across it. It curves like the folds of a serpent. In places the houses overhang till their fronts almost touch. It requires some courage to struggle through the throng of porters and fishermen which surges to and fro, but it is worth the pilgrim's trouble, for in the very middle of it is the back of the house in which Wren lived while he was building his churches and laying out the new city. A flight of stone steps protected by rusty iron rails leads up to the massive oak door, now sadly battered, with great pieces chipped out of it, splashed with mud and choked up with the sweepings of ages. It is a melancholy memorial, in much the same case as some relic which we have not the heart to consign to the dust heap.—Pall Mall.

Whistling For Wind.

No sooner had we rounded the cape than the wind dropped and we nearly came to a standstill. Our "kamudi"—i. e., captain and steersman—did the best he could do for us, but in vain. We were doomed to drift about some hours without much progress. He would whistle softly and enticingly or would change his tone and with pouted lips whistle angrily and viciously for the wind that would not come to help us on. I have often wondered what can have been the origin of whistling for the wind. That the custom is of undoubted practical utility is the firm belief of many races of seafarers, from the English sea captain to the humble Malay kamudi. I was on one occasion very roughly spoken to by a captain in the Irish channel for casually whistling in a gale of wind. He thought it a piece of gross carelessness on my part which might lead to serious consequences. Here in Celebes, too, I was warned to be careful not to laugh when the kamudi screwed his face up into an intensely ludicrous expression of feigned passion and whistled angrily for the wind to come, for the Malay seaman's belief in the efficacy of this mode of raising the wind is a serious one and will not brook being made an object of derision. Soon after midnight a favorable breeze sprang up, and by sunrise we were passing the little islands of Ganga and Tindela.—Sidney J. Hickson in "A Naturalist In North Celebes."

Reading and Talking.

Books are no substitute for talk. They come out of talk and go back into talk. We doubt if reading alone ever made "a full man." It has been said that reading is thinking with some one else's head, but talking is thinking—if we may borrow a simile from the motor car—with two head power. As a bookworm is to the man of the world, so is the silent thinker to the talking thinker. The man who does not talk is a stranger upon earth. He does not know his fellows, and they do not know him, and those we do not know we cannot greatly like. "Little do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." Yet a man may do heroic deeds and never talk at all in our sense of the word, and he may be a learned man and never express an opinion on any subject of the first consequence. All the same, we agree with Bacon that, inasmuch as he is shut up in himself, "closeness doth impair and a little perish his understanding." — London Spectator.

His Feeling Faculty.

"I don't see anything remarkable in that mule," said the prospective purchaser, "except that he's stone blind."

"Yes, suh," replied the mule's proprietor, "he blin' in his eye, but you des orter see him feel fer you wid his heels!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Profit With the Brush.

"Do you think it possible for a man who is clever with the brush to make a living these days?" asked the discouraged artist.

"Yes," responded the cruel cynic, "if he is a bootblack."—Philadelphia Record.

Did you ever notice the indecision of a woman about choosing a seat in a street car with but few passengers?—Milwaukee Sentinel.

BERLIOZ, THE UNGALLANT.

What the Composer Wrote In Adelina Patti's Album.

Mme. Adelina Patti at the height of her celebrity kept an album in which all the notable people of her acquaintance were expected to write or paint or sketch or compose some little telling fragment.

Berlioz had already refused a dozen times to have anything to do with the volume. One evening, however, seeing that he was in an unusually genial frame of mind, she went up to him, book in hand, and sugared her request with a bribe.

"Master, if you will write one little thing in my album, a line even, I will give you your choice of two rewards. You shall either have a kiss or you shall have a wonderful pate de foie gras which has just been sent to me from Toulouse."

Berlioz smiled and was silent for a moment. Presently he said, "Give me your album." Instantly he was provided with writing necessities. Then he wrote, "Oportet pate." "What does it mean?" asked Mme. Patti, puzzled. "It means, my child, 'Bring the pate,'" answered Belioz sweetly.

Mme. Patti pouted and then fetched the promised pate.—Annales.

Clever Caterpillars.

Caterpillars accommodate themselves wonderfully to circumstances and display at critical periods of their development very high powers of instinct, which may seem akin to reasoning.

Huber describes a succession of processes by which one of them constructs a most complicated hammock for its approaching change into chrysalis form. He found that a caterpillar taken from its hammock and put in another nest at an earlier stage of construction did not seem puzzled, but took up the work methodically as he found it and carried it to completion from that point.

If, however, a caterpillar was put into a hammock that had been carried to a later stage than its own had reached, instead of feeling any benefit from work thus done for it, it became embarrassed and would go over the already advanced work from the stage with which it was itself familiar before it could complete the task.

From these facts we may gather that each condition leads on in definite order to the next and that results are due to a proper sequence apart from any actual calculation.

Winning a Fur Coat.

The artist Hans Canon once painted a Russian prince in a magnificent fur mantle which took his fancy so greatly that he endeavored to hit on a plan by which he might retain possession of it. On sending home the portrait he omitted to return the garment, and to the letter requesting him to do so he made no reply. One day, when looking out of a window, he saw the prince coming toward his house. Hastily slipping into the garb, Canon sat down in an armchair near the fire. The prince, who had come for his coat, started on seeing Canon groaning and trembling at the fireside. "What is the matter with you?" he asked. "Oh," groaned Canon, "I don't know what it is, but I feel so weak and wretched, and I cannot get warm! Two days ago my brother died of smallpox, and I am a bit nervous about myself." The artist kept the coat.

A Rainy Day Hint.

"Ever notice how many men hang on to their morning papers on a rainy day?" inquired a Harlemite.

"No? Well, they keep them to dry their shoes. There are nearly a score of clerks in our office, and on fair days they leave their newspapers in their trains or boats, but when the streets are wet they keep them.

"Every one except the old fashioned fellows who wear overshoes puts his morning paper under his desk and plants his wet boots on it. Remarkable thing how the paper, being more absorbent than the leather, extracts the dampness from a pair of shoes. In half an hour the wet papers are kicked aside, and the clerks have avoided the discomfort of working all day in wet shoes."—New York Times.

Died and Re-died.

During the Boer war a British soldier, who had been reported killed in a certain battle and against whose name in the regimental book a note to that effect had been made, afterward turned up and reported himself. Then the sergeant made another note in the book, "Died by mistake." The man was placed in hospital and a few weeks later succumbed to the injuries he had received. This fact was communicated to the sergeant through the colonel of the regiment, and then a third note was made, "Re-died by order of the colonel."

Public Spirit.

Mrs. Cassidy—We'll have to be gettin' a pianny for Mary Ann to be learnin' music.

Mr. Cassidy—I'll buy her one on one condition—that she don't start to learn to play till she knows how.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hope.

"Did you tell that publisher that your novel was entirely original?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said it might be good in spite of that fact, but he doubted it."—Washington Star.

Not In Their Class.

Jaggers—Why does that De Style family always refuse custard pie?

Waggers—Because it has no upper crust.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

No man ever did a designed injury to another but at the same time he did a greater to himself.—Homer.

Apprehension.

"Why, yes; my boy is quite ingenious—in fact, he is so interested in machinery that I'm afraid he may become an inventor."

"Afraid?"

"Yes; because, you know, if he should invent anything of value the chances are a hundred to one that somebody else will make all the money out of it."—Judge.

THE LABOR AGITATOR.

Some of the Qualities He Must Possess to Be Successful.

Strikes contribute but slightly to the equipment of the successful labor agitator. The agitator must be thoroughly acquainted with the history of the labor movement and be capable of presenting its aims and aspirations in an attractive and convincing manner. He must possess the ability to think rapidly and to express his views and opinions clearly and forcibly. But, withal, he must inspire those whom he would lead with absolute faith in his honesty. The agitator isn't always an advocate of strikes. He has sometimes to exert his influence to prevent a strike which his judgment tells him would be unwise. It may sound like mixing terms to say so, but it is a truth that the most difficult tasks performed by the labor agitators are their "agitations" in the interest of peace, their efforts to prevent strikes. The man who is always in favor of a strike as soon as one is suggested or who is constantly on the search for a casus belli soon finds his influence as a leader gone.—"The Story of a Labor Agitator," by Joseph R. Buchanan.

Unknowable Russia.

Those who are permitted to speak the open truth in Russia may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and then half of them will be left unused. Why these people are tolerated is one of the secrets of state. Outside of these only those who write works of fiction, which the majority of the people cannot and do not read, are permitted to speak of things as they are. When they exceed the limits of Russian decency and speak too openly, they are given a trip to Siberia at the expense of the government. Siberia is the place where the boldest, the most courageous and most talented products of Russia are put on cold storage.

It is the coldest part of the country, and honest people are sent there when the country becomes too hot for them. When the innocent tourist asks, "Where are your honest people?" Siberia is pointed out to him. If he asks more questions, he is himself sent there. The government objects to questions on general principles. Russia refuses to be interviewed.—B. G. Richards in Reader Magazine.

An Underground Confession.

Women are growing quite embarrassingly frank about the basis and the crown of their charms. On Saturday afternoon a pretty young married woman, with her five-year-old son—so much we could infer—jumped into a first class carriage on the underground. After her came three friends, two girls and a man. "Yes, I'd never be without my wig," said the pretty woman. "It isn't as if I hadn't enough hair of my own. Celia can vouch for that." Celia nodded—we all looked for Celia's nod. "Why, the other Sunday we were lunching at Wimbledon, one of those damp, muggy days. Margaret was there—with her fringe all over her eyes. Mine was all right, and yet Margaret has a maid and I haven't. I've worn a wig for three years, and I don't care who knows it." The rest of us—strangers—held our breath till the tale was told.—London Chronicle.

Peril In the Handkerchief.

It is in fact a grave sanitary question whether the handkerchief does not do more harm than good as it is ordinarily used. When we assume that the healthy nose does not need to be wiped we face a reasonably broad proposition as to the danger of the handkerchief as a disease propagator. Most of nasal catarrhs are of an infectious character, notably those of grip origin.

Contrary to a general law of asepsis, the handkerchief saturated with disease germs, instead of being promptly washed, is stowed for hours in the pocket, with a result that can be easily imagined. Is it any wonder then that catarrhs are constantly fostered by a system of auto-infection?—Medical Record.

Easy Way of Measuring Heights.

Anybody who knows how to take the altitude of the sun or a star with a sextant and wishes to take that of any distant hill, steeple or the like should put a tea tray on the ground, fill it with water and then retire from it until the top of the hill, steeple or what not is reflected in the liquid. Now take the sextant and make the image of the summit coincide with its reflection in the liquid. The angle of elevation will thus, obviously, have been measured double. Half of this will give the measurement required.

Caught With the Goods On.

"Silas wuz down to the city an' had to send for money."

"Get bunkoed?"

"Nope. He pasted his money to the inside of the bosom of his shirt, and when he went to come home the landlord wouldn't change his shirt."—Exchange.

Ayer's

Losing your hair? Coming out by the combful? And doing nothing? No sense in that! Why don't you use Ayer's Hair Vigor and

Hair Vigor

promptly stop the falling? Your hair will begin to grow, too, and all dandruff will disappear. Could you reasonably expect anything better?

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a great success with me. My hair was falling out very badly, but the Hair Vigor stopped it and now my hair is all right."—W. C. LOOSDON, Lindsay, Cal.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Thin Hair

SIGNS ARE OLD.

In Ancient Greece They Were Used on Business Houses.

The custom of marking a business house by means of a sign is of very ancient origin. In the great cities of the east and among the ancient Egyptians such a practice must have been unnecessary, as all trades were classified and confined to certain sections of the city, and then all wares were exposed to full view, as they were displayed in open booths.

The history of Grecian signboards is meager, yet the allusions of Aristophanes and Lucian to signboards warrant our belief in their use by the Greeks. Athenæus tells us, "He hung the well known sign in front of his house."

Advancing to Roman times, there is abundant evidence of signs, as the discoveries of Pompeii and Heraculaneum amply testify. In the Eternal City some of the streets derived their names from signs, just as hundreds of London streets have been so named. The Roman street Vicus Ursi Pileati was named from the sign, for, as the name indicates, it was the street of "The Bear With the Hat On." But it was not until late in the fifteenth century that the custom gained a footing in England, first of all among the taverns and alehouses. Later came the necessity of distinguishing between certain shops brought about by the fact that the houses were not numbered and the people could not read word signs.—Julian King Calford in St. Nicholas.

Skee Jumping.

The great event of the skeeing clubs of the western states is the jumping contest. Only a skee runner knows the sensation. Below, the endless hill seems to stretch on forever into the expanse of the valley, the steepness of the incline lost in its whiteness. A long breath and you start. Faster and faster you go, till suddenly a flash of green in front, and the jump off is coming. Crouching until your knees almost touch your skees, with muscles strained, out into the air you sail!

A strange lightness and feebleness take possession of your limbs, and your spirit shares the intoxication of soaring into space. After long seconds you are called back to earth, first for half a second softly, but then hard as iron that seems to give you an electric shock. You wabble helplessly from right to left; each foot seems glued to the ground and still in the air, but you have kept your balance and are shooting forward. At last you catch your first breath, like a hiccough; then a longer one. You are master of the field, with a jump of a hundred feet or more, and finish the victorious course in a neatly rounded curve.—Country Life In America.

A Weird Incident.

Some years ago the following strange incident took place in a west end club: There lay on the table in one of the rooms a list of members who had put down their names for an approaching house dinner. A workman on a ladder, who was putting the finishing touches to the decoration of the ceiling, let fall a single tiny splash of red paint, which dropped on the first name on the list and obliterated it as if with the stroke of a pen. Some of the members who noticed this occurrence thought it a very bad omen; others, like Hamlet, defied augury. But, curiously enough, the member whose name had thus been struck out was taken ill the next day and died in the club on the night before the dinner was to have taken place.—Golden Penny.

Valuable Shares.

The shares of the New River corporation are the most valuable in the world, and only fractions of them usually come upon the market. For many years the shares were sold at £5 apiece, and indeed Charles I. reassigned his king's shares to the company in return for a perpetual annual payment of £500, which sum, under the style of the "king's clog," is still paid. How bad a bargain that was is shown by the dividend for years past having averaged over £2,000 per share, while a few years ago one of the shares was sold for £122,000 by public auction. The actual face value of the shares is £100.—London Standard.

Webster Was Willing.

When Daniel Webster's market man had sued him for a long unpaid bill and got his money he was so scared at his temerity that he stopped calling at the door for orders. The godlike Daniel asked him why one day, and the man confessed that he supposed Mr. Webster would never trade with him again. "Oh," said Webster, "sue me as often as you like, but for heaven's sake don't starve me." There was never a time when the great man was not willing to owe as much as anybody was willing to let him owe.—Springfield Republican.

Conjugal Repartee.

Wife—That's the third time you've stepped on my dress. I wish you were not so slow.

Husband—It's you that are slow.

Wife—Indeed, I am not.

Husband—Well, your train is behind.—Washington Post.

Getting Even.

Miss Passaye—I trust you will consider my criticisms, dear, as coming from a friend.

Vera Perte—Oh, I will. I look upon you as the oldest, the very oldest, friend I have.—Brooklyn Life.

A Thin Spread.

Kwater—It's more or less true that, as the old saw has it, "Charity covers a multitude of sins."

Hardhead—But never if it's our charity and other people's sins.—Philadelphia Press.

A Hint Desirable.

"You're all run down," said the doctor. "What you need are quiet and rest. You ought not to be worried at all."

"Will you put that in the form of a prescription, doctor, and give it to my wife?" asked the man.—Exchange.

Success is nothing more than the result of doing whatever you can do not only well, but just a little better than anybody else.—Maxwell's Talisman.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 1, 1904.

NEW CITY GOVERNMENT.

The inauguration of Mayor John P. Feeney and organization of the City Council for 1904 is to take place on Monday afternoon, Jan. 4. Likewise, it is supposed that some city officers will be elected on that date.

If the JOURNAL does not err in memory, this will be the fifth time Mayor Feeney has been subjected to the ordeal of an inauguration, and, naturally, one would suppose he had, by this time, "got used to the new schoolhouse." That it may be more certain of being read and studied by the masses, it is to be hoped that His Honor's Address will be reasonably brief.

The Board of Aldermen will, with a few exceptions, be new to the business, but it does not follow that they will prove to be inefficient. It is rumored that Ald. Aylward is to be the President.

As usual, the ceremonies will doubtless attract a large assemblage of deeply interested people.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The first Wednesday after the first Monday in January falls on January 6 this year, and that is the date on which the Great and General Court of Massachusetts for 1904 will assemble at the Capitol in Boston and proceed to do things, the most important of which, to many members, on the start, will be the selection of officers for the two branches. A smart fight is on for President of the Senate, which will probably result in the election of Senator Frothingham.

The matter in which Woburn people take the greater interest until it is settled will be the Riley-Aldrich claim to a seat in the House as one of the Representatives from this, the 28th, District.

☞ The presentation of Cyrus E Dallin's "Medicine Man" to the city of Philadelphia by the Fairmount Park Art Association was a notable event in that city recently, in which several distinguished citizens took part. The Boston *Herald* of Dec. 27, gave a picture of the equestrian statue, and also a good likeness of its author, Mr. Dallin, whose home and studio are at Arlington Heights. This incident is of interest to Woburn people by reason of the fact that Mr. Dallin, who has acquired an enviable fame in Europe, as well as in America, as a sculptor, is to furnish the bronze tablets for the splendid Soldiers Memorial to be dedicated in Woodbrook cemetery next Memorial Day. We are indebted to Mr. Winthrop Hammond, one of the Memorial Committee, for the pictures.

☞ On the day before Christmas the Boston Elevated Railroad carried 1,350,000 passengers, which was the largest day's work that it has ever done. It was, indeed, an immense traffic, and must have increased the Company's coffers to very near the point of bursting. Major General William A. Bancroft is the able and highly successful General Manager and principal spoke in the Company's wheel. Not the slightest accident happened during the day.

☞ Capt. John L. Parker, whilom Editor of the Woburn JOURNAL, now, and for many years, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, a Veteran of the Civil War, has been elected Commander of Post 5, G. A. R., of Lynn, the largest in the country, and will be duly installed on Thursday evening, Jan. 7 instant. Capt. E. F. Wyer, Past Commander of Post 161, Woburn, will be the installing officer. Many Woburn Veterans are expected to go to Lynn, by special car, on that occasion.

☞ In view of the financial condition of the city and the attitude of the State Park Commissioners towards the measure, it looks as though the extension of the Mystic Valley Parkway from Winchester to Woburn was a long way in the future. The cost of building it must be large, and however desirable it might be, the question arises, can the luxury be afforded just at the present time?

☞ The work of the present Board of Aldermen is drawing to a close. It has been a business and working one, composed chiefly of good men, and the most of its acts have met with public approval.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

A. J. Foster—To Let.
Dr. Aspray—Removal.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Hammond's—Mark Down.

— HAPPY NEW YEAR!

— "And many returns of the same."

— Turn over that new leaf today.

— Lena M. Crosby is wintering at Pasadena, Cal.

— The ice crop is nearly ready for harvesting.

— Miss Annie Murphy is visiting in Warren, R. I.

— Francis Partridge is spending his vacation at his home here.

— Co. G, Rifle Team, give a dance in Armory Hall this evening.

— Read the change in Hanson & Co's business card in this paper.

— The Cummingsville Social Club give a party this evening, Jan. 1.

— Polo sports say that the Woburn team is the strongest in the League.

— The JOURNAL extends its New Year greetings and best wishes to all.

Postoffice is closed to-day, and the JOURNAL is late in reaching its patrons.

— Nathan Smith has been promoted to traveling salesman for Swift & Co.

— The No. Woburn A. A. are to give a minstrel show early in February.

— Mr. A. J. Foster advertises for rent some desirable tenements. See ad.

— A good old fashioned Watch Meeting was held at the M. E. church last night.

— A grand concert is to be given by the popular Highland Orchestra on Jan. 21.

— Basketball is having a great run at N. W. There are expert players in that village.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Mrs. Joseph F. DeLoriea of Academy Hill will pass the winter in the "Sunny South"

— Mr. Frank E. Wetherell enters on his duties of Woburn reporter for the Boston *Globe* today.

— Mr. and Mrs. S. R. French of School street entertained their daughter Lena at Christmas time.

— Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hayward spent Christmas with Mrs. Hayward's family at Milford, N. H.

— Grace Hathaway, a teacher at Rutland, spends the holidays with her parents on Bennett street.

— When turning over the new leaf today bear in mind that "short settlements make long friends."

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Ida Newton, a bright and successful teacher in N. H., spent Christmas at her home in this city.

— The W. W. C. will listen to a lecture this afternoon from Dr. Emily D. Ryder on "Oriental Clubs."

— Dr. Joseph Aspray is to change his residence and office to 57 Pleasant street about the first of February.

— Ada D. Carter, teacher at Milford in the Granite State, spent Christmas with her family on Bennett street.

— Tickets are now on sale for the Dedicatory Banquet to be given in the M. E. Church January 12 50c a plate.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— E. Prior, Real Estate dealer, has sold the dwelling 81 Green street to P. O'Brien for a residence. He has other sales on the string.

— Our esteemed friend, Mr. Abijah Thompson, is hereby awarded the credit for the first renewal of a JOURNAL subscription for 1904.

— Grace B. Heartz is passing the holiday season at her home on Bennett street. She is a teacher in Brewster Academy at Wolfboro, N. H.

— The business men in this city who advertise in the JOURNAL never complain of dull times. The reason is too obvious to require explanations.

— The days have increased in length 4 minutes. And it should not be forgotten that "when the days begin to lengthen the cold begins to strengthen."

— Mrs. F. C. Williams is visiting with Dr. and Mrs. Aspray. Mrs. Williams is the wife of Mrs. Aspray's brother, the Rev. Frederick Charles Williams of Moscow, Idaho.

— Philip H. Owen and Earle W. True were successful competitors in the Boston *Herald's* prize contest last month. Young True won a printing press, and Owen a drawing set.

— No handsomer calendar was ever presented to the public than that of Cummings, Chute & Co for 1904. It is elegant in design and finish and makes an appropriate parlor ornament.

— Mr. Alex. Grant spent Christmas Eve in company with his son, Lieut. Homer B. Grant, U. S. A., at the home of Mr. Grant's daughter in Malden. It was a pleasant family reunion.

— The play of Cinderella which was successfully presented in the Unitarian vestry Wednesday evening will be repeated at a matinee, this week Saturday at 4 o'clock. Prices 15 and 10 cents.

— A Smoke Talk will be given at the Towanda Club next Monday evening, Jan. 4, 1904. Prof. Wm. W. Crosby will speak. A full attendance is desired. The "talk" will begin at 8 o'clock.

— Besides having charge of all the regular services in the M. E. Church next Sunday, the Gospel Ten will hold a special service for men only in the afternoon at 3.30. All men are cordially invited to attend.

— The new Odd Fellows Lodge starts out under the most promising auspices. Mr. A. E. Rockwood of Fitchburg is the organizer. At the meeting last Wednesday evening several new members were received.

— Major H. C. Hall is to install the officers of Woburn Post, 161, G. A R., on Monday evening, Jan. 4; and Capt. Edwin F. Wyer is to perform a like duty for Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., on Tuesday evening, Jan. 5.

— Trinity Episcopal church was a Southern bower during Yuletide this year. The decorations consisted of Alabama smilax, holly, magnolia leaves, palms and pines, and nothing could have been more charming.

— Helen Sylvester was the star in "Cinderella," which was given in fine style at the Unitarian vestry last Wednesday evening. She is a Miss of rare and extraordinary accomplishments in dramatic, musical, and other art lines.

— The Woburn evening school was only just about half long enough. Considering the great need it meets, it is one of the most important branches of our public schools. There ought to be not less than a 4-months term every winter.

— It was a "green Christmas," therefore, according to the old saw, "fat graveyards" may be expected. The weather was as fine as anything could be, and as mild as anyone could wish. It was just the checker for a holiday.

— S. B. Goddard & Son, leading Insurance Agents of this city, can always be relied on for a generous donation of the best of calendars as the New Year comes around. We thank them for an ample supply of neat 1904 ones.

— Tickets are now on sale for the grand concert to be given by the Highland Orchestra of this city, on the evening of January 21, 1904. This organization is well known in Woburn and the sale of tickets should meet with a generous response. The tickets are 35 cents each, or three for one dollar.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

HOLIDAYS

Are made happier by an OVERCOAT and SUIT OF CLOTHES from

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

WITH A 50c. BOTTLE OF

Robbins Cough Syrup

we guarantee to cure your cough or refund your money. Trial size 25 cents. On account of its freedom from narcotics it is particularly recommended for children.

Slippery Elm Lozenges, 23 cents pound.
Horehound Drops, 19 cents pound.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ The Leader of Low Prices.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— The address of Mr. W. F. Sawyer is Portland, Maine, where he is engaged in business. As a travelling salesman for a large Boston house he has visited Portland weekly for many years, and now become permanently located there.

— It turned out on investigation that the secret of the runaway on Main street last Wednesday was a determination on the part of the horse to escape the humiliation of exposing to public view the closest shaved and worst looking tail in the city.

— A seasonable poem, written by Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, entitled "A New Year Reverie," appears in today's issue of our neighbor, the *News*. It is a song of good cheer, set to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," and most admirably illustrated by a Boston artist.

— It is reasonable to suppose that the incoming city administration will feel more kindly towards the introduction of additional street railroads to our city than the present one has been. We can't have too many of them, and the larger a railroad centre Woburn becomes the better it will be for all concerned.

— The "Gentlemen's Night" of the Woburn Woman's Club is to be held on Jan. 15, and is expected to be a grand affair indeed. While not the inventors, or originators, of the "Night," this Club have added fame and lustre to it as a social institution, and increased its pleasures and importance immeasurably.

— As a token of remembrance and continued good fellowship with the JOURNAL Mr. F. Percyval Lewis, a student of music at Leipzig, Germany, chose a neat card embellished with doves and "1904" done in unique style, making a real pretty New Year's picture. For which we extend thanks and best wishes.

— The following are the new officers of C. B. W. Camp, S. of V., this city: Commander, Fred C. Kean; Senior Vice Commander, William F. Cummings; Junior Vice Commander, D. Lee Waters; Camp Council, Past Commander, E. E. Foss, A. Lester Brown and E. E. Lovering. The officers will be installed January 6.

— Last Monday evening Crystal Lodge, I. O. O. F., held its annual meeting for the election of officers. It was visited by Grand Master Sumner P. Lawrence; P. G., Dr. Newell D Johnson; Grand Marshal, W. H. Ralph, and Grand Herald, Woolley, who were observers of work in the 3d Degree, rendered by the 3d Degree Staff composed of P. Gs. The vote for officers resulted as follows: N. G., Herbert H. LeBaron; V. G., Christian E. Miller; R. S., Alonzo L Perham; Fin. Sec., Alva J. Foster; T., Orlando M. Brooks; Trustee for 3 years, Herbert S Dickinson. A march and collation followed.

MARK DOWN SALE
of Men's and Boys'
WINTER
OVERCOATS
Now in Progress at
HAMMOND & SON'S
Leading Clothiers.

— Last week Lawyers John P. and James E. Feeney obtained verdicts in the Superior Court at Cambridge for their clients, Patrick Beatty, $2,000, and John Lyden, $1,000, against the Winchester Manufacturing Co. for injuries received by them while demolishing a building at the John Maxwell tannery. The case was hotly contested.

— As she has never once failed to do for lo! these many years past, Mrs. Mary Jennings was promptly on hand with her Christmas present to the JOURNAL Editor this Yuletide, which he accepted with gratitude and thanks. It was a nice and appropriate holiday gift, and will be duly cherished as such. We wish her a "Happy New Year, and many returns of the same."

— The JOURNAL is willing to hazard its reputation as a prophet on the statement that Judge Maguire will be reelected (17th time) Collector, John C Buck Treasurer, John Lynch Clerk of Committees, at the inauguration of the new city administration on Jan. 4. The Board of Public Works is a close corporation, and nobody knows what they will do.

— Lieut. Homer B. Grant, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Washington on the Potomac 30 miles below Washington, D. C., has been visiting his father, sister and many friends here this week. The JOURNAL was pleased to meet him. He was in fine condition, and a more soldierly appearing young officer it would be hard to find in Uncle Sam's military service.

— The High School dance, about which there has been so much lively talk of late, is to come off, Providence permitting, on Friday evening Jan. 8, 1804, and will therefore be one of the earliest functions to be enjoyed on the incoming of the New Year, as it is sure to be the best up to that date. The finest musicians in the land have been engaged to play for the dancers.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce of this city, a well known and popular public reader, entertained with recitations the employees of Stearns & Waterman at the American House, Boston, one evening last week, at the banquet given them by their employers, one of whom, Mr. Waterman, is a resident of this city. It is unquestionably true that Mr. Pierce is one of the best elocutionists in the Old Bay State.

— The patriotic and always busy members of Woburn Relief Corps 161 have started out with the following list of officers for the good work of 1904: Pres., Helen E. Patten; S. V., Theresa Jones; J. V., Harriet Patten; Treas., Rebecca J. Brooks; Chap., Susan E Crowell; Cond., Margaret Wandless; Guard, Effie Francis; Pat. Inst., Susie F. A. Jeffards; Pianist, Grace Porter; Delegates, Abbie M French, Susan E Crowell; Alternates, Elizabeth A Staples, Clara Sanborn.

— To modify the Arctic temperature of rooms, chambers, halls, etc., in zero weather, the oil heaters sold by C M Strout & Co. answer the same ends that the dear old fashioned warmingpan used to accomplish in the frosty beds of "spare rooms" for strangers, and bedrooms for the home flock in the happy days of our forefathers, the invention of which was a boon to suffering humanity. The virtues of the ancient warmingpan have been everlastingly embalmed in poetry and its praises sung by thousands, and there is no reason why Strout & Co's oil heaters should not be similarly honored.

— Mr. S. S. Hovey the florist is confined to his home on Frances street with the grip.

— Mr. Leon F. Parkhurst of Great Barrington, Mass., spent the holidays with his parents in this city.

— The tickets for the W. H. S Class '04, entertainment and dance at Lyceum Hall, Jan. 8, are 25 cents.

— The Ladies of Trinity Parish intend holding a food sale at the store of Geo. A. Crawford, 412 Main st.

— Miss Helen Cunningham of Portland, Me., and Miss Queenie Hayes of Providence, R. I., are visiting Miss Nellie Moore of Montvale Ave.

— Mr. John J. Skinner of Salem street, who has been confined to his home for five weeks with a severe case of carbuncles on the back of his neck, is now out of danger and slowly recovering.

— At the School meeting last Tuesday evening Supt. Clapp reported the registration for the evening school, just closed, at 206, or 58 more than last winter. The average membership was 111, and average attendance 64. The expense for each pupil was $1 70.

— Miss Lillian V. Bearce assisting artist at the concert given by the Highland Orchestra on Jan. 21, is a pupil of Mr. W. L. Whitney of Boston. The press says of her: "Miss Bearce sings with deep sincerity and vibrant sympathy. She never appears ill-at-ease, is always charming and sings admirably."

— The Woburn Polo Team won 5 straight games last week. They won a doubleheader Christmas Day from Chelsea 9 to 5, and 3 to 2; and Saturday night they trimmed Lynn at Lynn, score 6 to 5. Wednesday night of this week they lost to Salem 6 to 5. Woburn has passed Lynn and are now in fourth place. Stoneham leads the race.

— The L. C. S. and Alliance Branch of the Unitarian church will meet Thursday, Jan. 7. Supper at 6 30, for 25 cts., followed by speaking "Problems in Domestic Life" will be given by Mrs. Frances W. Hill; "In Education" by Mr. George I. Clapp; "In Religion" Rev. Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plain. This occasion is open to the public.

— A Constitution and By-Laws were adopted at a meeting of the District Nurse Association the other evening. What they need and must have, if the enterprise is ever to become a success, is money, and a good deal of it. Pledges for future aid should also be obtained. Whist parties and pink teas are well enough, but when it comes to securing funds for charitable or philanthropic purposes they are found to be the most unreliable of broken reeds.

— Not long after the rising of the lark on a bitter cold morning this week, Mr. B. T. H. Porter, the sprightliest octogenarian in Woburn, spurning the JOURNAL elevator, came briskly up the stairs and blithly entered the Editor's sanctum laden with a double armful of choice 1904 calendars samples of which he generously deposited on the Editorial table, with the compliments of the season, and hurriedly left to supply other friends from his cargo. The calendars are fine ones, for which we return thanks.

— The unanimous verdict of our storekeepers is, that the Christmas trade here was fully up to concert pitch, and high C, at that, in many lines. It looked a little dubious on the start, but on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec 23 and 24, there was a marked revival, in some instances assuming the proportions and life of a boom, which on Thursday evening reached a climax, when the hustling for holiday goods was simply immense. The JOURNAL strenuously insisted, the week before, that Woburn is the centre of trade for a large surrounding territory, and last week proved it.

— The balsamic perfume with which the olfactory nerves of the admirer was greeted when handling the finely wrought pillow sent to the JOURNAL for a Christmas present, rendered its name in the highest degree appropriate, "A Whiff from the Maine Woods," called for short, "The Pine Tree State." Its odoriferous emanations filled the room with sweetness and memories of home. The pillow was accompanied by a picture called "The Dignitaries," which was a rare reproduction in photography of a cluster of stately hollyhocks which grew in a Pleasant street garden last summer.

— We are again indebted to the "Woolly West" for a cold snap of unusual severity. On Christmas that section of the Union was visited by one of the toughest blizzards experienced for many years, causing great suffering and spoiling Christmas festivities. There was a great snowfall accompanied by a wind that swept everything before it. In this section of country the weather was moderate and day fine. On Saturday forenoon, Dec. 26, snow fell to the depth of 3 or 4 inches, making quite decent sleighing. Towards sunset it cleared off and the mercury dropped rapidly, so that by 7 p. m. the stiffest kind of winter weather was on hand. Sunday morning thermometers showed from 6 to 12 below zero.

— Some years ago several interesting stories appeared in a leading Boston daily from Mr. James R Wood, a Veteran of the Civil War, member of Woburn Post 161, G. A. R., and a highly respected resident of this community, of his experience as a Cavalry man and Scout in the Union Army in Virginia. Next Monday evening, Jan. 4, he is engaged to give a War Talk at the 41st anniversary of the 11th Mass Battery Association at the Quincy House, Boston; and on Jan. 13, "Dahlgren's Raid towards Richmond" will be his theme at the American House, where he will appear at the invitation of the Box Manufacturers of New England. Mr. Wood tells entertaining stories which to hear is a treat.

For Winter's Afflictions.

There are few who do not suffer in winter from chapped hands. How painful and disabling when they begin to crack and bleed—how delightful and healing is the application of a soothing hot solution of Sulpho-Napthol. It almost instantly heals up the inflammed surface and maintains the hands in a soft and perfect condition. Sulpho-Napthol gives wonderful relief from the burning, agonizing pain of chilblains, which drive some of us almost crazy. Try it once in the foot-bath and you will readily understand just what is meant. Avoid cheap, inferior "just as good" imitations and substitutes. They are impositions and should be fought shy of.

Cinderella.

A score of young misses and masters entertained a goodly audience of ladies and gentlemen in the Unitarian church vestry Wednesday evening by presenting a metrical version of the oldtime fairy story of Cinderella. The entertainment was given under the auspices of the Sunday School and the immediate supervision of Mrs. Parker, the wife of the pastor, Rev. Henry C. Parker.

The children were prettily dressed in contrasting colors and evidenced an intelligent idea of the story. They spoke the lines with capital emphasis and acted with life and spirit. The introduced features were chosen with taste and served to add variety. These included: a song and gracefully executed dance by petite Helen Sylvester; a finely rendered violin solo by Master Kenneth Parker; songs by Master Harold Child. Miss Kate Barker officiated at the piano.

The cast of the play was as follows: Ciderella, Helen Sylvester; the Prince, Harold Child; Fairy Godmother, Ellen Banwell; Proud sisters; Dottie Bezanson and Bessie Boutwell; the Baron, Clifford Parker; the Baroness Madeline Taylor; Alberto, Harri Leathe; Fleur-de-lis, Eugene Place; Nimblewitz, Kenneth Parker; guests, Ruth Johnson, Lizzie Hart, Joseph Atwood and Eliot DeLoriea; fairies, Irene Foster, Eleanor Lund, Dorothy Seaver and Celia Whithead.

The play will be repeated at a matinee Saturday, at 4 o'clock, at reduced prices.

Two Beautiful Vases.

On last Sunday, which was observed as Christmas Sunday at the Unitarian church, two beautiful vases were placed within the chancel, one on either side of the pulpit. They are of figured brass, ornamented with flowers, with a Maltese cross in the centre. They were designed and executed by Tiffany of New York, and were given to the church by Mr. Charles H. Taylor, Jr., of Boston, in memory of her mother. The inscription reads:

"In loving memory of Mary Munn Falck, A. D., 1903."

They are rich and chaste, and add much to the attractiveness of this artistic church interior.

Miss Mary Munn and Mr. Falck were the first couple married in the church after it was purchased and remodeled by the Unitarian Society. In the same church, her daughter Marguerite was married to Charles H. Taylor, Jr., of Boston, Dec. 2, 1900.

Woman's Club.

The Woburn Woman's Club are to hold their annual Gentlemen's Night in Music Hall on the evening of Jan. 15. A reception to be held from 7.30 to 8, followed by one of the finest programs ever given in this city. Miss Carolyn S Foye, a dramatic reader and impersonater has been engaged. The Newton *Journal*, says of her:

"The midwinter entertainment of the Newton Woman's Club was held in Bray's Hall and the large audience were delighted at the rendition of Miss Foye's Midsummer Night's Dream," and the Lowell *Mail* says: "Miss Foyes readings were as refreshing as a bouquet of wild violets. She won instantaneous favor and charmed every one."—SEC'Y.

School Committee Tribute.

The following resolutions on the death of George W. M. Hall, late Master of the Washington Allston School District were adopted by the School Committee last week:

"WHEREAS, This Board has received with deep regret the sad intelligence of the sudden death of George W. M. Hall, late Master of the Washington Allston District; now, therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That the Board hereby expresses its appreciation of the long and valuable service given by Mr. Hall in the public school system of Boston. Independent in thought, firm in conviction, strong in administrative capacity, he wisely conducted the important interests committed to his charge, and withal performed many unobstrusive acts of kindness that, known to but few perhaps, will live in grateful memories for years to come. A striking feature of his administration was the loyal and unswerving support it received from those who were associated with him in the discharge of school duties, and one of his last official acts demonstrated his real kindliness of heart, and readiness to extend his aid to those in need of encouragement and support in time of difficulty.

"His interest in the welfare of his associates was not confined to district lines, and the success attending the formation and establishment by legislative action of the Public School Teachers' Retirement Fund is largely due to his unselfish and untiring interest and persistent effort.

"Mr. Hall was born in Philadelphia, Penn., April 29, 1836, and entered the Boston service as Usher in the Mayhew School on Hawkins street in 1869. In 1875 he became Master of the Brighton Harvard school (now the Washington Allston) where he continued during the remainder of his life.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in full upon the records to the Board, and that a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased, with the sympathy of the Board in this their hour of bereavement."

The New Instructor.

The Board of Directors of M. E. church Gymnasium have secured Miss Grace Whitaker to have charge of the classes for girls and ladies. Miss Whitaker is a graduate of the Allen Gymnasium and, at present, has charge of the work in connection with the "Peoples' Club" of Lowell, where she not only directs the work of the classes but delivers lectures weekly on physiology and hygiene. Miss Whitaker will be present on the night of dedication, Jan. 12, to meet any who wish to consult with her.

The Board of Directors of the M. E. Church Gymnasium consists of: Prof. George E. Clapp, Hon. John W. Johnson, James West, Herbert S. Dickinson, Secretary; Dr. Henry Hutchings, S. Edgar Whitaker, Rev. Norman E. Richardson.

At a meeting of the Board it was voted that any persons wishing to join the gymnasium should fill out application blanks. Annual tickets will be issued only to those of good character. Immorality, roughness, or the use of profanity shall disqualify anyone from membership. The annual fee is placed at $2.50 for Juniors and $3.50 for Seniors. This rule applies to both sexes. Application blanks may be secured from H. S. Dickinson's market or from the pastor of the church. The appointment of a Physical Director for men was left in the hands of Prof. Robert J. Roberts, Senior Instructor of the Boston Y. M. C. A. Prof. Roberts will have general oversight of this work and his "Apollo System" will be used. All courses of instruction will begin immediately after the Dedication. The four courses will be for boys, young men, girls and young women.

Visitors will be admitted upon presentation of "Visitor's Card" which may be secured from any member of the Board of Directors or through any member of the gymnasium.

Besides the regular courses, there will be Basket Ball, Hand Ball, Indoor Base Ball and Tennis. Annual membership includes all advantages excepting private lockers.

HERBERT S. DICKINSON, Sec'y.

50 DOSES FOR 21c.

5 GRANULES OF

Whitcher's KOLD KURE

taken once an hour for six hours will break up the severest cold and PREVENT PNEUMONIA. You should have a bottle in your pocket.

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS

—WITH A—

ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.

373 MAIN STREET,

and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR

$3 Worth of Stamps

With a $1.00 Purchase.

GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

The Best Cough Reliever

Wild Cherry and Tar

COUGH BREAKER.

25 Cents.

PREPARED BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Poem

Read at funeral of Sarah M. Frye, Dover, N. H.

Farewell: dear friends, who made my earth life pleasant,
With friendly greetings and with cheering word,
Think of me now as past all pain and grieving;
As if my friendly voice once more you heard.

Parted, but as the friends we see tomorrow:
After a sleep you wake to sunshine bright,
So I have passed from pain and care and sorrow,
And started into peace and life and light.

Where'er I go amid God's many mansions,
Amid His worlds with endless wonders fraught,
Amid the joy of loved ones fond reunion,
I cannot reach a place where God is not.

And thanks to them who from this earth life's shadow,
Has lifted up the veil that I may see:
And seeing, hearing, learn full well the lesson,
Sent from earth's school to vast eternity.

Farewell: yet not farewell we meet tomorrow,
For what's earths fleeting years; e'en but a day.
That goes how swiftly—with its pains and sorrows,
Lost in the light of grand eternity.

Death is an angel, dread him not. He comes the weary to relieve,
To bid the soul its cares forget.
Fly softly to a land of peace:
Fly softly to a land of peace.

Three Beautiful Calendars.

From Burdett's Business College, Boston, the leading institution of the kind in New England in point of patronage and utility of its system of instruction, we have received an extremely neat and convenient calendar for 1904, for which we return thanks. It comes square up to the motto of the College: "Business from the Start."

With the compliments of the season C. M. Strout & Co. honors the JOURNAL with one of the handsomest 1904 calendars that have made an appearance this season. In design and finish the picture is strikingly beautiful and appropriate.

Surrounded by violets and pansies in natural colors an Italian country home is the principal figure in Angelo Crovo's calendar for 1904, which is a beauty. For aught we know, it represents "Angy's" birthplace near Genoa, Italy.

All of which are gratefully accepted.

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient, and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion, and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and the debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefited and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

Patrick H. Doherty.

He was born in Boston in 1867, came to Woburn with his family when a child, and died at his home in this city on Dec. 29, 1903, of pneumonia. He left a wife and one child to mourn his sudden death. He was a brother of Mr. Anthony A. Doherty, landlord of the Central House.

The funeral was held yesterday morning with high mass at St. Charles church. It was largely attended, and the floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,

Instructor in Pianoforte,

Studio: First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.

The Virgil Practice Claviæ System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,

Violin Instruction,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

4 Fairmount St.,

WOBURN, - MASS.

First National Bank
OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, January 12, 1904, at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.**

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 11, 1903.

Very Desirable House To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Life." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday after Christmas. Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Long Views and Short Views of Life." Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. G. F. Barber of the Gospel Ten. 12 M. Sunday School. 3.30 P. M., Men's Meeting in charge of Gospel Ten. 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. 7 P. M., last Meeting of Gospel Ten. Rev. Thorkel A. Olsen will preach. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. Communion and Reception of Members. 12 M., Sunday School. 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. 7 P. M., Special Service for the New Year, with address by the pastor. Week of Prayer, Services Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Henry B. Williams. 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Week of Prayer, Services Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings.

Married.

In Lexington, Dec. 24, 1903, by Rev. F. A. Macdonald, Lester F. Smith of Winchester and Mary F. Cox of Cambridge.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 24, Joseph Moser, aged 52 years.

In this city, Dec. 29, Patrick Henry Doherty, aged 36 years.

In this city, Dec. 24, Jeremiah Murphy, aged 10 years, 5 months, 21 days.

In this city, Dec. 31, Emma J. Haynes, aged 82 years, 8 months, 16 days. Funeral Sunday at 2 P. M., at her home on Pleasant street.

Get Your Printing Done

At This Office

Copeland & Bowser.

Double Stamp Sale for 2 weeks commencing Jan. 4.

SEMI-ANNUAL SALE of REMNANTS and SOILED GOODS, JAN. 5, at 8 A. M., and continuing 3 days, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Cotton Cloth, Prints, Ginghams, Linens, soiled and shop-worn.
A few pairs of Blankets.
A job lot of Wrappers.
Bargains in Underwear and Hosiery.

DOUBLE STAMPS

A Good Beginning

for the New Year will help to make it one of the most successful of your life.

If you haven't been among our many satisfied customers, we invite you to join them in 1904, and we will try by every fair means to make you glad you have done so.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches.

OUR Tea —AND— Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Houghton & Dutton,
BOSTON.
Optical Parlors 9th Floor.
A FEW EYE HINTS.

Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints:— Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

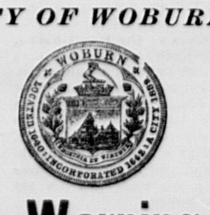
N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

FOR XMAS.

What is more pleasing for a Christmas Gift than a pretty box of
FRESH CANDY.

CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

CITY OF WOBURN.



A Warning.

Recent actions of thoughtless persons in placing wires and other obstructions on the Fire Alarm Line have been the cause of great annoyance to the Department, and have endangered the safety of the whole System.

All such persons are hereby WARNED that a HEAVY FINE is the penalty for interfering with the fire alarm.

CLARENCE LITTLEFIELD,
Chief Fire Dept.

CABOT'S **Sulpho-Napthol** TRADE MARK. LIQUID CLEANLINESS

CHILBLAINS.

Gives almost instant relief from the terrible burning, itching and irritation of this winter affliction. Try it once in the foot bath. Note the wonderfully soothing effect.

CHAPPED HANDS, etc.

are readily healed by the application of a hot solution. For this and kindred purposes Sulpho-Napthol is superior to everything on the market.

Beware of "just as good" imitations and substitutes. Fight shy of impostors.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Antonio Shydecker, Charles Kingsley, Arthur H. Blake and Arthur C. Ellis of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Leslie E. Farr of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and said Commonwealth, to register and confirm his title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn and bounded as follows:—Easterly by Washington street 295.79 feet; Southerly by land of Charles Kinsley 761.75; Westerly by land of A. C. Ellis on two lines 238.83 feet and 103.32 feet, respectively; Northerly by land of Antonio Shydecker 512.10 feet; Easterly by the same 62.35 feet; and Northerly still by said Shydecker land 254.35 feet. Containing 5 727-1000 acres of land.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the eleventh day of January, A. D., 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of December, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court. [SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Margaret Reagan late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Margaret E. Marrinan of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of Allen T. Hubbard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to Frank F. Dodge, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, without requiring surety on his bond or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Charles Choate late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John M. Harlow, the trustee under the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the fourth and final account of his trust under said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Thousands say that

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

is the best published at any price. Yet it is only 10 cents a copy, $1.00 a year.

In every number of McClure's there are Articles of intense interest on subjects of the greatest national importance.

Six good short stories, humorous stories, stories of life and action—and always good.

In 1904

McClure's will be more interesting, important and entertaining than ever. "Every year better than the last or it would not be McClure's."

FREE Subscribe now for McClure's for 1904, and get the November and December numbers of 1903 free.

The S. S. McCLURE COMPANY, 623 Lexington Building, New York, N. Y.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5.45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m; also 11 p. m, for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m., and hourly untill 10.30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m., hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a.m., hourly until 10.45 p. m., Billerica 7.39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

Address C. H. CADWELL, Woburn, for Free Srmples.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

To Let.

House No 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.

Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms, bath and furnace.

Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

Removal.

DR. JOSEPH ASPRAY

Is to move from his present residence to 57 PLEASANT street about February 1.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

Elections.

This is the season of the year when old boards of officers pass out and new ones are elected. This item refers to Lodges, Societies, Clubs, etc. Last week the following organizations elected new setts of officers:

Clan MacKinnon, O. S. C., chose the following: W. S. Stackpole, Chief; A. J. Duncan, Tanist; Harry S. Smith, Chaplain; Hugh Murray, Sec.; G. H. Peppard, Financial Sec.; Alexander Murray, Treas.; J. P. Gillis, D. Towse, Henchmen; David Gordon, Sen.; Fred Brown, Warder; W. S. Smith, Sen.; James Durward, John Black, Hugh Murray, Trustees; W. S. Smith, Piper.

Woburn Post 161, G. A. R.: Commander, John Mahoney; S. V. C., Geo. H. Ayer; J. V. C., Joseph W. Field; Quartermaster, Arthur B. Wyman; Surg., P. L. Eaton; Officer of the Day, Alonzo L. Richardson; Chaplain, Fort Staples; Delegates, George E. Fowle, Arthur B. Wyman; Alternates, Lewis M. Callahan, Edward Hoskins.

Baldwin Council Royal Arcanum: Regent, J. Foster Deland; Vice-Regent, Lawrence Reade; Secretary, Edward E. Foss; Collector, Charles H. Harrington; Treasurer, Alva S. Wood; Guard, Sewall D. Samson; Sentinel, Fred E. Emery, Chaplain, P. Elverton Bancroft; Orator, James H. Linnell, Representative, Sewall D. Sampson; Alternate, Alva S. Wood.

Relief Corps 84: President, Mrs. Henrietta A. Dickinson; S. V. P., Mrs. L. E. Ward; J. V. P., Mrs. Neville; Chaplain, Mrs. Mary W. Tillotson.

MARK DOWN SALE of Men's and Boys' WINTER OVERCOATS Now in Progress at HAMMOND & SON'S Leading Clothiers.

Mortgagee's Sale —OF— REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Neal Doherty and Bridget Doherty his wife in her own right to the Woburn Cooperative Bank dated October 12th, A.D. 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2776, Page 28, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, the Sixteenth day of January, A. D. 1904,

at two o,clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the northerly side of Buckman street bounded and described as follows namely:—Beginning at the Southeastly corner of the premises on said Buckman street and at land of Carl Dunberry (formerly William Courts), from thence the line runs westerly by and with said Buckman street sixty-six (66) feet to a private way running northerly out of said Buckman street and known as Buckman Court; thence turning and running northerly by and with said private way, one hundred and sixty-six (166) feet to land of James Burke; thence turning the line runs easterly by land of said James Burke sixty-six (66) to land of said Dunberry; thence turning the line runs Southerly on and by land of said Dunberry, one hundred and sixty (160) feet to said Buckman street, and the point of begining, containing about 10,758 square feet, being the same premises conveyed to said Bridget Doherty by Benjamin H. Nichols by deed dated October 2nd A. D. 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens which may be upon the premises. $100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN COOPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
by John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., December 23, 1903.

Boston Theatres.

THE GLOBE.

The popularity of the Weber-Fieldian musical comedy production, "An English Daisy" has been well attested by the heavy patronage which the Globe Theatre has enjoyed during the past four weeks. This altogether charming musical comedy provides a superior entertainment of varied character which meets the tastes of all classes. It is refined; it is wholesome; there is not a line or a suggestion of any kind that is objectionable; the hundred girls of the chorus are very pretty, shapely and are dressed decorously and with becoming taste; the humor of the comedians is of unusual brightness and provocative of continuous hilarity, throughout the action of the play. Performances will be given every evening at 8, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 2.15.

Death on the Culm Bank.

No matter what form death assumes, it is never welcome. The grim messenger makes his appearance in many forms in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, but only one form is painless and pleasant, and to only one the victims go unconsciously. It is the death of the burning culm bank.

Many times during the year is such a death recorded when one of these great culm banks is burning. The fire is not seen in the daytime, and at night it shines only with a faint glow through the layers of ashes which separate the live coals from the outer air.

To these burning banks tramps and other unfortunates forced to spend a night in the open air go when the nights grow chilly. The warm breath of the culm lures them on with a promise of a warm bed for the night, and they lie down to sleep in the comfortable atmosphere of the bank and never open their eyes again.

The noxious gases emanating from the bank waft over them so softly that they are soon asleep, and in many cases they never awaken, being suffocated during their slumbers.—Detroit Free Press.

The Open Door.

"I don't know now exactly how it happened," Reggie was telling his best friend over a game of billiards. "I never meant to propose, you know—that is, not just yet. I wanted to knock about a little more. But after we got home from the theater and sat in the parlor discussing the plot of the play I ventured out on thin ice and broke through before I knew where I was. It came as a deuce of a shock, just as I should imagine breaking through real ice would be.

"But Jessie was all ready for me. She was expecting it. First thing I knew she had me by the collar and landed me on safe ground again—but I was engaged. No doubt about that. Anyhow, I am glad I've got her. Might have lost her through some slip if I'd waited. But I don't want to read any more stuff about bashful fellows stammering out proposals. It's all too easy."—New York Times.

His Satanic Majesty.

During the American Revolutionary war the colonists had great trouble with women who were determined royalists. "The sex," wrote the rebellious governor of New Jersey, "are mistresses of infinite craft and subtlety, and I never read of a great politician who did not employ petticoats to accomplish his designs. Certain it is that the greatest politician on record (I mean the devil) applied himself to a female agent to involve mankind in sin and ruin."

Dean Pigou tells in his book of anecdotes the story of the little girl who was much upset by a maiden aunt and posted in a hole in the garden a letter in these terms:

Dear Mr. Satan—Will you kindly come and take away Aunt Jane? She is a very fussy person and does worry me so. Yours affectionately, ALICE.

A nice thing about having children is that it keeps a man's wits sharpened to prevent them from discovering how much he doesn't know.—New York Press.

You can conquer your cares more quickly if you do not continually carry a long face.

COSTLY PRICE FOR A BATH.

It Was So Much a Pound, and the Woman Was Heavy.

"When I was connected with the hotel at Lake Minnetonka several years ago," remarked a hotel man, "we had as a regular summer guest a woman from the south who was remarkably stout, weighing something over 200 pounds. One day she called a bell boy and inquired:

"'What do they charge for a bath?'

"'I don't know,' said the boy, 'but I'll find out.'

"After being gone a short time the boy returned and said:

"'Seven cents a pound.'

"'What!'

"'Seven cents a pound,' said the boy a second time, while the woman's face became scarlet as she made her way to the clerk's desk.

"'I want my bill,' she exclaimed. 'I have been grossly insulted and shall leave your house.'

"She stated her grievance, the boy was sent for and explained:

"'She asked me what they charged for bass. I told her I didn't know, but would find out. I asked the steward and he said 7 cents a pound.'

"As the ludicrous blunder of the boy dawned upon them both the clerk and the guest made the hotel office resound with their laughter."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mr. Dolan's Carriage.

Mr. Dolan, through the agency of butter and eggs, had reached that stage of prosperity where he was able to set up an establishment with a horse and carriage, and nobody begrudged him his success.

"But what's the reason your wife drives round in a carriage with the letter C on it?" inquired one of Mr. Dolan's friends. "You've not changed your name, Terry?"

"Naw, man," said Mr. Dolan gayly; "me name has stood me fifty years, an' it 'll last out me toime. But the carriage was a great bar-rgain at secondhand, man, and the 'C' was on it. 'Twud cost a bit to change it to a 'D,' and I says to Mary Ann, 'D is a koind of a broad lukin' letther, whoile C is more dilicate and ornamintal,' I says. 'And, besoide that, it's the very next to D in the alphabet, and, more than all,' I says, 'it stands for contintid, and that's what ivery Dolan that roides in the carriage will be, so let it stand,' and Mary Ann agreed wid me."—Youth's Companion.

Burglarious Bees.

To the person who knows nothing about bees they represent the supreme type of industry. But even the bee communities are disturbed by those of their own kind who break through and steal. Robber bees are always a source of anxiety to beekeepers, says the London Chronicle, and in the autumn the marauders seem particularly active. Having gathered no honey, or, at any rate, an insufficient supply for themselves, they will descend upon a hive, kill its industrious occupants and carry off the golden treasure in an astonishingly short space of time. We know of one instance in which the attack was developed and the home bees killed in a couple of hours. Sometimes hive will attack neighboring hive. In such cases the old straw "skip" was better than the modern arrangement, for a knife thrust through the top would break the comb and set the honey free, at which the thieves would instantly return to seal up their own store. It is not primarily in their industry that bees are human.

A Funny Chase.

Lord Orford, an eccentric English nobleman, once had a team of red deer stags that he frequently drove to a light coach. All went well until one day there happened to be a pack of staghounds on the road from London to Brighton, along which Lord Orford's picturesque team was merrily fleeting. There followed the strangest chase that ever mortal man witnessed. The hounds hunted the team and its owner hard to Newmarket, and with such a smash into the Ram inn yard the whole lot went that there was no more coach left and little more of driver. Lord Orford took to horses after that.

Conquering a Critic.

William Simpson, a British artist, who accompanied the army during the Crimean war, said that Lord Cardigan, the commander, examined his early sketches of Balaklava with "a vacant stare," curtly remarking, "It is all wrong." Still Simpson persevered and was rewarded in the end "with the expression of Lord Cardigan's highest admiration." "The real truth was," he adds in his simple way, "that in the last sketch I had taken greater care than in the first two to make his lordship conspicuous in the front of the brigade."

The Debt Was Forgotten.

Trotter—Why haven't you been in to see me lately?

Ballaw—Well—er—the truth is I was afraid that you might regard my visit as a reminder of the money you owe me.

Trotter—Why, my dear fellow, I had forgotten all about it. Sorry it troubled you.

Too Grabby.

"Some of the young girls nowadays," said Miss Ann Teek, "are positively terrible. The idea of a girl being engaged to two young men at once! It's shameful!"

"And," suggested Miss Pepprey, "it's aggrevating, too, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Press.

Her Bread.

Walter—Have you ever made bread before, Marie?

Marie—Oh, yes; I used to make it for my father until his doctor made me stop.

Going Halves.

Lady Customer (in bookstore)—Give me a copy of "Romeo and Juliet."

Clerk—Yes, miss. A dollar and a half, please.

Lady Customer—I find I've only got 75 cents. Just give me "Romeo."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

One of War's Evils.

Mrs. Henpeck (visiting her first husband's grave)—Yes, here lies a hero. You would not be my husband today had he not been killed in the war.

Mr. Henpeck (fiercely)—Yes, what a curse war is!

Honored.

Some men have such queer ideas of things that they buy their way into public office for the purpose of being "honored at the hands of their fellow citizens."—Exchange.

Sad.

Amy—Poor Mr. Billion has been in a railway smash and is sinking fast.

Bella—Dear me! How sad! And I only refused him last month!

CAN YOU WHISTLE?

If You Can You Need Never Suffer From Dyspepsia.

When the throes of indigestion and the qualms of dyspepsia are making your life miserable just purse the lips and whistle a brisk, merry tune—not a muffled, doleful, half hearted whistle, but a whistle so deep and voluminous that the whole house will be filled with the sound.

Don't be afraid somebody will hear you. Let them hear you. It will do them good. It will enliven and cheer them while it cures you.

Indigestion and dyspepsia always make one feel gloomy and depressed and morbid and blue. Everything seems to go wrong, and doubtless you won't feel one bit like whistling. But no matter; whistle anyhow.

If possible go out in the fresh air and do your whistling. If you can't go outdoors just open the window wide and whistle with all your might. Any old tune will do, so you put life and vigor into it.

Whistle, whistle, whistle! Keep it going. Don't get tired. Go on with all your might. Harder, harder!

The first thing you know the stomach will have righted itself, the liver will be working good and strong, the blood will be bounding through your veins, your brain will be clear and vigorous, and you will feel twenty years younger.—Medical Talk.

False Hair.

Wearing false hair is a very widespread custom. In the language of the tradesman, hair grown on the heads of northern nations is the most valuable both because of its superior fineness and gloss and its color. Germany and Sweden provide the most valuable hair, especially if it be golden blond, which is of the finest texture and of a color impossible to obtain by artificial dyes. Italy and other southern nations produce only coarser and less costly varieties. Most precious of all, however, is hair of a true silver gray color, which in sufficiently long plaits is almost impossible to procure, chiefly from the fact that its very rarity causes those women lucky enough to possess it to refuse to part with it. The most constant supply of human hair for the world's market, however, comes from the peasant girls in countries such as Russia and Galicia, where immediately after marriage a headddess is assumed which makes the lack of its natural covering unnoticeable. In Bohemia, Moravia and Galicia there are regular hair markets to which the women take their hair for sale.

Wonderful Hats.

Abraham Lincoln was a man whose keen wit and pleasing humor extricated him from many an embarrassing situation. On one occasion he was presented with two fine hats, each by a different hatmaker, neither knowing that the other had made such a contribution. In the course of events they called upon the president, and it so happened that both called at the same time.

When both found themselves in the presence of the executive they asked how he had liked the hats they had sent him, and, taking advantage of the opportunity of securing a statement of superiority of one or the other make, the president was asked to state his preference.

To many men such a question would be very embarrassing, but to Lincoln not at all. He took the hats, one in each hand, and then replied gravely, but with a mischievous twinkle in his keen eyes:

"Gentlemen, your hats do mutually surpass each other!"

The Bank of England's Museum.

The Bank of England has a curious museum, in which the principal exhibits are its own notes.

Among them is a note for a penny, which was issued by mistake an bought back by the bank for $25. Another is a note for £1,000,000.

A third is a bank note which was found inside a codfish caught off the Newfoundland banks, and a fourth is a note which was in circulation for over a century and a half before it was presented for payment.

There are many forged notes in the museum, their value aggregating many millions of dollars, and there are also some notes which were recovered by divers from the sunken wreck of the British war ship Eurydice.

A Similarity.

"It was one of the most pathetic plays I ever saw," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"I don't see why you go to the matinee if it makes you cry."

"Just because I feel bad is no sign I haven't had a good time, Charley, dear. You know how much you enjoy going to the races and coming back with the blues."—Washington Star.

Posted.

"Now," said the lecturer, "suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysterics—some one, for instance, who had started laughing and found it impossible to stop—what is the first thing you would do?"

"Amputate his funny bone," promptly replied the new student.

Terrible Revenge.

Husband—You don't appear to like Mrs. Sweetie.

Wife—The horrid thing! I hate her! Next time we meet I'll kiss her only once, and I shan't ask after her baby.—Stray Stories.

The Finish.

Flanagan—Phwat did yez do whin McGarry hit yez wid the pick?

Finnegan—Oi done McGarry.—Exchange.

Not His Experience.

Mrs. Henpeck—Let me see, is it "bigamist" or "polygamist?"

Mr. Henpeck—What are you talking about?

Mrs. Henpeck—Why, a man who has one wife too many is a "bigamist," isn't he?

Mr. Henpeck—Not necessarily.—Philadelphia Press.

An Unreasonable Fellow.

"Oh, it's no fun being engaged to him," she said bitterly.

"Why not?" asked her dearest friend.

"Why, when you stir up a little quarrel just to drive away the ennui he takes it seriously and keeps you worried for fear you've really lost him."—Chicago Post.

Postnuptial.

He (whose wife has been reading some of his old love letters to her)—What is the use of keeping all those old things?

She—Lest we forget—lest we forget.—Brooklyn Life.

Power is a fretful thing and hath its wings always spread for flight.—Wallace.

MARINE ART.

Virtues and Defects of the Ships That Sailors Paint.

It is an axiom with sailors that there never was a man who put in three years before the mast who did not think he could paint a ship better than the most skillful landlubber that ever wielded a brush. In the homes of retired sea captains specimens of this kind of marine art are often displayed on the walls to admiring friends and are handed down as family heirlooms. A good place for the man who has no seagoing relatives or friends to see such pictures is in some of the windows of ship supply stores on South street in New York. Sailors buy them occasionally.

Ships that sailors paint are absolutely correct in every detail. From a brig to a full rigged three master there is not a block or tackle missing from stem to stern or from masthead to water line. No marine painter could get in half so much detail if he tried. But the ships painted by sailors look as if they were caught fast in frost tipped waves. There is absolutely no life or any suggestion of motion about them even when represented as going under full sail. When a sailor tries to get in a bit of landscape as a background, as he usually does, he makes matters hopelessly worse. As a general thing it is a lighthouse or a fort looking for all the world like little images that children take out of their toy arks.—New York Press.

Englishwomen of Rank.

"If you come across a very shabby looking Englishwoman on the continent," said a traveled American, "in nine cases out of ten she will turn out to be somebody of rank. When I was in Florence, I was a great frequenter of the Uffizi galleries, and there I met a number of times an oldish Englishwoman with a young girl, whom I took to be governess and pupil, as the former was evidently educating the latter's taste for art and would analyze the styles of the different artists and make the girl pick out their pictures through her knowledge of technique. It was cleverly done, and as the older woman saw that I was interested in her art lectures she kindly included me in the curriculum. The girl was shy and stiff, like most of her young countrywomen, and I never heard her call her companion by any name, so I still retained my first impression until one day when a smart young person, who was evidently a lady's maid, brought in some wraps and addressed the older woman as 'your grace' and the younger one as 'your ladyship,' the two proving to be the Duchess of —— and Lady Emily, her granddaughter."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Music the Kernel of Welsh Nature.

Music is the very soul and kernel of the Welsh nature. A musical ear is the national birthright. Every Welsh preacher who migrates to an English church finds the greatest difficulty in abstaining from that weird, peculiar intonation of his sermon which is known as the hwyl and which is often strange and objectionable to English ears.

A remarkable and subtle fact which will be interesting to English readers and at the same time significant of the sensitiveness of the Welsh musical ear is that it is positive discord to many among the Welsh congregations if the minister, in 'giving out' the first verse of the hymn, does not so pitch his voice that it shall be in harmony with the key in which the tune has preliminarily been played by the instrumentalist.—Westminister Review.

A Bret Harte Story.

Bret Harte was once asked in London if he did not exaggerate some of his western character creations. He declared that he did not and told this true story, which he had always feared to put into print: A well known desperado came into a saloon, and of course those who knew him had business elsewhere at once. An English tenderfoot remained, and the bad man invited him to drink. The Britisher innocently said he did not care to do so, a dangerous remark to make in those days, whereupon the desperado wearily reached for his gun and said in a tired sort of way, "Can't I ever have a drink without killing a man?"

A King's Warm Bath.

When King Edward II. of England was among his torturers, who hurried him to and fro that no man should know where he was, they set him down upon a bank and the more to disguise his face shaved him and washed him with cold water from a ditch. The king said, "Well, yet will I have warm water for my beard," and so shed abundance of tears.

She Settled It.

"Sir," began the youth, "I have come to ask for your daughter's hand in"—

"No, sir!" snorted her father. "You can't have her! What could possibly have prompted you to ask"—

"Why—er—she did, sir!"

"Oh, that's different! Also, that settles it!"—Philadelphia Press.

Anxious.

Alice—How did you feel while Fred was proposing to you?

Mildred—Two or three times I felt like supplying the words I knew he was groping for, but of course that wouldn't have been the thing to do at all.

A Good Word.

Ferdy—I put in a good word for you, old chap. I told her you had more money than brains.

Algy—And what did she say then?

Ferdy—She asked me if you had any money.—Puck.

An Ambitious Woman.

"My grandmother was an awful ambitious woman," said a native of a well known island off the coast of Maine, "and when she was dying and the doctor had told her she had only about an hour to live she asked her daughter to bring her some green apples. She sat up in bed and pared two panfuls of them and then lay back with a satisfied sigh. 'Well,' said she, 'I'm determined that the folks that come to my funeral shall have enough apple sass for once in their lives.'"—Lippincott's.

Fatal Position.

"I told you she would dismiss you if I came in between."

"Yes, she has, all right; but you're a dead one too."

"Why?"

"She told me everything between us was at an end."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

His Descent.

"My family," said the self confessed black sheep, "is famous for its having descended from famous ancestry. And I flatter myself that I have descended faster than any of the rest."—Baltimore American.

HOME SAVINGS BANK
(Incorporated 1869)
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours:—For business 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles
—AND—
Food Products.
BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, a new and well selected stock of
GROCERIES.

W. J. Buckman
No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 104-7.

Christmas TURKEYS
A splendid stock at
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
We give Green Stamps.
Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn
Telephone 103—2.

..Are.. You Particular
About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.
Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
—AND—
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

I WILL PAY CASH
ABOVE THE MORTGAGE
FOR ANY HOUSE
ANYWHERE
ALLEN, 10 TREMONT ST.,
BOSTON.
TELEPHONE: 4539-2 Main.

J. E. Herrick, Jr
BUILDER.
Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Office: 439 Main St., Woburn
SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.
Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.
Two Modern Flats.
Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent ow.
Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.
Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME"

By JOHN BRIDGES

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The two families had been close friends for many years. As schoolgirls the mothers had been at Mount Holyoke together, and the boys had been at Amherst and had graduated in the same class. Holyoke and Amherst are not far apart, geographically, and on walks about the Connecticut valley the four had fallen into company. Afterward there had been two weddings, and the two new homes were established in the same western city. The heads of the families went into law practice together, and the firm has lasted until this day, more than twenty-five years.

When the children were born it was quite natural that the boy should have been named Arthur Selden Hamilton, after his father's partner, and the girl Angela Hamilton Selden, after her mother's schoolgirl friend and companion. Arthur was almost a year older than Angela, and a year is a long time in the ages of youngsters.

When, after their high school days, it was decided that both should go to college, they left home on the same day in charge of Angela's mother and Arthur's father and journeyed eastward to the Connecticut valley.

Angela took her mother's old room at Mount Holyoke, and Arthur became established in his father's old quarters at Amherst. Somehow, though, after a few friendly and rather homesick calls Arthur fell into the athletic spirit. For the four years that he was in Amherst and Angela was at Mount Holyoke he saw her but little. She seemed to him to be the same little girl he had known when they played together on rainy days in the attic. To Arthur Angela had never grown up.

Afterward Arthur went abroad for a year's study, and Angela went to visit some friends at an army post farther west. When Arthur came home and found, instead of the schoolgirl he had known, a beautiful young woman he was scarcely prepared for the change. It was all foreordained. While he had seen pretty women abroad and at Amherst had almost proposed to a girl at commencement time he had been practically heart free. This vision of loveliness who kissed him frankly as a sister might took his breath away. When he left the Selden home that night it was with the intention of winning Angela Selden.

All that winter he saw much of her. At the parties they attended, at the theater or wherever he could make an excuse to meet her he was her devoted cavalier. In both the families it was regarded as a foregone conclusion that there would be another marriage to link the two families yet closer together.

One evening Arthur called at the Seldens' determined to ask Angela to be his wife.

"She must know," he thought, "how much I love her. If she will have me I'll take the governor's offer and go into the business with him right away. Then we can be married in the spring and spend June in the Connecticut valley."

Arthur climbed the steps which led up to the Seldens' veranda. On the veranda sat Angela and a man in uniform.

"Mr. Hamilton," said Angela, "let me present my friend, Lieutenant Allerton."

They shook hands. Arthur said something about being glad to see Lieutenant Allerton. Lieutenant Allerton said something about being charmed to meet Mr. Hamilton.

There was some music, and Allerton sang. He sang well, and Angela accompanied him as only a sympathetic musician can. Arthur felt a lover's jealousy. "Why couldn't he have stayed away till tomorrow?" he thought.

When Allerton rose to go he said, "Then mother and I may expect to meet you on Tuesday in Chicago?"

"Yes," replied Angela, "and tell your mother that I shall give her a great deal of trouble before we reach Leavenworth, for I am going to make her tell me everything about her boys at the fort. You know I fell desperately in love with every soldier there last summer."

Arthur stayed for a few minutes after Allerton had gone.

"Are you going away?" he asked in dismay.

"Yes," she replied. "Mrs. Allerton has asked me to visit her for a month at Leavenworth. The colonel is the dearest old man that ever lived, and—isn't Lieutenant Charlie just the handsomest boy you ever saw?"

Arthur said goodby hurriedly and walked miles into the country, smoking strong cigars.

"What a fool I am!" he cried. "Why didn't I know about these handsome soldier boys that she says she fell so desperately in love with? But what a fool I was not to tell her after Allerton went away. I'll go out again tomorrow and tell her all about it and make her choose between us. She must tell me which she cares the most for."

The next day he received a little goodby note from Angela, saying that her father wanted her to go on to Chicago for a day or two with him, and as he had been called away suddenly she had gone. The note continued:

"Write to me and tell me all the news, and when I get home in October we will finish that last round of golf. Remember, you are ahead of me now, but I promise to practice a lot at the fort, and I intend to beat you after all."

But before October came Arthur's father told him that he had good reason for thinking from something Mr. Selden had said at the office that Angela was engaged to Lieutenant Allerton.

Then Arthur had to go to New York on business for his father for several months. He heard from Angela once or twice, but she said nothing about her engagement. He had fought hard to quench his love for her, but the more he fought against it the harder the task seemed until finally he worried himself almost into nervous prostration. When he got home his mother was greatly alarmed at his appearance, but he told her he was quite well and that he proposed to go more into society than he had ever done before.

"What's going on tonight?" he asked.

"There isn't anything," said Mrs. Hamilton. "There's nothing going on this week, and at the theater there's nothing worth seeing except 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'"

"Well, let's go to that," said Arthur.

When they took their seats in the theater the orchestra began playing the stirring old tune from which the play was named. Arthur turned in his seat and looked about the auditorium. Two rows behind him sat Angela and her father. Their eyes met. Angela smiled and almost beckoned him to come back and speak to her. Arthur bowed stiffly and turned to speak to his mother.

The next morning came a note from Angela.

"If you can possibly arrange it," ran the note, "I wish you'd come up and have tea with me at 5 o'clock today."

It was almost a command. Arthur went.

She came into the room with both hands outstretched.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "What a bad boy you've been not to write to me!"

Then she looked at his face squarely in the light.

"Why, Arthur Hamilton," she cried, "what's the matter? You look as though you'd seen a ghost."

"No," he said. "I've only seen 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, only it seems that that is just what I am seeing now." And Arthur gazed into her eyes.

"Do you mean that you heard of my engagement and that"—

Angela stopped and blushed.

"Yes, I mean exactly that, and I hope you will be very happy and that Mrs. Allerton is pleased."

"Look here, boy," said Angela, unconsciously using the old childish name she used to call him, "do you think I got engaged to please Mrs. Allerton?"

"Well, I thought you were going to please the family that way—at least, not"—

He was getting into deep water. He turned and stared into the street. Then he looked back at Angela. There were tears in her eyes. He caught her in his arms.

"Will you please me this way?" he asked.

"I have always wanted to, boy, always and always," she said.

Science and Happiness.

The library of Hanover possesses a large number of unpublished manuscripts left by the philosopher Leibnitz. Among them is a Methodus docendi, which reveals much of the nature of the man and his mental attitude. Leibnitz was not a professor; he even refused emphatically to enter on a university career. But pedagogical questions had considerable interest for him. He conceived of an education much vaster than that of the universities. His doctrine of science led him to believe that everything can be taught, including happiness. He was veritably possessed with a zeal for the public good, and, according to his view, the happiness of humanity depends on the progress of the sciences. Happiness, he believed, consists of three things—perfection of the soul, health of the body and the commodities of life. Perfection of the soul is obtained through science, which teaches us what we are and what we ought to do and is the base of rational ethics; health of the body is also obtained through science, for medicine and medical skill depend on the knowledge of nature; finally, the commodities of life are furnished by science, which evolves the useful arts and makes man independent of, if not master over, nature. Thus the only way of making man happier and better is to work at the development of the sciences.—Harper's Weekly.

Jet and Coal.

The jet which jewelers use is nothing but coal of a very campact nature. In a Welsh country town there may be seen a footbridge made of coal, originally intended to be only a temporary structure, but found of sufficient strength and firmness to warrant its being used as a permanent footway. At Barcelona, Spain, there was constructed in 1888 a lighthouse of compressed coal blocks. On a portion of the southern English coast at a small point called Kimeridge circular shale disks with a square hole (very much like Chinese cash) have been turned up by the plow. Curious geologists who heard of the disks found that they were nothing but coal money, for it seems that in ancient England in pre-Roman days coins or tokens of coal shale were quite common and were perforated in order to be strung together (like Chinese cash) that they might be more conveniently carried. Not the least curious of the many applications of coal is coal porcelain. Coal flower vases, milk mugs, plates and saucers, book covers, clock frames, wash basins, inkstands, spools for lace work, candlesticks and scores of other articles are made out of coal at factories in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania.

The Red Lobster.

The question is often asked, says the Lancet, without a satisfactory answer being supplied, Why do lobsters and certain shrimps and prawns turn red on boiling? One reason may be that the black pigment of the lobster is an iron compound in the lower state of oxidation, which boiling oxidizes to the higher state. Red human hair is said to owe its brilliance to iron existing in the higher oxidized state, and by means of reducing agents, such as pyrogallic acid or nutgall, the color may be modified. In short, oxygen is a great painter and probably accounts for the beautiful autumnal tints of plant life.

Willing to Help Him.

Clerk—I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my salary a little?

Employer—Couldn't, really. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my boy. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months, so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again so that you will have an excuse to get away.

Papa's Heathen.

Mamma—Georgie, where is the 5 cents I gave you to put in the contribution box for the heathen?

Georgie—I'm saving it for Aunt Hetty when she comes.

"Why?"

Georgie—'Cause I heard papa say, "Is the old heathen coming here again?"

Circus Business.

Mamma—Oh, see, Willie! Your little brother can stand all alone. Aren't you glad?

Willie (aged six)—Sure. Now I can get him to hold an apple on his head while I shoot it off with my bow and arrow, can't I?

Immunity.

"You want to marry my daughter, do you? Well, I'm free to say you're the most impudent upstart that ever"—

"Yes, you're free to say it because you're her dad. If you wasn't I'd knock you old head off'n you!"—Chicago Tribune.

FIBROID TUMORS CURED.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes' Second Letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

—$5000 forfeit if original of above letters proving genuineness cannot be produced

Walt Whitman as a Journalist.

Walt Whitman was not much of a journalist. He had too much repose. His employers called it laziness. He was concerned with permanences. The nearer to nature, the more repose. Trees and hills do not dance except for urging. Whitman, elemental, strong, placid, bovine, did not urge them.

In the Brooklyn Eagle office Whitman is a clearer memory than in the office of its contemporary. Yet it is oddly hard to secure facts. There is a general and joking reference to his serenity as idleness. He was not a typical newspaper man, for he was not to be pressed or hurried, and in our day of precision and speed he would have been impossible. He never felt that stress from which the veriest bohemian suffers. He did not want money enough to work hard for it. One of the coterie of writers and actors which used to squander its much wit and little wealth at Pfaff's tells me that of the whole party Whitman was the only one who was never tipsy and never "broke." He always had a market somewhere for fugitive writings. Editors were friendly to him. He drank his beer with the rest, but its effect was to make him thoughtful, even sad, while the others were merry. According to that narrator, he was an easy borrower, though it does not appear that he asked for large amounts or made needless delays in his repayments.—Charles M. Skinner in Atlantic.

How He Won Her.

"Then you will be a sister to me?"

"That is all I can be."

He paused and looked at her thoughtfully.

"I already have seven sisters," he said, "and I am not quite sure I can make room for you. They are very kind to me, and on several occasions my socks have been darned a half dozen times in the same spot. They are so thoughtful too. Each of them has picked out a wife for me; but, strange to say, not one of them mentioned you. Of course you won't feel hurt if I add that there is a general and deep rooted impression among them that you are not half good enough for me. Sisters are like that sometimes, you know."

The girl flushed hotly.

"Not good enough!" she cried. "I'll show them. Consider my refusal withdrawn."

And so she married the foxy fellow out of spite and made him very happy. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Estimate of Froude.

Hannis Taylor, in his argument before the Alaskan boundary commission, told a story of Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, whom he knew well. On one occasion, when dining with him at a hotel in St. Louis, Mr. Taylor innocently asked him, "Mr. Freeman, what is your estimate of Froude as a historian?" Said Mr. Taylor: "He looked at me in a strange kind of way, and then he replied: 'I will tell you what I think about Froude. If ever you read anything he writes read it with care. Read it over and over again and fix it in your mind so that you will never forget it, for then you will know one thing for certain, and that is that by no possibility did it ever happen in that way.'"

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE WILY POSSUM.

How the Cunning Animal Leads His Pursuers Astray.

The possum will usually go home by a tree trunk road. Through the open country on the boundaries of his range he trots along without minding his steps. The dogs may have all the fun here with his trail that they can. He intends only that they shall not find his home tree nor even the vicinity of it.

So as he enters his own neighborhood swamp his movements change. The dogs may be hard after him or not. If they are not close behind he knows by long experience that they may be expected and never so far forgets his precious skin as to go straight to his nest tree.

Instead he trots along a boundary fence or in the stream, leaping the crossing logs and coming out likely on the bank opposite his home tree. Farther down he jumps the stream, runs hard toward a big gum and from a dozen feet away takes a flying leap, catching the rough trunk up just out of the reach of the keen nosed dogs. He goes on up a little and leaps again, touching the ground ten feet out, thus leaving a blank of twenty or more feet in his trail.

The stream or fence has puzzled the dogs, but now at the tree they begin to worry. They circle and finally pick up the scent beyond the first gap only to run instantly into a greater blank, one that the widest circling does not cross, for the possum has taken to another tree, out on the limbs of this to still another and on like a squirrel from tree to tree for perhaps a hundred yards, on, it may be, to his own high hollow.—National Magazine.

Thorny Path of the Musician.

It is the bitter truth that fairly good musicians too often find after years of study and expense that it is almost impossible to secure a hearing and that money must go out where it is expected to come in. The debut of a singer not infrequently involves serious outlay, including a paid manager whose duties cover not only such details as the renting of a hall, advertising, purchase of floral tributes, etc., but the drumming up of a "paper" audience as well, and free tickets are not always rewarded by applause or press notices. The greatest check to an artistic career is to become a fad with the so called smart set, whose interest is fleeting and undiscriminating, yet bills must be paid, patronage represents money, and few can resist the temptation to seek it. Finally it is shortsighted policy for a novice to appear side by side with an experienced artist. It may bring financial return, but when an obscure young person makes a first bow to the public, "assisted by" a celebrity, comparison is inevitable.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Deepest Lake.

Lake Baikal, in Siberia, is by far the deepest lake known in the world. It is in every way comparable to the great lakes as regards size, for, while its area is more than 9,000 square miles, making it about equal to Erie in superficial area, its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes the volume of its waters almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above sea level, its bottom is nearly 3,000 feet below it.

The Caspian sea has a depth in its basin of more than 3,000 feet. Lake Maggiore is the same depth, Lake Como nearly 2,000 feet, and Lago de Garda, another Italian lake, has a depth in certain places of 1,900 feet. Lake Constance is more than 1,000 feet deep, and Huron and Michigan reach depths of 900 and 1,000 feet.

His First and Last.

An amusing story is told of Massenet's solitary experience with a gun. It was when he was a Prix de Rome musical student at the Villa Medicis, which has given to the world so many composers. He bought a brand new gun and a beautiful dog, which ran between its new master's legs at the first shot and nearly precipitated a disaster. Somehow Massenet was always late with things that either flew or ran; but, noticing a pike basking near the edge of a pool, he fired at the fish and killed it, afterward returning to Rome with it on the end of his gun, as the local custom is. This was Massenet's first shooting party; it was also his last.

Cherries In Switzerland.

In mediæval times there was no private ownership in cherry trees in Switzerland. They belonged to the community, and there were special regulations as to their picking. At Altstatten, in the canton of Zurich, this custom was still in vogue early in the last century. At some places a special bell was rung to indicate that the cherries were ripe. Then it was first come first served.

A Sad Experience.

"Did you have a pleasant voyage?"

"No," sighed the beautiful American heiress. "It was one of the saddest experiences of my life. There were two counts and a duke aboard, but the weather was so rough that they never came out of their rooms."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wee Bit Deaf.

Mrs. Newliwed—I made a big batch of these biscuit today.

Mr. Newliwed—You did indeed, dear.

Mrs. Newliwed—How do you know how big a batch I made?

Mr. Newliwed—Oh, I thought you said "botch."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why an Alias?

One afternoon, when the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Arthur Sullivan, having finished a duet, were sitting down to a homely "dish of tea" provided by Mrs. Sullivan, the composer's mother, it suddenly occurred to her to start the subject of family names and titles, which puzzled the good lady considerably.

"Sir," she said, "your family name is Guelph."

"My dear mother," began Arthur.

"But it is, isn't it?" she persisted.

"Certainly," replied the duke, much amused. "What's the matter with it, Mrs. Sullivan?"

"Oh, nothing," returned the excellent old lady musingly. "Only I can't understand why you don't call yourself by your proper name."

Arthur wanted to explain to her, but the duke would not allow him to.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of in the name of Guelph, Mrs. Sullivan," he said gravely.

"That's exactly what I say," persisted Arthur's mother; "nothing whatever as far as I know, and, that being so, why you should not call yourself by it I can't understand."—F. C. Burnand's "Records and Reminiscences."

Genius In the Bud.

A lady who was "Aunt Kate" to James MacNeill Whistler all his life, although not a relative, gives in a London journal a glimpse of Whistler the boy. She had known him ever since he was a child of two years. She was a neighbor of the Whistlers, and after a long absence from home she called up on them and asked at once:

"Where is Jemmie?"

"He was in the room a few minutes ago," was the answer. "I think he must be here still."

Presently Jemmie's tiny form was discovered stretched on the undershelf of a table. The visitor went to secure the prize and asked:

"What are you doing there, Jemmie?"

"I'se dworin'."

In one small hand was a pencil, perhaps two inches long, and in the other a morsel of paper about three inches square. Yet in these tiny proportions the little artist was even then doing work that showed an exquisite promise.

New and Old Wonders.

The seven world wonders of antiquity were:

The pyramids, Babylon's gardens, Mausolus' tomb, the temple of Diana, the colossus of Rhodes, Jupiter's statue by Phidias and the Pharos of Egypt, or, as some substitute, the palace of Cyrus.

The seven wonders of the middle ages were:

The coliseum of Rome, the catacombs of Alexandria, the great wall of China, Stonehenge, the leaning tower of Pisa, the porcelain tower of Nankin and the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

The seven wonders of the new world are:

Niagara falls, the Mammoth cave, Old Faithful, the tireless geyser in Yellowstone park; the big trees (sequoia) of California, the Grand canyon of the Colorado, the great fresh water lakes and the Great Salt lake.

Damp Weather and Health.

The influence of damp weather upon sensitive people is remarkable. If there is a sore spot anywhere it hurts more. Latent weakness of any of the organs is brought out by congestion and irregularity of function. Suppressed coughs start into activity and neuralgic nerves speak out. Old chronic rheumatism renews its life, while corns are aggravated. The pulse is slow, the heart weak, the blood vessels lack tone, the muscles are flabby, the venous and lymphatic systems become engorged. The mind is languid and clouded. There is a general depression of vitality.

Men In Petticoats.

It will probably be a matter of surprise to the general reader to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. In the reign of King Henry VII. the dress of the English was so fantastic and absurd that it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. In the inventory of Henry V. appears a "petticoat of red damask, with open sleeves." There is no mention of a woman's petticoat before the Tudor period.

Real Work.

"I've just been reading Gladstone's life and the work he did. He governed the nation, wrote several books, studied two languages, saw a hundred people a day and answered all his mail, besides sitting up all night reading Homer."

"That's nothing. Have you ever followed a bride around for two weeks before her wedding?"—Life.

At the Opera.

"Why do you insist on sitting near the bass drum and cymbals at a grand opera performance?"

"I don't mind telling you as an old friend," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It's the only way I can make sure of not disgracing mother and the girls by staying asleep through the entire performance."—Washington Star.

Freedom.

We talk largely of freedom, and yet the widest freedom we may enjoy in this world is not a whit greater proportionately than that enjoyed by a white rabbit in a wire fenced city lot back yard.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Kiss.

An American humorist once said that "the only way to define a kiss is to take one." Oliver Wendell Holmes called a kiss the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet—"the love labial which it takes two to speak plainly."

Red Hair.

Middle age painters represented Judas as red haired, though Jews with sunny locks are not common. Lord Macaulay argued that the anti-red hair feeling was an illogical survival of anti-Semitism.

In Ireland red hair is common, and in the speech of the country a person so distinguished is called a "Dane," in allusion to the incursions made centuries ago upon Irish soil by the light haired Danish sea rovers.

Aristotle of old Greece declared that "he that has red hair is proud, envious and deceitful." Aristotle was undoubtedly "dark complected."

On the other hand, the Italian painters represent the Madonna with light hair, Titian gave his name to a famous shade of red in women's hair and red hair in Spain is an aristocratic tinge, as seemingly derived from the Goth conquerors of Iberia. The Spanish royal house has furnished several members with red or reddish hair.

Walpole on Balloons.

Some of Horace Walpole's ironic speculations on the future of the balloon have been recently reprinted. Said the satirist:

"I supposed our seaports to become deserted villages and Salisbury plain, Newmarket heath and all downs (but the Downs) arising into dockyards for aerial vessels. The ship news then would run thus: The good balloon Daedalus, Captain Wingate, will fly in a few days for China. He will stop at the Monument to take in passengers. Foundered in a hurricane, the Bird of Paradise, from Mount Ararat. The Bubble, Sheldon, took fire and was burned to her gallery, and the Phenix is to be cut down to a second rate. There will be fights in the air with wind guns and bows and arrows.'"

Four Extremes.

The coldest place on earth inhabited by man is Verkhoyansk, above the arctic circle, in northeastern Siberia. The thermometer there drops to 90 degrees below zero in January, but sometimes rises to 86 degrees above zero in the shade in July, dropping, however, to the freezing point on the warmest summer nights. The hottest place in the world is the interior of the great Sahara desert, in Africa, where the thermometer rises to 122 degrees. The wettest place is Greytown, Nicaragua, where the mean annual rainfall is 260 inches. The place of least rain is Port Nolloth, in South Africa, where less than an inch sometimes falls in a year.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 3.

Text of the Lesson, Luke ii, 40-52. Memory Verses, 49-51—Golden Text, Luke ii, 52—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

Whether we study what is called the Old Testament or the New Testament our aim should be to know God, for, as Dr. Murray says: "The central thought of this book is God. Its one object is to reveal God, His glory, His will, His love. In reading it our chief desire ought to be to know God. May our life and heart be as full of God as this book is!" As no man hath seen God at any time except as the only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father hath declared Him, and as no man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him (John i, 18; Matt. xi, 27), we can only know God in Christ, and must see the Son of God in all the revelations of God from Gen. i, 1, onward.

It is well to remember these things as we begin again a study of the life of Him who was "God manifest in the flesh" (I Tim. iii, 16). Two weeks ago in our Christmas lesson we saw the wise men from the east worshiping Him with their gifts, but in the lesson today years have passed since then and He is now at the age of twelve keeping the Passover with His mother and Joseph in Jerusalem. Verses 39 and 51 each speak of a return to Nazareth, but in the former it is His first going to Nazareth after He was born of Mary; in the latter it is His return at the age of twelve to be subject to the limitations of the humble home and the carpenter's shop for eighteen years more. Verse 40 gives His history to the age of twelve, and verse 52 from twelve to thirty. All the while He was the "salvation of God," "the King of the Jews," "the Lord's Christ," "a light to lighten the gentiles and the glory of Israel" (Luke ii, 25-32; Matt. ii, 2).

John the Baptist was filled with the Holy Spirit from his birth (Luke i, 15), and surely Jesus was also. The Holy Spirit revealed to His humanity that which He needed to know as He was able to bear it, and thus He increased in wisdom. The grace of God must have been exceedingly abundant toward Him to enable Him, knowing whom He was, to sojourn meekly and submissively in Nazareth those thirty years. As to His body of flesh and blood, He grew as do others of the children whose nature, sin excepted, He took upon Him (Heb. ii, 14; iv, 15). More than is written of those thirty years Mary will doubtless be glad to tell us in due time if we need to know. We do certainly need to know now more of the submission to circumstances and limitations which was so fully manifest in Him, for as one has said, "Submission is the highest mission on earth" (Jas. iv, 7; I. Pet. v, 5; Eph. v, 21; Matt. xi, 29, 30). As to growth see II Pet. iii, 18; I Pet. ii, 2; II Sam. v, 10, margin; Ezek. xii, 7.

The Passover was one of the three great annual feasts, and not only pointed backward to the deliverance from Egypt, but also forward to a greater deliverance from all nations of the earth, when the Passover shall be fulfilled (Ex. xxiii, 14-17; xii, 1-7; Jer. xxiii, 5-8; Luke xxii, 15, 16). The sacrificial part was fulfilled when Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us (I Cor. v, 7), but the full benefit is yet to be seen. We who are redeemed, being perfectly safe under the shelter of His blood shed for us, are to be found with loins girded, eating the Lamb, not disdaining the bitter herbs, emblem of our fellowship with Him in His sufferings (Phil. i, 29; John vi, 57). We must also beware of all carelessness in our daily walk, lest by allowing ourselves to wander from Him we bring sorrow to our hearts as we again seek Him till we find Him. If we allow ourselves to go a day's journey without Him it may take more than a day's sorrowful seeking ere we again rejoice in Him.

There are some seemingly strange things in this story which may well lead us to consider how much or how little they knew of this unique Son among all the sons of men—the only one who lived elsewhere before He lived on earth, the only one who could be called truly "the seed of the woman," the only one who never thought nor said nor did a wrong thing. It seems odd that they should start for home without being sure that He was with them; that they should think He would prefer the company of kinsfolk or acquaintance to that of His own mother; that they should not go right to the temple to seek Him as soon as they returned to the city. But let us turn from them to Him and to His first recorded utterance, the one solitary recorded utterance of thirty years, which covers also His whole sojourn in a mortal body.

"I must be about My Father's business" (verse 49). This is the first "My Father" of human lips spoken of God, although there is an approach to it in Isa. lxiii, 16; lxiv, 8; Mal. ii, 10. He ever set aside any thought of the paternity of Joseph. Another child would have thought of the wonders of the great city, visiting friends, or the journey and return, but He is wholly occupied with the things of His Father, to the great astonishment of those specially versed in the things of God. Since we find Him at this early age more interested in the house of God and the word of God and the things of God than in all else—and remember the early piety of Samuel, David, Joash and Josiah—why not expect our young people to receive and serve Him and learn to let Him live in them? The same Spirit who lived and wrought in Him and in these others is willing to live and work in us and in our children

John Ruskin.

Ruskin had every advantage in the happiest domestic environment, and when he exhibited his treasures—a manuscript of Scott or a drawing by Turner—one could fancy him to be a calm connoisseur with hobbies enough to secure ample and delightful occupation. He received one with the courtesy of a polished gentleman of the old school and talked delightfully without the least assumption of superiority. I remember how on my first visit he gave me a recent number of "Fors," in which, he said, I should be interested because it spoke of Alpine traveling. So it did. But he had quite forgotten that he had taken an unfortunate article of mine for a text to illustrate the vulgarity of modern scramblers. He remarked that I thought the Alps improved by the odor of my tobacco smoke. I adhere to that heresy; they were gently improved for me. I might have claimed to be a disciple and told him that their beauty had been interpreted to me by "Modern Painters," though increased by my tobacco, but I thought it better to drop the subject.—Sir Leslie Stephen in Atlantic.

The Secret Service.

A man standing on a steamship pier in New York found himself being watched closely by three ordinary looking individuals who stood together. The atmosphere was chilly, and the man took several turns up and down the pier, noticing at the same time that the eyes of the strangers followed all his movements. His conscience being clear, he did not feel embarrassed when he realized that the watchers were detectives. Obviously the men were not from the central office because of their small stature and lack of flesh, and it became a question in the man's mind whether he was dealing with detectives from a private agency or with secret service men. He resolved to find out. His first move was to halt near the group and appear unconcerned. It was not long before he was joined by one of the watchers, who said:

"Are you from Mr. So-and-so's office?" naming a deputy chief of the secret service.

"No," replied the subject of scrutiny, "but I believe you are."

The detective smiled faintly and changed the conversation. All of which goes to prove that the secret service is secret in more ways than one, else why did the detectives think that an utter stranger had been placed on the same "plant?"—New York Post.

A Swinton-Dana Story.

The crux of the newspaper question was touched by a brilliant journalist, the late John Swinton, for many years managing editor of the New York Sun, in a retort on Mr. Dana. "Swinton," said Mr. Dana one day. "I need a first class editorial writer. Have you one to recommend?" "How much are you willing to pay, Mr. Dana?" asked Mr. Swinton. "For a first class man $125 a week," was the reply. "But you cannot get a first class man for that," protested Mr. Swinton. "Why not?" asked Mr. Dana. "That is what I pay you, and don't you consider yourself a first class man?" "No, Mr. Dana," rejoined Mr. Swinton. "If I were a 'first class man' I should be paying you $125 a week." That $125 a week practically marked the limit of Mr. Swinton's opportunity, as it may be said to mark the limit of the same quality of brains in journalism today—and also the limit of something far more vital, for the difference between a Dana and a Swinton defines status.—Arthur R. Kimball in Atlantic.

A Scotch Story.

The following example of a quaint, philosophic Scotch character is related in the Scottish American: The season had been an exceptionally bad one for farming, but in a country church not far from Arbroath the officials had resolved, according to custom, to hold the annual harvest thanksgiving service. It was noticed that on that particular occasion Mr. Johnstone, a regular attendant and pillar of the church, whose crops had miserably failed, was not in attendance. The minister in the course of the following week met Mr. Johnstone and inquired of him the reason of his absence from church on such an important occasion. "Well, sir," replied Mr. Johnstone, "I dinna care aboot approachin' my Maker in a speerit of sarcasm."

History of the Three Balls.

Lombard street, noted in history as the great London street for bankers, derived its name from the Longobards, a race of rick bankers who settled there in the reign of Edward II. and whose badge, the three golden balls, taken from the lower part of the arms of the dukes of Medici, continues to this day to be the sign of pawnbrokers—money lenders. The balls on the rich crest of the Medici were blue, and only since the middle of the nineteenth century have they, in the pawnbrokers' signs, been gilded. The position of the balls is popularly believed to indicate that there are two chances to one that what is brought there will not be redeemed. —St. Nicholas.

Crossroads Burials.

Formerly it was a general custom to erect crosses at the junction of four roads on a place self consecrated according to the piety of the age. Suicides and notoriously bad characters were frequently buried near to these, not with the notion of indignity, but in a spirit of charity, that, being excluded from holy rites, they, by being buried at crossroads, might be in places next in sanctity to ground actually consecrated.—Westminster Gazette.

Balm of Gilead.

The real balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub which grows in Syria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceeded sixty drops a day. According to Josephus, the balm or balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspepsia and melancholia.

Bargains.

Wife (home from a shopping tour)—Well, I'm tired out, and I had such an annoying experience today I feel positively cheap.

Husband—Well, you certainly look as if you should be cheap.

Wife—How do you mean?

Husband—Shop worn.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Interested Generosity.

"That is very generous of old man Gotrox, paying for the musical education of the girl who lives next door to him."

"Yes, but he has stipulated that she shall learn it all in Europe."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Not the Same Thing.

"Has Mrs. Lowboy any marriageable daughters?"

"No, but she thinks she has."—Smart Set.

Expert says that a paper dollar lasts about five years. Don't believe it.—New York Telegram.

Not There.

"Yes," said the star boarder, "I've got an attack of dyspepsia."

"I'm sure you didn't get it here," snapped Mrs. Stintem promptly.

"Certainly not. The doctor said I got it from eating something."—Exchange.

In the Honeymoon.

Adoring Bride—Jack, darling, is this Wednesday or Thursday?

Doting Groom—I think it's Friday dearest.

"Of this week?"—Life.

Base envy withers at another's joy and hates the excellence it cannot reach.—Thomson.

Recovered.

"Did your husband recover after his railway accident?"

"No," replied the widow, "but I did—$30,000."—Houston Post.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

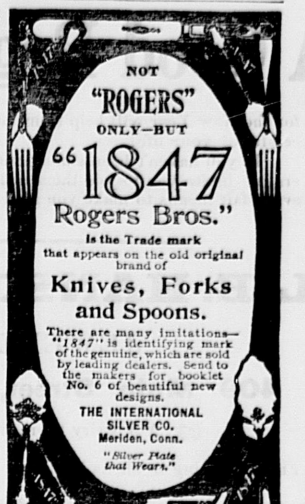
THOMAS SALMON, Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan, Anchor, Cunard, Dominion, Leyland, White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.



The Epicurean Badger.

The badger is a great epicure in eggs, and much of the hostility of gamekeepers to this animal lies undoubtedly in the fact that it will, when it gets the chance, devour a whole nest of partridge or pheasant eggs. Badgers are said also to be fond of honey, and, knowing the extraordinary craving of their South African cousin, the ratel, for this delicacy, I should say it is not improbable that they may occasionally partake of it. It is certain that these animals have a particular liking for the nest and larvae of wasps and wild bees, digging down with strong feet and infinite perseverance till they attain their object. These animals are said by keepers to kill and devour freely young rabbits. That they do partake of this fare at times is, I think, certain, but that they destroy any very considerable number is more than doubtful. Still, the badger is carnivorous in his tastes and is not, even by his kindliest friends, to be absolved from devouring at times tender rabbits and even the young of game birds when he can get hold of them.—Longman's.

Taking Pleasure Swiftly.

Take time to be merry, to "have a good time," and you will double your possibilities of health, wealth and happiness. Anglo-Saxons are made fun of because they take even their pleasures sadly. Their American cousins, with characteristic energy, make a business of it. Ian Maclaren's story of the American who was "doing" the United Kingdom is a good illustration of Jonathan's method of pleasuring. A visitor's card was brought to Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) in his study, but before he had time to read it his visitor stood before him and announced himself. "My name is Elijah K. Higgins," he said breathlessly, "and I am a busy man. You are also busy and have no time to fool away. Four days are all I can give to the United Kingdom, and I wished to shake hands with you. Goodby! I am off to Drumtochty!"—Success.

Two Famous Archers.

A curious lawsuit regarding the ownership of lands was tried recently in Ceylon. The trouble originated at an archery competition held by King Parakrania Bahu VI., who ruled over Ceylon in the fifteenth century, in which there were two champions who outdistanced all the rest and alike hit every mark that was submitted to them. The king was about to divide the prize when from a neighboring pond a frog was heard to croak. The king seized upon a solution and declared that whichever could hit the frog, aiming only by ear, should gain the prize. One of the archers transfixed the frog with the arrow. So delighted was the monarch that, besides the original prize, he gave to the winner an estate of 50,000 acres. The claimants in the lawsuit were the descendants of the archer.

A Healthful Costume.

When the Fraser highlanders landed in North America in 1757, it was proposed to change the dress on account of the cold winters and hot summers. The officers successfully opposed this and were ultimately justified by the highlanders being the healthiest soldiers in the army. In the campaign in Holland in 1794 some regiments lost as many as 300 from disease, but the Black Watch, which had 300 recruits in its ranks, had only twenty-five casualties, including the killed in battle.

The Three Gods of the Englishman.

The Englishman is the last man among civilized races to be an artist, a musician or a poet, but he is the first to be a gentleman. An Englishman thinks coldly, loves coldly and fights coldly, but he gets there just the same. There is always a fascinating smoothness about him, and he worships three gods—his flag, his trade and his top hat.—Sydney Bulletin.

Their Climate.

"Your climate can't possibly be as damp as ours."

"Think not?"

"No, indeed. Why, our climate is so damp we never raise anything but umbrellas."

"But ours is so damp we never think of raising umbrellas. They're always up."—Philadelphia Press.

Unreformed.

"I was really surprised at the dinner last night," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "Your husband is quite a raconteur."

"I know it. The doctor told Josiah years ago that he'd stuff himself to death, but he just eats away as hearty as ever."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8. 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 6.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.56, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.50, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 3.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.50, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.48, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.10, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.56, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.02, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 6.53, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 9.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.33, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.03 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson)
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass
TELEPHONE 8-3.

LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director.
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186. Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

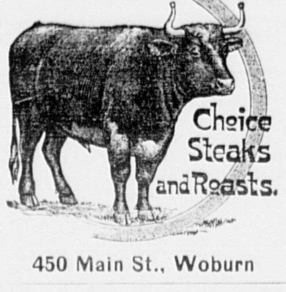
John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6 22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11 22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10 37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12 37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1 22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8 07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX. LOCATION.

- 13 Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
- 14 Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
- 21 Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
- 23 Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
- 24 City Almshouse.
- 25 Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
- 26 Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
- 27 Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
- 28 Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
- 31 Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
- 32 Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
- 33 Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
- 34 Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
- 35 Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
- 36 Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
- 37 Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
- 38 Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
- 39 Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
- 41 Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
- 42 Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
- 43 Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
- 44 Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
- 45 Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
- 46 Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
- 47 Salem St., Walnut Hill.
- 48 Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
- 49 Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
- 51 Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
- 52 Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
- 53 Fowle St. near Highland Station.
- 54 Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
- 55 Main Street near Ash street.
- 56 Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
- 57 Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
- 58 Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
- 59 Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
- 61 Main St., opp. Salem St.
- 62 Cor. Main and Park Sts.
- 63 Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
- 64 Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
- 65 Cor. High and Prospect streets.
- 66 Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
- 67 Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
- 68 Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
- 69 Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
- 212 Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
- 512 Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
- 612 Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
- 912 Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

WHERE JOURNEYS END

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

As the train came to a stop Howard Monroe glanced out of the window of the Pullman. "Twenty-four hours more," he murmured. "Well, it can't be helped. By George, that's a pretty girl! Nice old lady with her too. Hope they'll come in here."

Next moment his hopes were realized, as the two women entered the car, guided by an obsequious porter, who deposited a dress suit case and an umbrella in the section opposite. "Be here about ten minutes, ma'am," he said in answer to a question from the elder; "got to cut in some sleepers and a diner."

"Thank you. Better sit down, Aunt Bessie."

But the elder woman shook her head. "I do wish you had some one to go with you, Dorothy!" she exclaimed in tones Howard could not help overhearing. "I can't bear to have you go alone. Your uncle never would have let you if he hadn't been sick in bed. You're sure you don't mind?"

"I don't mind the least bit in the world, auntie. We bachelor girls have to learn to do for ourselves."

"Bachelor girls, indeed!" The elder lady sniffed, while Howard felt an unaccountable thrill of pleasure pass through him. "Old maids we used to call them. A girl's a girl, no matter what she says, and I don't like to see one traveling alone. It wasn't considered proper in my young days."

"I know," returned the girl softly. "But traveling has changed so since then, even down in this dear little out of the way corner of the south. Why, what could harm me?"

"Oh, nothing, I suppose, but I don't like it. You wouldn't even take a lunch with you," she added irrelevantly, her hospitable southern heart aggrieved. "It seems so inhospitable to send any one away without something to eat."

"You're awfully good, Aunt Bessie; but, indeed, it wasn't worth while. I'll get dinner and breakfast in the dining car and be in New York for lunch."

A sudden clanging made the elder woman start. "Gracious!" she exclaimed. "I'll be carried off! Goodby, Dorothy. Write as soon as you get to New York. I'll be anxious till I hear."

The two hurried to the platform, where the girl stood smiling and waving until the train was well under way. So well under way was it, indeed, that as she turned to enter the car a sudden lurch threw her violently to one side and made her grasp the rail to steady herself. As she did so her purse, hung to her belt by a chain, flew open and sent most of its contents at large through the yet unclosed doors of the vestibule.

Unaware of this, however, Miss Vernon walked to her seat, glancing around her just in time to see Howard watching her. Both were thinking of the good lady's anxious hospitality, and before they could recover themselves they had smiled squarely into one another's eyes.

With quickly stiffened lips Dorothy sank into her seat. As she did so her purse swung forward into her lap, exposing its emptiness to her startled gaze. With a gasp of dismay she seized and examined it. Her ticket was safe in an inner compartment, but every cent of her money was gone.

It did not take her long to decide on the moment of her loss nor the hopelessness of repairing it. Miss Vernon was a very independent young woman who on more than one occasion in the four years that had elapsed since she had begun to earn her own bread had seen her funds depleted nearly to the vanishing point, yet never before had she found herself entirely penniless. There was nothing to be done, however. To telegraph to Aunt Bessie for money would be to frighten that lady almost to death, and there was no one else on whom she felt at liberty to call. She must simply resolve to make the best of her journey, all twenty-four hours of it, without money.

Meanwhile Howard had been watching the girl out of the corner of his eye, admiring her more every moment. He had noted the look of vexation that froze the smile with which she had unintentionally favored him and had promptly averted his eyes, as if in hopes that the girl's wrath might glance off his broad shoulders. Thus, turned away, he had missed seeing her discovery of her open purse and her consequent consternation. When he had ventured to look again, she was staring straight ahead of her with what seemed to him a most inscrutable expression. In reality she was thinking of the luncheon she had refused and pondering the great truth that even a modern dining car is of little avail unless one had the price of a meal.

As the afternoon wore away Howard began to curse the conventionalities. Here he was within a few feet of this peerless girl, as he had already begun to term her, and yet to all practical purposes was miles and miles away. He had always been slow to scrape acquaintance, even with men, and, so far as he could remember, had never in his life done so with a woman. Unless Dorothy—he had heard her aunt call her Dorothy—should give him an opening he told himself sadly that he should never venture to address her.

After awhile a waiter passed through the car announcing dinner. Howard was hungry, but determined to wait until Dorothy should go in. The car might be crowded, and he might compelled to sit with her at the same table, where he might hope that the chances of the meal might enable him to address her. But, wait as he might, Dorothy showed no signs of budging, and long after the last call for dinner had been circulated he was forced to go in alone.

While dining he wondered over the situation. The girl had eaten nothing since she came on board the train, nearly six hours before. She had no lunch with her, not even a box of candy. She was a solid, healthy girl, not by any means one of those fragile beauties who live on air, and should have had an appetite to correspond. What the dickens could be the matter?

The next morning was the same. Dorothy sat motionless, looking in the eyes of the by this time besotted youth lovelier than ever. As a matter of fact, the lack of her morning coffee had given the girl a headache, while the lack of other food made her savage and miserable.

At last came a crisis. Just as the waiter passed through with his "Last call for breakfast in the dining car!" the train stopped, not at a station, but out in a field. After ten minutes had crept by without sign of movement, Howard, who had been waiting for breakfast as he had waited for dinner, went out to investigate. Soon he came back and went straight up to Dorothy with determination in his eyes. "I beg your pardon," he said, with a composure that astonished himself, "but we have been stopped by a wreck across the track and will be delayed at least six hours. They are going to cut off the diner and send it back as soon as breakfast is over. If you want anything to eat you had better get it now, before it is too late."

Six hours longer! The tears came into Dorothy's eyes, and her lids quivered pathetically. How could she bear it? "Thank you," she said as bravely as she could. "Thank you. But I'm not hungry."

Not hungry. Howard stared at her incredulously. To his certain knowledge she had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. Not hungry! The thing was preposterous. He glanced at her white cheeks, then with sudden suspicion at her pocketbook. "I haven't had breakfast myself yet," he said. "Won't you take pity on me and be my guest? I can't bear to eat alone."

For an instant the girl gazed at him while a mist swam before her eyes. "Thank you so much," she said humbly. "I—I lost all my money overboard a few minutes after we started yesterday, and I'm nearly starved to death."

* * * * * *

A year later Mr. and Mrs. Howard Monroe in the newest of new clothes, were taking the same trip northward. Aunt Bessie had just left them, and they had settled themselves for the twenty-four hour trip before them.

Howard turned to his month old bride reflectively. "Just to think," he said softly, "if I hadn't spoken to you a year ago we shouldn't have been here today. I hesitated a long time before I ventured."

"A long time! I should think so." There was much emphasis in the words.

Howard appeared startled. "Too long, was it?" he asked. "If I hadn't spoken when I did what would you have done?"

"Done? Well," reflectively, "if you had delayed much longer I believe I should have asked you myself—and hated you ever afterward!"

"Instead of"— He paused questioningly.

Dorothy looked at him smilingly. "Instead of"—she repeated roguishly—"instead of—suppose you guess!"

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

A Talker's Misadventure.

The following story sounds as if it could not possibly be true, yet true it is. A man who prides himself on having a knowledge that might literally be called encyclopedic was in the company of a set of men who work so hard as a rule that they do not take life very seriously in their hours of leisure. He began to address them on literature, and you will presently be able to imagine the sort of stuff he talked. It was not long before he touched on George Meredith and expressed opinions which might have caused an outburst. Instead of this, some one suggested deferentially that he talked too generally; that he would be better comprehended if he illustrated his views by a reference to any one of the novels. He thought the suggestion a wise one and left the choice of the book to his audience. The original proposer of this eminently reasonable plan immediately suggested "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and the other went ahead, obligingly accepting the choice. What he said does not need to be recorded, but it is rather notable that to this day he does not know the trick that was being played on him because he is being preserved for some future occasion. —London Post.

Choosing the Name.

"My dear, I have been reading up within the past week, and I think I have a name for the baby," said Mrs. Greening one day.

"You have, eh? What is it?"

"I read that Phœbus, the god of day, comes up bright and beautiful in the morning; that he lights the world; that without him"—

"Now, look here, madam; let's have no foolishness here. You can't call that child by any such name. Did Phœbus of history yell from 11 p. m. to 3 a. m. and intermittently from 3 to 7 o'clock? I myself am doing the god of day business in the matter of getting up, and I'm not going to divide the honors. If you want a mythological cognomen for that destroyer of rest I have it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Greening, with considerable asperity.

"Aurora!" brutally yelled Elisha. Then he left the house.

The Death Substitute.

"I had in my employ," says one of the missionaries to China, "a very valuable Chinese servant, upon whom I leaned with implicit confidence. One day he came to me and said, 'I shall be obliged to ask you to find somebody to take my place, as in the course of a few weeks I am to be executed in place of a rich gentleman, who is to pay me very liberally for becoming his substitute.'

"I asked what possible inducement there could be to forfeit his life for any amount of money. He replied: 'I have an aged father and mother, who are very poor and unable to work, and the money I am to receive will make them comfortable as long as they live. I think it is my duty to give up my life to accomplish this.'"

Expert Sandwich Cutters.

"Men who cut sandwiches must have just as much knack and experience in the business as men who open oysters on the river boats," said a New York man who on one occasion supplied 75,000 sandwiches at two days' notice. "It took seven men to do that job in the time allowed," he said, "and they hadn't any time to spare at that. I paid them by the hundred, the man who did the most work getting the most pay. When they were all through, there weren't enough scraps of bread and meat to fill a tin pail. That is the secret of cutting sandwiches—to avoid waste."

The Spit Snake.

There is a snake belonging to the small family causidae, inhabiting Africa, that is said to have the power of ejecting its venom to a short distance. This snake is called by the Dutch Boers "spuw slang," or spit snake. When this snake erects its teeth the pressure of the maxillary bone on the gland causes the venom to flow in drops, and it may be quite possible that by discharging air from its mouth the poison may be blown some distance.

Stagnation Is Death.

The sun would be consumed by its own ardor if it did not shine. Nature knows nothing of hoarding. The sun gives away its gold without ostentation. The ocean gives its vapors to the clouds, the clouds return them to the earth, the rivers to the sea. There is a constant exchange between lungs and leaves. Stagnation is death. Give to get; get to give.

Squelched.

Mr. Elder—There is something I want to say to you, Bessie—er—that is, Miss Kuteley.

Miss Kuteley—Call me Bessie if you wish.

Mr. Elder—Oh, may I?

Miss Kuteley—Of course; all old gentlemen call me Bessie.—Exchange.

Curiosity.

"Let's go out an' see what's burnin'," said Pat to Mike at the theater.

"What d'ye mean?"

"Those two men behind us said they were goin' to the foyer."—Detroit Free Press.

His Class.

Ethel—So Edith has finally caught the nobleman she was trying to hook?

Marjory—Yes, she said in her last letter that he belongs to the landed gentry.—Yale Record.

The miser is as much in want of that which he has as of that which he has not.—Syrus.

MRS. PEPPER'S TACTICS

By HARRIET WHITNEY

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

It was 7 o'clock Monday morning, and the smoke of Louizy Cottonwood's wash fire in the back yard was threading its blue haze into the fresh, early air.

Louizy's father, Lyman Cottonwood, striking out 'cross lots, lagged a little while he started his after breakfast cob pipe. His gaze dwelt ruminatively upon the big ash hopper a few moments, then traveled back to the form of his daughter just appearing from the smokehouse with a tub in her arms.

"Louizy!"

The young woman turned her head around, set her tub upon a backless chair and came forward, her low, flat shoes patting softly over the short "goose grass." Her figure looked skimp in its blue calico washing gown; her locks were hempy in color and not too plentiful; she had gathered them up high and twisted them so tightly that the outer corners of her eyes were drawn upward like those of a Chinese woman.

"Louizy," said her father, leaning an elbow on a corner of the hopper, "I was goin' to tell you an' furgot the Widder Pepper's a-comin' up today fer a basket o' windfall Spy apples to make dumplin's, an' I gotter be at Harris' all day helpin' thrash. You show 'er where the good ones is at, an' don't you sass 'er none; y' understand?"

"I ain't carin' how many Spy apples she gathers. Reckon apples wasn't the only thing you an' her was settlin' about yes'day evenin'."

"Wull," Lyman looked off slantwise across the hopper, "I got 'er penned up es clost es you ever kin pen a woman. The darned contrary birds won't never give you a square out 'yes' till after the preacher's sent fer. But you kin count on havin' a stepma before pumpkins is ripe."

"I wouldn't think, then, paw," Louizy's voice became mildly reproachful, "seein' how happy you're a-goin' to be, you'd begrutch me—an'—an'—Sam"—

Her father came up from his lounging attitude with a jerk.

"Louizy Jane Cottonwood, how many times I gotter tell you that's diffrunt? Now, listen yere"—he ticked off his points with the forefinger of his right hand in the spread palm of the left—"I told you the whutfors an' whysos yes'day, an' that's nuff said. An' now listen at this: Ef I don't find Sam Dorkins at Harris' thrashin' today it's a sign he's over yere, an' ef he is you'll see me back, an' you'll see me bounce Sam over the fence into the bresh quick enough to jolt his ears crooked. Now, mind whut I've told you."

Louizy shed so many tears over her wash that morning that when the fat little Widow Pepper came with her basket she cast many sharply inquisitive glances at the red rims of the forlorn maiden's eyes.

"Looky here, Louizy Cottonwood," said she at length as the two trudged up to the orchard, "you ain't been actin' the baby 'cause your paw wants to marry ag'in, hev you?"

"Louizy shook her head.

"I wouldn't care a speck if he married tomorrow if he'd have the manners to leave me an' Sam Dorkins alone."

"Humph," said the widow. "What's he layin' up against Sam?"

"Nothin' partickler, but he 'lows there's no sense of me a-marryin' fer half a dozen years er so. He's countin' on takin' a lot of city folks to board of summers after you an' him air married, an' he says two women 'll be needed to cook fer 'em."

"Well, I say!" Mrs. Phebe Pepper brought the exclamation out with a chop. Then she stepped in the path and laughed with a heartiness that threatened to break her apron strings. Mrs. Pepper was short and wide, and her little round, dark face expressed a mixture of good nature, shrewdness and obstinacy.

"He's a curious old plant, your paw is," said she, "but I've jist got this to say: Ef any man o' mine ever takes any summer boarders he'll do the cookin' er else he'll hire it done."

Louizy shook her head dissentingly. "You'll think different when paw gets you."

"He ain't got me yit," said the widow cheerfully. "Looky here, Louizy, how old air you?"

"Thirty-three," confessed Louizy, with a slight blush.

"The law me! An' you're scared to marry without your paw says you kin?"

The blush widened, taking in Louizy's ears.

"You don't know paw," said she dismally.

"Couldn't more than kill ye, could he?"

"Some folks' tongues is worse than killin'."

The widow trudged forward in silent self communion, which lasted until they reached the Northern Spy apple tree. Louizy began to fill the basket with the bright streaked windfalls, but Mrs. Pepper plumped herself down comfortably into the clover.

"Sam Dorkins is goin' on forty," said she meditatively. "He's a sight nigher to my age than yours."

Louizy paused suddenly in her task and looked questioningly at the widow.

"Oh, I was jest a-thinkin'," the latter observed carelessly, biting juicily into a big apple. "Me an' Sam was allers good friends. Better stop now, Louizy. That's many es I kin pack."

* * * * * * *

Lyman Cottonwood was in the narrow lane between his turnip field and his tobacco patch stopping a gap in the fence when a thudding of feet on the mellow earth drew his attention. A broad shouldered fellow was swinging briskly along with an ax on his shoulder.

"Hello, Unc' Lyme!" he hailed cheerfully.

"Here, you, Sam Dorkins." Lyman barred his way with belligerent elbows. "This vere lane's a private one, ef you want to know it, an' you've gotter keep 'way from Louizy Cottonwood, whether you want to know it er not."

"I ain't agoin' to tote the lane off with me, ner Louizy neither. I wasn't aimin' to stop yere. Didn't know es I'd spile the lane goin' through it to the Widder Pepper's."

"Widder Pepper's!" bawled Lyman frantically. "Whut business you goin' anywhere nigh the Widder Pepper?"

"Come, now, Uncle Lyme," grinned Sam, "don't hev a fit. Reckon I kin go chop a little stove wood fer a good lookin' widder without you floppin' up like a skyrocket. I've knowed the widder a many a year."

"I don't keer a con-taked turnip seed whut you've knowed," foamed Lyman. "The widder kin git stove wood without you a-cuttin' it. You take an' let that widder alone er you shuck off yer coat an' watch out fer me."

"Sure now," returned Sam, "you know I'm a younger man 'n you, Uncle Lyme; better not be too biggoty. You may think you're the only speckled bean in the hill, but widders is notionated an' kin fly about t'other way es easy es a flapjack. An' the country's free, es I've heard say. There's no statute that says two men shan't spark one widder, an' I reckon my chances is good es yourn ef I choose to stake 'em right hearty. You kin fence me off from Louizy, but you can't fence me off from the widder."

"I kin send you flyin' over them rails," declared Lyman wrathfully.

"Well, now, I ain't right shore it 'd be good policy to tackle the job," said Sam argumentatively. "You got right smart of rheumatiz, ye know, Uncle Lyme. Ye might pitch me over—an' ye mightn't. Now, I'll tell you whut: The widder's in need of stove wood. I shall go there an' cut it fer her an' stay to supper, 'relse I'll loan you my ax an' leave you go cut the wood fer her, an' I'll go in an' talk to Louizy a spell. Which 'll it be?"

Lyman leaned against the rail fence, his brain whizzing with new battery ideas. The desirability of the widow had increased tenfold since this bold rival had proclaimed himself so determinedly. What was Louizy in comparison? The ideas came to a focus. He stepped forward resolutely.

"Han' over the ax," he said briefly, "an' go 'long in. Louizy's ironin'. You an' her kin be es big fools es you want."

When Mrs. Phebe Pepper, looking from her doorway, saw Mr. Lyman Cottonwood coming up the walk with Sam's ax on his shoulder her black eyes sparkled with fun.

"I 'lowed that would fetch Lyme ef Sam worked it all right," she said to herself with a smothered chuckle, "an' mighty lucky thing fer Louizy Cottonwood her futur stepmaw's got a leetle grain o' gumption, seein' Louizy don't know no more'n a goslin' how to tend to her own love affairs."

Pickwickian Love Letters.

A book on William IV. recalls the fact that the love letters produced by Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz at the Pickwick-Bardell trial were patterned after letters actually used as evidence in the suit brought by the worthless George Norton against Lord Melbourne when he was prime minister of the "Sailor King."

Three letters from Melbourne to Mrs. Norton were discovered. They were as follows:

> I will call about half past 4. Yours,
> MELBOURNE.
>
> How are you? I shall not be able to call today, but probably shall tomorrow.
> MELBOURNE.
>
> No house today. I will call after the levee, about 4 or half past. If you wish it later let me know. I shall then explain about going to Vauxhall.
> MELBOURNE.

The actual comment on these alarming documents by George Norton's counsel is not less amusing than the interpretation of "chops and tomato sauce" by Serjeant Buzfuz. Sir William Follett told the jury:

"These notes seem to admit much more than the words convey. They are written cautiously, I admit. There is not passion in them. They are not love letters. But they are not written in the ordinary style of correspondence usually adopted between intimate friends."

One wonders if even an English jury could treat this gravely.

Effect on Her.

Johnny—Mamma says you've got to come home right now!

Johnny's Little Sister—I wish you wouldn't talk that way to me! It makes me mad in the face!—Chicago Tribune.

Fruitless Quest.

"Worry," said the author, "is the plague of genius, but it hasn't reached my brain yet."

"Perhaps," suggested a listener, "it got tired looking for it."—Augusta (Ga.) Herald.

Another One.

"You say some very sharp things," he remarked.

"You give me some splendid opportunities," she replied.—Chicago Post.

Ayer's

Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. What a record it has, sixty years of

Cherry Pectoral

cures! Ask your doctor if he doesn't use it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

"I have found that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine I can prescribe for bronchitis, influenza, coughs, and hard colds."
M. LOUGHMAN, M.D., Ithaca, N.Y.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Bronchitis**

Correct any tendency to constipation with small doses of Ayer's Pills.

RAINING CATS AND DOGS.

Various Explanations of the Origin of This Expression.

Many explanations have been given of the origin of the expression "raining cats and dogs." One is that it is a perversion of the French "catadoupe," a waterfall—"it is raining a catadoupes," or cataracts. Another explanation is that the male blossoms of the willow tree, which are used on Palm Sunday to represent the branches of palm, were called "cats and dogs" in some parts of England, where they increase rapidly after a few warm April showers, and the belief prevailed that the rain brought them.

Others trace the saying to northern mythology, in which the cat is said to have great influence on the weather, and sailors still have a saying, "The cat has a gale of wind in her tail," when she is unusually frisky. Witches that rode upon the storms were said to assume the form of cats, and the stormy northwest wind is called "the cat's nose" in the Harz mountains even at the present day. Then the dog is a symbol of wind, which in old German pictures is figured as the head of a dog or wolf from which blasts issue. The cat therefore symbolizes a downpour of rain; the dog, strong gusts of wind, which accompany it, and so a rain "of cats and dogs" is a heavy rain with wind.

Evolution of the Bayonet.

The sweynes-feather (hog's bristle), which seems to have been the original prototype of the bayonet, was a long rapier blade, fixed in a handle and carried in a sheath, which was given to a musketeer for defense after he had discharged his piece. Stuck by its handle in the muzzle of his gun, it constituted a very efficient weapon for acting against pikemen. To diminish his incumbrance the sweynes-feather and musket rest were combined, the latter forming a sheath for the former, in the reign of James I.

Toward the latter part of the civil war the use of the musket rest was abandoned, and it became the practice to stick the dagger by its handle into the muzzle of the piece after discharging it.

In 1689 two rings were added by which the bayonet was placed on the muzzle without interfering with the firing. This improvement, the invention of General Mackay, an English officer, was introduced into the French army by Vauban in 1703. By the English themselves it was not adopted until after the battle of Fontenoy (1745), where the advantages its use conferred on the French were only too painfully manifest, the Duke of Cumberland's army being defeated with the loss of 15,000 men.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Own Manuscript.

George Ade, in the early days of his career, before the "Fables In Slang" had brought him fame, called one morning in Chicago upon a Sunday editor on a mission from a theatrical manager.

"I have brought you this manuscript"— he began, but the editor, looking up at the tall, timid youth, interrupted:

"Just throw the manuscript in the wastebasket, please," he said. "I'm very busy just now and haven't time to do it myself."

Mr. Ade obeyed calmly. He resumed:

"I have come from the —— theater, and the manuscript I have just thrown in the wastebasket is your comic farce of 'The Erring Son,' which the manager asks me to return to you with thanks. He suggests that you sell it to an undertaker, to be read at funerals."

Then Mr. Ade smiled gently and withdrew.

"Capping" Crows.

The following account is given in Country Life of the way in which pilfering crows are dealt with by Italian agriculturists: A hole of a certain depth is dug in the ground, at the bottom of which is placed some decayed meat. A funnel shaped wedge of paper is then inserted into the hole, the upper edge of the paper being coated with birdlime. "Maitre Corbeau" sees the food, descends to grasp it, and when he has firm hold of it he rises up again. His head is, however, swathed with the paper cap, and in his mad endeavor to rid himself of it he circles up to extraordinary heights in the air, revolving constantly and at so rapid a pace that, soon overcome with giddiness, he falls to the earth dead.

The Cashew Nut.

The cashew nut serves a unique purpose as a cosmetic in the West Indies, where women desiring to remove excessive tan anoint the skin with an oil from the outer surface of the raw nut. For two weeks the patient must retire from society, for the face and hands so treated turn black. At the end of a fortnight's seclusion, however, the woman who has undergone the cashew treatment emerges, observers state, "with skin and complexion as fair as a babe's."

Fortune's Favor Sufficient.

"What do we want with gold and precious stones?" said the proud young mother, gazing fondly upon the baby. "This is fortune enough for us."

"Huh!" grunted the father, who had been walking the floor nearly all night. "I'm glad fortune didn't knock twice at our door."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sympathy.

He—I got a note from Dunne today saying that he absolutely must have the money I owe him by tomorrow morning.

She—Oh, the poor fellow!—Life.

Napoleon I., who was a great admirer of female talent (when its owner did not, like Mme. de Staël, direct it against himself), used to say, "There are women who have only one fault—viz, that they are not men."

Food and Nervous Troubles.

I have the privilege of knowing many eminent men in the medical profession, and their advice in nine cases out of ten is to eat and take as much nourishment as possible. Numbers of cases of nervous breakdown are entirely cured by what your correspondents would call "overeating." In all nervous disorders, from which so many suffer in this age of keen competition, the chief remedy is eating more than is seemingly required.—London Telegraph.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN 8, 1904.

GOOD WORDS AND SOUND DOCTRINE.

Mayor Feeney's Inaugural Address last Monday was a sound, businesslike document As was proper, it dealt chiefly with the city finances and urged the paramount importance of strict economy in public expenditures during the current year.

But the headline of this article refers more particularly to that paragraph of the Address found under the sub head "Liquor and other laws," which is alluded to here, especially, because so many people insisted before the election, that "Feeney and no license" would mean no check to illegal rumselling all over the town. His words have a different ring from such foreboding, and that he will keep them is not to be doubted for a moment.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts assembled on Beacon Hill, Boston, on Wednesday, Jan. 6, 1904, according to the Constitution in such case made and provided.

Governor Bates's annual Message was delivered, and preliminary steps taken to organize both House and Senate, the committees of which will soon be announced.

☞ Mayor Feeney did the right and proper thing when, on the re-organization of the Board of Public Works, of which he is ex-officio Chairman, he appointed Mr. Elisha F. Hayward, the new member, Water Commissioner, the post held by Mr. Elwyn G. Preston, the retiring member. Mr. Hayward will fill the bill in good shape.

☞ Chairman H. S. Riley of the School Board was not a candidate for re-election, and the election of Hon. Geo. F. Bean followed as a matter of course.

☞ Of course, John Lynch's election as Clerk of Committees was a foregone conclusion. City Hall couldn't keep house without Lynch.

☞ The marrow of Mayor Feeney's Inaugural Address is printed in this issue of the JOURNAL. There are no flies on it.

☞ John C. Buck was re-elected City Treasurer just as the JOURNAL predicted he would be. There was no opposition to him in caucus or Council.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

O. Gillette—Auction.
Mrs. Jones—For Sale.
Humphrey Co.—Hub Crumbs.

— Sleighing parties are all the rage just now.

— Miss Clara Spencer is teaching at Charlemont, Mass.

— Dr. Aspray is to move to 57 Pleasant street Feb. 1.

— Fred E Cottle has recovered from a late severe illness.

— Miss Elizabeth Callahan starts for Pinehurst, N. C., tomorrow.

— Some of the schools were closed early this week on account of the cold

— Read what the Robbins Drug Co. gives free with every 25c purchase. See ad.

— The recently organized Choral Club will give a concert on Jan. 18, at the M. E church.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to hold their 23d annual ball on Friday evening, Jan. 29.

— W. R. C. 84 will hold a whist party Friday evening, Jan 8, in Post 33, G. A. R. Hall.

— Judge Charles D. Adams and family passed a happy holiday season at their Nahant cottage.

— Mr. and Mrs. William E. Blodgett are to celebrate their "Tin Wedding" tomorrow evening.

— Ald. Andrews and Linscott voted for A. P. Barrett for Auditor and showed their good sense.

— The Boston Ice Co. have been scraping Horn Pond this week and will begin cutting ice right away.

— Good music, finely rendered, at the Concert of Woburn Choral Union Methodist Church, Jan. 18.

— Miss Susan Tebbetts of this city installed the officers of the Reading W R.C. last Tuesday evening.

— Mr. Leon Vaughn, wife and baby arrived at Mrs. Vaughn's on Court street last Wednesday for a visit.

— The Beggs & Cobb leather factory is again running full handed. It is one of the largest in the country.

— Quincy A. Brackett won 2 out of the 3 games at the intercollegiates class tournament in New York last week.

— The Trustees have elected James F. McGovern, Janitor of the Public Library, and retained the present staff

— Fred E Kendall is to give an entertainment after the W. H. S. Class '04 dance in Lyceum Hall this evening.

— A great deal of patent leather is now manufactured in this city, There are some 7 or 8 factories located here.

— The birds are in straits for food just now, and humane people throw out crumbs to them from their tables

— The steam railroad trains were badly out of gear from Saturday evening to Monday. Snow and cold did it.

— Tonight comes off in Lyceum Hall the entertainment and dance of W. H. S. Class '04 Let everybody attend.

— Wednesday morning George G. Hatt reported 13 below at his home, and 19 at the Central Square Railroad station.

— Mr. Samuel Cummings of Cummings Chute & Co., who was severely injured by a fall several weeks ago, is now much better.

— The Sewing Circle of this city gave a sleighing party last Wednesday evening. It was very successful. They went to Belmont.

— This is the annual Week of Prayer, and the meetings have been fairly well attended, so reports say.

— Basketball is getting to be quite the thing hereabouts. There are said to be some strong teams in this city.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Freeman & Co. furnish the heating plant for the new hospital at the almshouse, and W. G. Stretton is doing the plumbing.

— Mrs. G. F. Jones, her daughter, Mrs. Seaver, and grandson, Johnny Seaver, spent the New Year holidays at Suncook, N. H.

— Miss Marian T. Hosmer was re-elected Corresponding Secretary of the New England Woman's Press Association last Wednesday.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— The officers of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., as reported in the JOURNAL last week, were duly installed last Monday evening.

— The City Council of 1903, before passing into history, drew James M. Kimball, Benjamin L. Trull and Wm E. Greenough, for jurors.

— The Shubert Male Quartette of Boston will sing at the Gentlemen's night of the Woman's Club on the evening of Jan. 15, 1904.

— Mr. A. G. French, night patrolman on Pleasant street, says he wants to see no colder weather than that of Sunday and Monday nights.

— With the address next Sunday evening, the pastor of the M. E. Church begins a new series of Sunday evening talks on "Life's Footpaths."

— A kind note from Mrs. M. L Allen locates our respected former fellow townswoman at Franklin Falls, N. H., which place she likes.

— Prof. Lean of Milwaukee, Wis., a very interesting and pleasing impersonator, will assist at the Concert in Methodist Church, January 18.

— Cadwell's spring water is the favorite drink of many of our people. Its medicinal qualities are widely recognized, and the sales large.

— The North Woburn A. A. basketball team play the Crescent Athletic Club team of Lowell at Lowell tomorrow evening, Jan. 9.

— The George E. Brown Building Co. are making a large addition to their plant on Prospect street. They are a prosperous firm of good builders.

— Nobody thinks of putting in a bid for the position of Mr. John Connolly, the faithful old Janitor of City Hall. It's his during his natural life, at least.

— The City Council of 1903 finished up business at 2 p. m. Monday. Ald. Ellis's order for increase of firemen's pay was "referred to next City Council."

— Professor William W. Crosby and a party of friends welcomed the New Year cordially at his home on Court street on the evening of Jan. 1, 1904.

— The First Baptist church gave their new pastor, Rev. Henry B Williams, and wife a royal reception in the church parlors on New Year's evening.

— City Messenger Edward Simonds is under the weather this week, too much so to officiate at the Inaugural, as he has not failed to do for more than a dozen years.

— The Boston *Globe* of last Wednesday morning contained a good likeness of Clarence Littlefield, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, and personal sketch of him.

— Ald. H. L. Andrews attended the Medford Mayor's inaugural and reception last Monday evening in that city. How true it is that office holding leads to dissipation.

— Mrs. Mary Jennings keeps and fills all orders promptly and satisfactorily for flowers and plants for parties, entertainments, funerals, etc. Her store is 419 Main street.

— Last Tuesday evening the Woburn Polo Team beat the Stoneham team at Stoneham 9 to 5. On Wednesday the Stonehams beat the Woburn's at Woburn 5 to 4.

— Mrs. Sarah S. H. Jones of Salem street advertises for sale the bargehouse and paintshop in the rear of the Central Stables. The purchaser will be required to remove the same at once.

— John W. Johnson and wife sailed yesterday for the West India Islands, where, and in other warmer latitudes, they will remain until the advent of the "Boston East Wind," or early in April next.

— The new officers of the Police Relief Association, are: President, Dennis C. Walsh; Clerk, John A Walsh; Treasurer, John J. Roache; Directors, Chief McDermott, Thomas Mulkeen, A. G French.

— A Highland street resident reported the weather at his house last Monday morning at 22 below zero. Were he not a gentleman of universally recognized veracity we should certainly dispute his statement.

— Ex-Ald. E. P. Marion and W. T. Kendall were too busy to attend the Inaugural ceremonies at City Hall last Monday afternoon. And besides, it was suspicioned that they didn't care much about the affair, anyhow.

— The days have lengthened just 10 minutes, and, sure enough! just as soon as they began to lengthen the cold began to strengthen, until it reached a good deal below zero and froze Salem Harbor as stiff as a poker.

— Mrs. Mary Putney writes to her mother, Mrs. Abbie W. Dimick of Arlington Road, that unusually cold weather has prevailed in and around Putney, Ga., her home, this winter. It comes hard on people unprepared for it.

— Passengers from Burlington on the L. & B. electrics for Boston last Monday morning were hopping mad when they missed the 9 o'clock in by just one minute. They were obliged to wait here until 10.30 for the next train.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St. BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

HOLIDAYS

Are made happier by an OVERCOAT and SUIT OF CLOTHES from

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Free with a 25c. Purchase.

Beautiful Colored Lithographed Pictures.

These pictures are 11 x 14 inches, all nicely mounted, consisting of Landscapes, Gibson Heads, Foreign and Marine Scenes. They are very attractive and suitable to hang in any room. For date of distribution and also glimpse of pictures, see our windows.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ Original Cut Prices Drug Store.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Business at Crawford's icecream parlors is increasing right along at a good pace. He had on Christmas Day 107 family orders, which was a record breaker. The fact is, Crawford is a popular purveyor; the people like his goods.

— At the third quarterly conference of the Woburn M. E. church, held last Wednesday evening, it was unanimously voted to request the General Conference, next April, to assign Rev. N E. Richardson, present pastor, to their church.

— John R. Carter lost one of his most valuable work horses last Monday. In delivering a load of coal on Charles street the horse broke through the concealed covering of an old cesspool and choked to death before he could be rescued.

— A great auction sale is in progress at O. Gillett's Jewelry store which will continue until every article is sold. The auction means that Mr. Gillett is going out of business in this city, but, will continue to live here. His big notice in this paper tells the whole story.

— We hereby return thanks to Mr Bryan McSweeney for a couple of fine 1904 calendars, one of the Royal Exchange Assurance at London, the other, of the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, for both of which he is the popular and successful local Agent.

— The funeral of Mrs. Mary Chute Dean, wife of Mr. Michael M. Dean, and mother of Mrs Julius Ramsdell, who died at her home, 140 New Boston street, on Jan. 1, 1904, was held on Jan. 4. She was 77 years, 1 month and 21 days old.

— Returning from a party last Tuesday night Rob Sullivan, the JOURNAL's bright and faithful "devil," had both ears and several toes so badly frozen, that he had to go into drydock for repairs. We have not heard how his "best girl" came out of the skrimmage with Jack Frost.

— The next dance in the series to be given by the Rifle Team of Co. G, 5th Regt. is to be Thursday evening, Jan. 14, at the Armory. These dances are very popular as is shown by the large attendances. Strachan's famous orchestra will furnish the music and a very enjoyable evening may be expected.

— A surprise party was tendered Mrs. James Beadreau at her home, known as the Preston House, Winchester, Tuesday evening A large company from Woburn attended it. It was given to help her out in the diamond ring contest held last evening by the Foresters of America at Winchester. She won the diamond ring by 220 votes.

— The severest snowstorm of the season occurred on Saturday, Jan. 2, not that the amount of precipitation was so enormous, but a high wind prevailed and it was intensely cold The snow, however, with that already on the ground, made good sleighing. Sunday brought zero weather, and Sunday night at 9 o'clock it was from 10 to 16 below. Monday was tough, and the winter thus far has been an unusually severe one.

— E. Prior, Real Estate dealer, has old the dwelling 81 Green street to P. O'Brien for a residence. He has other sales on the string.

— Mrs. Earl, whose maiden name was Wiley, a niece of Mr. Willis J. Buckman, the well known grocer of this city, with her 12-year old daughter, perished in the great Iroquois theatre disaster in Chicago last week. She was 33 years old, the wife of a member of the Pinkerton national force of detectives, and a resident of Chicago.

— Monday night, Jan. 4, was by far the coldest of the late Arctic snap and of the season. On Tuesday morning Gateman Callahan of Church avenue crossing reported 14 below zero at 6 a. m. and others saw that figure and went from 4 to 8 better. It made good business for the plumbers and coal dealers. So far this has been the coldest winter on record.

— The Woburn Encampment, I. O. O. F., elected the following officers last week: Don C. Page, Chief Patriarch; James R. Kendall, High Priest; Walter A. Hanson, Senior Warden; John A. Thompson, Junior Warden; Alvah J. Foster, Recording Scribe; Alonzo L. Perham, Treasurer; Benjamin T Morgan, Trustee Three Years. They will be installed on Jan. 12.

— The assisting artists at the concert by the Highland Orchestra to be given on the evening of January 21 are Miss Lillian V. Bearce of Auburn, Me, soprano, and Mr. Elbert Foland of Boston, reader. The press says of Miss Bearce:—"As 'Yum-Yum', Mikado's leading character, Miss Bearce was graceful and natural in her stage bearing, and her singing and acting both artistic and dainty." Mr. Foland is one of Charles Grilley's understudies and comes highly recommended.

— Having been born at Charlestown, Mass., on Jan. 9, 1842, and a respected resident of Woburn for many years, Captain Charles K. Conn will observe, in an unostentious manner, the 62d anniversary of his birth tomorrow by working harder than ever to make Haggerty's *Times*, of which he is Assistant Editor, still more worthy, if possible, of the liberal patronage it enjoys. The Captain carries around with him every day the painful evidence of brave and dangerous work in the War of the Rebellion; so, long may he wave.

— The Highland Orchestra, consisting of Dora A. Winn, piano; Maud H Littlefield, violin; John J. Hern, cornet; John C. Andrews, clarinet, and Business Manager, are to give a concert in Lyceum Hall on Thursday evening, Jan 21, 1903 In addition to choice and popular orchestral music, one of the best opera and concert soprano soloists in Maine, Miss Lillian V. Bearce of Auburn, has been engaged to sing; and Mr. Foland, an eminent reader, will increase the pleasures of the evening by giving several literary selections, both grave and gay. It is sure to be a concert of superior merit.

— Miss Caroline May Andruss, a graduate of the W. H. S. Class '03, sister of Mr. Edward I. Andruss of 26 Broad street, this city, with whom and his wife she has lived since childhood, leaves here today to enter upon an engagement to teach a school at Richmond among the famous Berkshire Hills, the rural paradise of Massachusetts, and country estates of many New York nabobs. During the present school year she has been training for a teacher's career with Miss Hattie Bosworth of the Union street school, who recommends her highly for the position she has engaged to fill, or any other school. She is a smart, well balanced young woman.

— The alarm from box 54 at 4.40 last Monday afternoon was for a chimney fire in the house of P. J. Claffey, 18 Porter street. No damage.

— On New Year's eve last past Master Robert Putnam Carter, the 10 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Carter, gave a birthday party to his young friends and associates at the home of his parents, 627 Main street. It was a gay and sportive affair, consisting of games, songs and instrumental music, and as fine a supper as the best caterers could produce. Those present and who greatly enjoyed the occasion were: Rachel Blodgett, Annie Burdett, Marion Taylor, Camilla Burdett, Elizabeth Hill, Marion Chalmers, Ruth Prior, Edward Hammond, Malcolm Blodgett, Wilbur Dickinson, Winslow Horton, Arthur Carter, Rowland Dixon, Robert Sherburne, Philip Brackett, Richard Preston, Robert Johnson.

— The Treasurer of the Woburn Co-operative Bank is just now having a busy time in paying out to the fortunate holders, the maturing value of shares in the eleventh series. These shares have reached the value of $200 63 each, $141. having been paid in and $59 63 represents the profits on each share. There are eighty-four shares in this series, making a total of $16,852 92 to be distributed among the twenty-seven holders. There are $4,000 in real estate loans and $1,200 in share loans discharged by the pledged shares maturing in this series. This is the largest number of shares reaching maturity at one time in the history of the bank, and it is a practical illustration of the value of the system, both to the investor and borrower.

New City Government.

The City Council Chamber was the scenes of the inauguration of the Woburn city administration for 1904, and 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, Jan. 4th, 1904, the time. Chamber was filled, and the ceremonies were interesting. Rev. Henry A. Walsh of St. Charles Church was Chaplain, and City Clerk John H Finn administered the oath of office. The outgoing Board of Aldermen were present, also members of the Board of Public Works, and other officers.

At the close of the Inaugural exercises the new Council organized by the choice of Alderman J. Joseph Ayl ward as President and John H. Finn as Clerk. Other officers elected were: John Lynch, Clerk of Committees; Daniel J. McColgan, City Auditor; John G. Maguire, City Collector; John C. Buck, City Treasurer.

The Board of Public Works met immediately after the inaugural exercises. Commissioner Kennedy was chosen Vice Chairman. The Mayor assigned Commissioner Hayward, the new member, to the Water Department. The others retain their former positions, viz: Kelley, streets; Kennedy, sewers; Doherty, public buildings and grounds.

May or Feeney presided at the organization of the School Board Monday evening. George F. Bean was elected Chairman; Frank E Cotton, Auditor; and George I. Clapp, Secretary. Dr. Josiah P. Bixby, Herbert S. Riley and Frank E. Cotton weje made a committee to nominate Standing and Local Committees. Messrs. Bean, Cotton and Bixby were named as a special committee on appropriations, and George F. Bean and Dr. Robert Chalmers a committee to investigate and report on the matter of fuel for the balance of the year. Mayor Feeney called the Board's attention to the fact that economy must be practiced, owing to decreased municipal revenue. He also suggested that a committee be appointed to confer with the Board of Public Works on plans for the new High School building. The Board selected Dr. Chalmers, Herbert S. Riley and Edward F. Cassidy as such committee.

Whist and Dancing.

As an index to popular interest in the success of the work of the District Nurse Association the whist and dancing party given by the Woburn Woman's Club in its behalf last Thursday evening week at Towanda Hall, was in the highest degree satisfactory and encouraging. It was attended by a large number of representative men and women of the city, by a class of persons who have the means, as well as the disposition, to aid the Association and promote its good work.

The aim of the D. N. A. is, as is well known, to provide nurses for the sick within certain prescribed territorial limits, to maintain permanently such a system of succor, and to do all the good possible in a practical way. It is not wholly a charitable organization or scheme. Those who are able to pay for the services of nurses are expected to do so; or if only in part, then to that extent; but to the poor who cannot pay the nurse service is free. This is equitable and fair for all classes are benefitted in a greater or less degree.

An Association was duly organized last week with Hon. William F. Davis as President, and numerous committees composed of leading and influential persons to lay out and prosecute the work. Already these committees are actively engaged in the discharge of respective duties.

The whist and dancing party of the W. W. C. was an agreeable, as well as a profitable one. There was 30 tables of whist. Mr. and Mrs. W. Prior Chute won first prize, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Ellis the second. Under the direction of Mrs. Eliot F. Trull, Chairman of the committee in charge, the dancers "watched the Old Year out and the New Year in" to fine music by Miss Maude H. Littlefield. Mrs. Elisha F. Hayward, Mrs Henry E Smith and Mrs. Capt. John E Tidd had charge of the refreshments.

Innitou Club Election.

At the annual meeting of the Innitou Canoe Club held on Saturday evening, January 2, 1904, the following list of officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commodore, William W. Crosby; Vice Commodore, Fred E. Leathe; Secretary, Willard K. Fowle; Treasurer, Frank H. Sawyer; Board of Directors, William W. Crosby, Fred E. Leathe, Willard K. Fowle, Frank H. Sawyer, Edward T. Brigham, Fred T. Hovey, Fred T. Dow; Board of Trustees, William W. Crosby, G. William Buchanan, Frank H. Sawyer; House Committee, Willard K. Fowle, William W. Crosby, Fred E. Leathe; Crew Captain, Hugh J. Walker.

— E Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

Mayor Feeney devoted about 15 minutes to the delivery of the following brief, but comprehensive, Inaugural Address:

CRIME AND POLICE.

The freedom of our city from crimes of a serious nature during recent years is due to the law abiding nature of our citizens and the efficiency of the police force.

LIQUOR AND OTHER LAWS.

The will of our citizens as expressed by the no-license vote forbids the sale of intoxicating liquor during the year beginning May 1, 1904. The duty of enforcing the provisions of the liquor and other laws is imposed on the police department and on the Mayor as its executive head. Recognizing the obligations of my office and shirking none of its responsibilities, I pledge myself and the police force under my direction to a strict and rigid enforcement of all laws relating to liquor selling and other crimes.

LOSS OF LICENSE MONEY.

The loss of many thousands of dollars as liquor license fee is, however, a matter requiring your consideration. When because of the loss of license revenue a strict sense of economy must be observed in making appropriations.

WATER.

Receipts of Water Department in 1903 were $47,616.21; increase over 1902 of $4,758.16; the operating expenses of the department were $14,016.14, increase of $761.59 over 1902.

There was transferred to the Sinking Fund $29,929.88; bonds to amount of $28,230.42 matured, and there is a balance in the Sinking Fund of $1,699.46.

Board of Public Works should have power to use water meters when families desire them and where the Board has reason to believe water was carelessly and wastefully used. Under this head he had found it necessary to give additional power to the Board of Public Works.

SEWERS.

Little work has been done on sewers the past year; and $2,081.12 being spent for maintenance and construction. There was pressing need for sewers on Cleveland Avenue, Mishawum Road, Montvale Avenue, Sturgis street and High street the probable cost about $10,000.00. A loan for that purpose was recommended.

FIRE SERVICE.

He congratulated the city on the efficiency of the Department. The decrease in revenue would not allow an increase of salaries; and economy would have to be practiced to maintain the high standard of efficiency. In the matter of a new fire station at Central Square he said he felt confident a site could be secured at an early day so that the building could be pushed along. He recommended the purchase of a chemical engine.

The efforts of the officers and men of the Department in protecting the lives and property of our community entitle them to an expression of our cordial appreciation, while we regret the impossibility of a deserved increase in compensation during the present year.

SCHOOLS.

He urged increasing accomodations for the School Department. The School Committee believed the construction of a new High School would solve the problem. He thought the loan necessary for the building could be secured at a fair interest charge, and that the building could be erected within the loan, $90,000. Regarding the Dow farm the Mayor said only a small section would be used for the schoolhouse, and that the balance could be used for other city purposes, or sold, as circumstances may direct.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Mayor reviewed the finances and trusts of the Public Library at length, and recommended an appropriation of $4,000, over and above the dog license fees. The Trustees expend about $6,500 annually for library maintenance, being used for salaries, fuel, light and repairs and miscellaneous expenditures. The income from trust funds purchases books and periodicals, pays insurance and for permanent improvements on building and grounds. Of the amount $200 is used annually for filling up and grading the land in the rear of the library building.

The trust funds represent five different bequests.

Bowen Buckman, $500, given in 1864, the income to be used for purchase of books.

Timothy Winn $3,000, in 1873, the income to be used generally, for the use of the library.

Jonathan B. Winn $2,500, in 1874, without special restriction.

Charles B. Winn fund, now amounting to about $14,000, for general library purposes, although the will expressed the idea that the town should make an appropriation for the annual expense pertaining to the use of the library by the public, also for new books and repairs. As a matter of fact the town or city has never been called on to expend money for the purchase of books and accessions to the library.

HIGHWAYS.

Before Jan. 1902 the streets had been allowed to get out of repair to such an extent that suits for personal damages were brought against the city. Two suits were still pending where juries have awarded about $5,000. During the past year, under the efficient management of the Superintendent, the sum of $24,653.90 has been expended in repairs, and the principal streets are in good condition. It would be the economy to make an appropriation to keep the streets in their present condition.

CONCLUSION.

Holding office voluntarily and not by compulsion, recognizing that we are the servants of, and not the masters of the people, realizing that by our official conduct we involve not only ourselves but our entire city, our action should be such as to bring commendation to ourselves and honor to those by whom we have been entrusted with official power.

Of the many popular contests going on in the country at present, The Boston *Herald* has inaugurated the most novel and the largest proposition yet undertaken by the newspaper world. The *Herald* is going to send 100 persons absolutely free for a 10 days' lark at the St. Louis World's fair next summer. The voting began Jan. 1, and is by coupons printed daily in The *Herald*. The candidates are to be chosen from five classes, policemen, firemen, G. A. R. veterans, letter carriers and salespeople. Three districts in New England, Boston, Massachusetts outside of Boston and New England outside of Massachusetts, each are to choose 25 favorites, five people from each class.

A unique feature of the scheme provides the awarding of 25 additional persons, also free, who will be named by the 25 candidates receiving the highest total votes.

The *Herald* will send its party on a luxurious train of Pullman cars, and will pay all expenses for the grand excursion.

Vespers at Unitarian Church.

Sunday, Jan. 10, at 5.15 o'clock, "A Neighborhood Service." Address by Rev. Henry C. Parker and Rev. Edgar S. Wells of Billerica. Music by Double Quartette of Epworth Church Cambridge, Miss Carolyn A. Brackett, Director, Mr. Ralph Lyford, Organist.

Organ Prelude.
Festival Te Deum in Eb. — Dudley Buck
Solos.
Miss Edith A. Frost, Soprano
Mrs. John Hall, Alto
Mr. Franklin Hunter, Tenor
Mr. Arthur Harding, Bass
Song. "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."
Mr. Frost.
Response. "Our Heavenly Love Abiding."
Anthem. "Hark Hark My Soul." — Shelley
Solos.
Mrs. John Hall, Alto
Miss Lubeth Bigelow, Soprano
Song. Beautiful Realms of Endless Day. — Gilbert
Miss Frost.
Organ Postlude.

Program of Dedication

Of the M. E. Church Gymnasium Tuesday evening Jan. 12, at 6.30.

Invocation. — Rev. J. H. Mansfield D. D.
Banquet.
Postprandial Exercises—
"Athletics and Education," Prof. Geo. L. Clapp, Supt. of Schools.
"Looking Backward," H. Josephine Hayward, Pres. Woman's Club.
Music. — Highland Orchestra
"Practical Religion," Rev. N. E. Richardson.
Adjourn to Gymnasium—
"The Ideal Young Man," Prof. Rob't J. Roberts, Hygienic Educator.
Inspection of Gymnasium.
Tickets 50c.

50 DOSES FOR 21c.

5 GRANULES OF

Whitcher's KOLD KURE

taken once an hour for six hours will break up the severest cold and PREVENT PNEUMONIA. You should have a bottle in your pocket.

$3.00 WORTH OF STAMPS

—WITH A—

ONE DOLLAR PURCHASE!

Cut out the coupon below and present it at the store of

E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.

373 MAIN STREET,

and with a One Dollar purchase you will receive Three Dollars worth of Stamps.

GOOD FOR

$3 Worth of Stamps

With a $1.00 Purchase.

GOOD ONLY at the store of
E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Woman's Club.

The meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club on New Year's Day was in charge of the Sociology Committee, Mrs. Maria R. Bickford, Chairman Miss M. Louise Bancroft played a group of piano selections, viz: "Air and Variations," Paderiski, "Scotch Poem," M. Durrell, "Scherzo," by a Russian composer All were played with great skill and expression. The lecturer was, Dr. Emily Brainard Ryder of New York, subject, "Oriental Clubs." She began by describing the Three Days Festival of New Year's in Bombay, India. Dr. Ryder after having practised medicine in New York City for twenty years went to India for one year's rest and recreation and remained thirteen years. Her description of the Hindu women was interesting. She described her stay of a month in a convent and journey and visit to the "Yogi." The "Yogi" is a holy man who teaches the science of the soul. His dwelling place is a cave on top of a hige mountain which is almost inaccessible.

Dr. Ryder was the founder of the Sorosis Woman's Club in Bombay and the Colombo Woman's Club in the Island of Ceylon. Her achievements and success in the face of such opposition and difficulties at Bombay are wonderful.

The meeting was graced by nearly all of the public school teachers as guests.

Gentleman's Night at Music Hall, Jan 15. Lecture on Feb 5, by Helvise C. Hersey, B. A. Patriotism for Women, illustrated by a study of Daniel Webster. A. C. K., Rec. Sec

Literary Notices.

The January COSMOPOLITAN sustains the many-sided character of this popular magazine. The leading article is from the pen of Lady Henry Somerset, who writes on the people, especially the children, of the London slums, and is illustrated by striking photographs of the capital's poverty. Other illustrated features are a description of San Marino, the oldest republic in the world, by Herbert S. Stone; The Old and Eccentric in the Drama, by H. H Boyesen, 2d, in which the pictures are scenes from the latest and most beautifully mounted melodramas and extravaganzas. Some Famous Hymns and Their Authors, by Laura Grover Smith, contains portraits of the great hymn-writers and some of the places associated with them. Childhood through the Ages, by Leo Claretie, has some curious pictures of old toys and dolls. The Diary of King Edward VIII records the attempt of a royal personage to lead a useful and not a useless life. Cyrus Townsend Brady begins a series of great interest, The Dramatic History of South America, with the first article on Peru and the Pizarros Fiction is contributed by H. G. Wells, William R. Lighton, Elliott Flower, Sara Beaumont Kennedy and Constance Maud. The very popular Captains of Industry series is continued with sketches of F. Augustus Heinze, Charles Joseph Bonaparte and President Harper of the Chicago University.

A Card.

Mr. A. V. Haynes and daughter take this opportunity to express their thanks to their many kind friends and neighbors for their tender sympathy and valuable assistance in their recent bereavement; also for the many beautiful floral tributes which were received.

A. V. HAYNES.
STELLA M. HAYNES.

For Sale!

Bargehouse and Paintshop

In the rear of Central Stables.

The purchaser will be required to remove the buildings at once.

Apply to MRS. SARAH S. H. JONES, Salem St., Woburn.

To Let.

House No 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.

Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms, bath and furnace.

Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,

Instructor in Pianoforte,

Studio: First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.

The Virgil Practice Clavier System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,

Violin Instruction,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

4 Fairmount St.,

WOBURN, - MASS.

First National Bank

OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, January 12, 1904, at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.**

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 11, 1903.

Very Desirable House To Let.

I offer to rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly salary of $18.00 paid by check each Monday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Enclose addressed envelope. Manager, 360 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3st Sunday after Epiphany.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Sacrament."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. Communion and Reception of Members.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Evening Service. Subject: "The I Ams of Jesus." First of a Series. Special Music.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Henry B. Williams.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Short and Long Views."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 5.15 P. M., Vespers. Quartet from church in Cambridge.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Religion as experienced apart from the historic fact."
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., "Life's Foot paths." The foot-path to wealth.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In Somerville, Jan. 6, by Rev. Henry B. Williams, Frank Byron Gray and Mary Grace Ward, all of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 30, Ellen Connolly, aged 81 years.
In this city, Jan. 1, Mary C. Dean, aged 77 years, 1 month, 21 days.

Get Your Printing Done

At This Office

BARGAINS!

DOUBLE STAMPS
Until Jan. 16

SPECIAL PRICES on Underwear, Wrappers, Dress Skirts, Shirt Waists.

Copeland & Bowser.

A Good Beginning

for the New Year will help to make it one of the most successful of your life.

If you haven't been among our many satisfied customers, we invite you to join them in 1904, and we will try by every fair means to make you glad you have done so.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
A Jewelry Store since 1871.

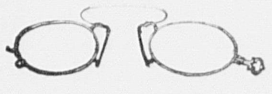
Fine Repairing in all its branches.

OUR
Tea
—AND—
Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Houghton & Dutton,
BOSTON.
Optical Parlors 9th Floor.
A FEW EYE HINTS.



Your eyes will tell when you need glasses. Here are a few hints:- Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS
Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Neal Doherty and Bridget Doherty his wife in her own right to the Woburn Cooperative Bank dated October 12th, A.D. 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2776, Page 28, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, the Sixteenth day of January, A. D. 1904,

at two o,clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the northerly side of Buckman street bounded and described as follows namely:—Beginning at the Southeastly corner of the premises on said Buckman street and at land of Carl Dunberry (formerly William Courts), from thence the line runs westerly by and with said Buckman street sixty-six (66) feet to a private way running northerly out of said Buckman street and known as Buckman Court; thence turning and running northerly by and with said private way, one hundred and sixty-six (166) feet to land of James Burke; thence turning the line runs easterly by land of said James Burke sixty-six (66) to land of said Dunberry; thence turning the line runs Southerly on and by land of said Dunberry, one hundred and sixty (160) feet to said Buckman street, and the point of begining, containing about 10,758 square feet, being the same premises conveyed to said Bridget Doherty by Benjamin H. Nichols, by deed dated October 2nd A. D. 1899, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens which may be upon the premises. $100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN COOPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
by John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., December 23, 1903.

Removal.
DR. JOSEPH ASPRAY
Is to move from his present residence to 57 PLEASANT street about February 1.

Desk Room To Let
at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

The Best Cough Reliever
Wild Cherry and Tar
COUGH BREAKER.
25 Cents.
PREPARED BY
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

CABOT'S
Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK.
LIQUID CLEANLINESS

CHILBLAINS.
Gives almost instant relief from the terrible burning, itching and irritation of this winter affliction. Try it once in the foot bath. Note the wonderfully soothing effect.

CHAPPED HANDS, etc.
are readily healed by the application of a hot solution. For this and kindred purposes Sulpho-Napthol is superior to everything on the market.

Beware of "just as good" imitations and substitutes. Fight shy of impostors.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of Allen T. Hubbard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to Frank F. Dodge, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, without requiring surety on his bond or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a. m. hourly until 9 45 p. m.; also 11 p. m., for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m., and hourly untill 10 30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12 15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a.m., hourly until 10 45 p. m., Billerica 7 39 a. m., Lowell, 7 55 a. m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Pure Water!
One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

Address C. H. CADWELL, Woburn, for Free Srmples.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS!

$8,000 to $10,000 WORTH
of Diamonds, Watches, Solid Silver Ware, Jewelry, Clocks, Umbrellas to be closed out

At Auction!

Also all the Fixtures, Safe, 7 Show Cases, Counters, and everything in the store must be sold before February 1, as we must give up the store then.

Sale Begins Jan. 7
At 7.30 P. M.

Ladies' Sale begins Saturday at 2 P. M.

There will be rare bargains at this sale. Trading Stamps at Ladies' Sale only.

Osborn Gillette, Jeweler
379 Main St., Woburn.
E. J. GREGORY, Auctioneer.

Hub Crumbs
better bread crumbs
makes all fried food better;
saves time and work while cooking;
as handy as salt to use;
made of bread from our own ovens;
totally different from other crumbs.
Makes better puddings. Better Digestion. better stuffing. better fish-balls.
10¢ 10¢

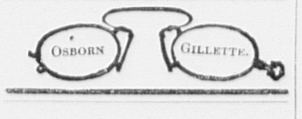
At your grocer's or S. S. Pierce Co. Cobb, Bates Yerxa Co.
Mrs. Howard's Cook Book and sample on request. 244 Purchase St. Boston Mass.

Crawford's
Ice Cream, Sherbets and Confectionery
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.



The Lemon as Medicine.

The value of lemons in the treatment of both rheumatism and consumption is now known to be very great. The treatment is to begin with one or two a day and gradually increase the number. In one case of rheumatism twenty-five lemons a day were the dose for a time. As a preventive of illness, however, a half a lemon a day is all that should be taken—that is, if taken every day year in and year out. A half a lemon in a cup of hot water taken an hour before breakfast (without any sugar) will annihilate the darkest of dark brown tastes in one's mouth. If you make a practice of eating more butter and sugar than is good for you take lemon and hot water every morning.—Maxwell's Talisman.

Life and the Sun.

All the energy of life is derived ultimately from the sun. A little of this comes indirectly through lightning which in passing through the air forms ammonia and oxides of nitrogen. These, being carried by rain into the ground, are the constant source of nitrogen for vegetable and indirectly for animal life. A much larger quantity of energy is well known to be taken direct from the sunshine by plants and used in their anabolic processes. This energy is appropriated by animals in their food, and whether in the vegetable or in the animal it assists in any alternations of the system before it is completely dispersed.

Fine Old Netherlands Repartee.

One Barend Vet of The Hague had recently the misfortune to call a constable a monkey, an accusation which one of the local papers pointed out as "being, of course, untrue" and which, moreover, is a form of untruth not permitted in Holland. Vet was arrested and brought before the judge on a charge of "insulting the police," being sentenced to forty-five days' imprisonment. Before being removed he turned to address the court. "Then I must not call a constable a monkey?" he said. "Certainly not. You must not insult the police." The culprit reflected. "May I call a monkey a constable?" he asked, with a flash of genius. The judge shrugged his shoulders and, holding no brief for the animal, replied, "If it gives you any satisfaction." With a smile of gratification Vet turned on his heel in the dock and bowed to his prosecutor. "Good day, constable," he said.—St. James Gazette.

Corncob Pipes.

"You see," said the smoker, "I'm very fond of the corncob pipe. In the first place, it's a clean, sweet, cool smoke, and, in the second, it's so pleasant to think you're smoking something so quiet and rural and natural as a pipe made just by cutting a hole in a corncob. It's so primitive, you know."

"Yes," said his friend. "Only most corncob pipes aren't made that way. It's the popular supposition that they are, I know; but as a matter of fact, the new and most popular process is to take the whole cob, grind it up, mix it with one or two other substances and then shape the whole into the pipe form. It makes a better and more lasting pipe, and in this way the whole cob can be used and not a grain wasted."—Philadelphia Press.

Can Animals Blush?

It is hard to tell whether animals blush, for their faces are covered so thickly with fur or hair or feathers that we do not know what may be going on beneath hide or skin. Were they as bare faced as man is it is more than likely we should see them blush, especially the more bashful sort and those with some sense of shame.

It is the case that the faces of vultures flush, and several of the monkeys become purple with rage, which may be considered as a kind of blushing.

This may be proved any day in any zoo, where the monkeys seem to fly into a passion on the smallest provocation.

Boiled Without Fire.

Every day in London scores of workmen's kettles are boiled in lime that will afterward be used for its proper purposes. Just before the breakfast hour, say, one of the workmen empties a quantity of the dry lime from a sack. In the center of this lime he makes a hole, and into it water is poured. Then he puts his kettles into the water, and in a few minutes the kettles boil. In thousands of cases a fire is thus spared.

Strange Happenings.

A Michigan woman was scanning over the marriage columns of a newspaper and remarked to her husband, "Here's a strange coincidence—a William Strange married to a Martha Strange."

"Strange indeed," replied her husband, "but I expect the next news will be a little stranger."—Lyre.

THE HONEY BADGER.

He Is a Tough Beast and Is Exceedingly Hard to Kill.

Badgers belong to the great weasel tribe, although they are also allied, as many people know, to the bears. Among their more or less distinguished relatives may be named the wolverene, otter, skunk and marten. In Africa and India, says a writer in Longman's Magazine, are to be found the curious ratels, a remarkable branch of the family, distinguished by their extraordinary fondness for honey. To obtain this luxury they spend most of their time hunting for the nests of wild bees.

They are absolutely oblivious, as are English badgers, of the stings of the infuriated bees, their tough, thick and loose coats protecting them from any serious injury. Ratels are strong and very courageous beasts. The Boers of South Africa hold them in high respect, as do the natives, and assert that a pair of these beasts will occasionally attack a human being. I have heard of men being treed by these animals, but whether the tale was true or false I am uncertain. What is certain is that the ratel, or honey badger, of South Africa is a beast extremely difficult to kill by reason of his tough constitution, good defensive powers and extraordinarily loose coat and that he is when meddled with or put out a beast of very high courage and unpleasant manners.

WORSHIPED AS A GOD.

An English General Who Was Deified by East Indians.

John Nicholson, British colonel and brigadier general, was once worshiped as a god. He was the eldest son of Alexander Nicholson, a physician of Dublin. This gallant soldier distinguished himself in the Punjab campaign of 1848-49, when he was appointed a deputy commissioner of the annexed Punjab under Sir Henry Lawrence. At Bannu, dealing wisely with an ignorant and bloodthirsty people, he evolved in the course of five years such order and respect for law that murder and highway robbery, previously so rife, were unknown in the district.

He so impressed his powerful personality on the natives that he became to them a demigod, and in Hazara a brotherhood of fakirs in 1848 instituted a religious cult for the worship of "Nikal-Seyn," which continued to flourish in spite of Nicholson's efforts to suppress it even by punishment.

At a moment of victory during the siege of Delhi in 1857 this hero fell mortally wounded in the street while leading his men. He died a few days later on the 23d of September, 1857, and was buried in front of the Kashmir gate.

AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

The Practice of Consulting Scripture as a Book of Fate.

The practice of consulting Scripture as a book of fate was generally condemned by the church. A council at Vannes pronounced against it in 461 A. D. So did one at Agde in 506 and one at Auxerre in 585. Charles the Great forbade it in his capitularies, and so did Pope Gregory II. Nevertheless curiosity as to the future was so strong in men's minds that the custom continued.

An odd circumstance is that the cathedral chapter at Orleans in 1146 appealed to a prognostic of this sort in a supplication addressed by them to Pope Alexander III. against their bishop. At his consecration, when the gospel was opened above his head, the finger of the deacon rested upon the words, "And he left the linen cloth and fled from them naked." This was a token that the bishop Elias was to be turned out of his see.

The practice of observing the book when opened over the head of a prelate at his consecration was very common. It was thought that a sure augury could thence be drawn as to what sort of a bishop he would prove.—Chambers' Journal.

England's First Railroad.

The traveling on the first railroad in England was not very comfortable undoubtedly. The coaches were at first only coupled with chains, as wagons are now, so that they jerked the unfortunate passengers nearly off their seats at starting and clashed violently against each other when the driver put on his brake. When fairly in motion, if the speed was any but the slowest, the very short wheel base produced a pitching action so trying that if the journey had not been a short one it would have seriously affected the popularity of the railway as a means of passenger transit.

Definition of Greatness.

"Don't you sometimes think you would be a greater man if you were to cultivate the art of oratory?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "A great man, as you know, is one who gets mentioned in the schoolbooks after he is dead instead of the financial columns of the newspapers while he is living."—Washington Star.

In No Danger.

Aunt Jane—Helen, I saw that young man kiss you last evening.

Helen—I don't think you need to complain, auntie. I don't think he would have given the kiss to you if you had been there instead of me.—Boston Transcript.

Dangerous.

"An' how's yer husband the day?" asked Mrs. Rafferty of Mrs. Muldoon.

"Sure, an' he's no better," replied Mrs. Muldoon. "The doctor's afraid morality will set in."—Detroit Free Press.

Children under ten shouldn't know when there is a moon, and people over seventy shouldn't know except by the calendar.—Atchison Globe.

Too Considerate.

Mistress (returning from holiday)—Why, Bridget, whatever has become of the parrot?

Bridget—Well, you see, mum, after you left it looked a bit pining like and didn't talk much, so the cook and I put it out of its misery, poor thing, and I had it stuffed for my new 'at.—Judy.

Cynical.

"I think it's absurd to say kissing is dangerous," gushed Miss Rosebud. "What possible disease could be spread by kissing?"

"Marriage, madam," grunted Grumpy.

Sold Himself.

First Citizen (indignantly)—I am surprised that young Longhead would lend himself to any such scheme.

Second Citizen—Lend himself? Why, man, he was bought.—Judge.

When asked for an opinion remember that a compliment is really wanted.—Atchison Globe.

It cannot be too often repeated, "To innovate is not to reform."—Burke.

SWORD EVOLUTION.

The Transition From the Ancient to the Modern Blade.

A great many modern sword forms are really nothing more than descendants, or, rather, improvements, on the peculiar boomerang shaped sword of the ancient Egyptians, the parent of the scimiter, yataghan, falchion and saber. Africa, south of the Sahara, was perhaps the greatest museum for old swords in the world. In the Sudan and central Africa the old sickle and boomerang shaped swords, which the ancestors of the modern negroes received centuries ago from the Egyptians, were still made and in use. Moreover, the knights of Malta were at one time famous swordmakers, and their peculiar long, double edged blades, such as the crusaders carried, were exported to the Barbary states, where they were in large demand. From there they were taken across the Sahara to the Sudan and exchanged for ivory, and it was on this account that they were still found in central Africa.

In the sixteenth century a peasant living on the outskirts of Toledo, Spain, invented the famous Toledo rapier, which soon became the popular weapon all over Europe. Prior to that time the swords used in Europe were heavy affairs for hewing, slashing and cutting, but with the advent of the Toledo rapier men had to learn to thrust as well as to hack and slash. With the rapier came the art of fencing, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries being the age of the sword par excellence.

MORAL SUASION.

The Experience of a School Official Who Advocated It.

This story is told at the expense of a recently appointed supervisor of a public school in this city:

One day she happened to be visiting a school where a young incorrigible was undergoing punishment for a series of misdemeanors.

The teacher cited him as "the worst boy in the school—one I can't do anything with. I've tried everything in the way of punishment."

"Have you tried kindness?" was the gentle inquiry of the other lady.

"I did at first, but I've got beyond that now."

At the close of the session the lady asked the boy if he would call and see her on the following Saturday. A boy arrived promptly at the hour appointed. The lady showed him her best pictures, played her liveliest music and set before him a luncheon on her daintiest china, when she thought it about time to begin her little sermon.

"My dear," she began, "were you not very unhappy to have to stand in the corner before all the class for punishment?"

"Please, ma'am," broke in the boy, with his mouth full of cake, "that wasn't me you saw. It was Pete, and he gave me 10 cents to come here and take your jawing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Living Book Marker.

The mystery of life has rarely furnished the thinker with so strange a problem as that which arises out of a fact instanced by Mr. W. H. Hudson, the naturalist. Mr. Hudson had a piece of snake skin, which for years he used as a book marker. It changed color periodically and shed its scales. It continued to shed its scales in this fashion for ten years, each succeeding set of scales being smaller than the last. Some fairly recent books would make even a hippopotamus hide book marker change color were it to find itself between their leaves. The sensitive book marker capable of blushing rose red or paling with emotion may no doubt be a feature in the literary life of the amazing future and perhaps in the literary world. "Some Emotions of a Moral Book Marker" is a thinkable title when we consider the strides of modern "thought."—London Outlook.

The Compass Plant.

On the western prairie is found what is called the compass plant, which is of great value to travelers. The long leaves at the base of its stem are placed, not flat, as in plants generally, but in a vertical position, and present their edges north and south. The peculiar propensity of the plant is attributed to the fact that both surfaces of its leaves display an equal receptivity for light, whereas the upper surfaces of the leaves of most plants are more sensitive to light than the lower. The leaves thus assume a vertical position and point north and south. Travelers on dark nights are said to feel the edges of the leaves to ascertain the point of the compass.

Anticipated by Shakespeare.

"Is Bannerly as egotistic as he looks?"

"I think so. He wrote to a friend not long ago and in the course of the communication remarked that William Shakespeare seemed to have anticipated in a somewhat rude and unfinished form one of his (Bannerly's) pet theories."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How Wise We Are!

A wise newspaper says we should be thankful that we are moderns and heirs of all the wisdom of the ages. Perhaps we should be if we did not know that the average American imagines Plato to be a new kind of silver polish and Sappho an attachment to a piano.—Washington Times.

In the Parlor Too!

New Boarder—What is the landlady's daughter playing?

Old Boarder—A mixture of airs from a lot of old operas—a sort of musical hash, you know.—New York Weekly.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it.

Legs and Oratory.

In the "Souvenirs de Mme. Recamier" there is a pleasant description of a scene which took place during her exile at Lyons in 1813. Almost every cultivated or fashionable individual who passed through that city was sure to be attracted to her house. Talma, the tragedian, happened to be giving some representations in the Grand theater and was dining with Mme. Recamier when the bishop of Troyes, better known as the abbe de Boulogne, was announced. This celebrated preacher, though devoted to literature and familiar with the works of the great playwrights, had never seen a play performed.

After dinner Talma was persuaded to recite, to the intense gratification of the abbe, parts from his principal roles. In return Talma begged the ecclesiastic to repeat some passages of his sermons. When he had done so, "It is splendid, monseigneur, as far as this," exclaimed Talma, touching the chest of the preacher, "but the lower part of your body is deplorable! Clearly you have never bestowed a thought upon your legs!"

WHEN THEORIES FAILED.

A Mother's Experience In the Training of Children.

"Have you given up your theories on the training of children?" he asked as he settled back in his easy chair after dinner.

"I have," she replied decidedly.

"I've noticed that you haven't been reading so many books on the subject recently," he went on. "What's the reason?"

"Why, you see, we had a series of lectures on the subject at the club, and I learned from them that it was real science, requiring careful study. So I got copies of several books on education and began to fit myself for the work of bringing up children properly. But the authorities don't agree."

"Don't they?"

"No, they don't. And they all go on the theory that one has a nursemaid or two and a governess."

"And you haven't any?"

"No, I haven't any. And so none of the books seemed to fit my case. Besides, while I was studying the children kept getting into trouble and hurting themselves and acquiring all sorts of bad tricks. So I've gone back to studying the children and have left the books to people who have some one to look after their children while they experiment with their books."—New York Press.

THE MOON AND THE MICE.

Curious Indian Legend Explaining the Waning of Luna.

A curious Indian legend was told to some people in Omaha by a full blooded Sioux who lives at Pine Ridge agency.

He said the belief was that every time a new moon appeared it was a signal for all the mice in the country to gather themselves together in one spot. When they assembled they then separated into four great armies. One army went to the north, another to the south, a third to the east and a fourth to the west. These armies of mice traveled until they reached the point where from the place of starting the heavens seemed to touch the earth. Then they climbed up the sky until they came to the moon, which by this time was what we call full.

All of the four armies then commenced nibbling at Luna, and when they had eaten her all up the mice would scamper back down the heavens to the earth and wait for her to show herself again, when the journey and the nibbling would be repeated by the mice, and this is what the Indians of early days believed was the cause of the moon growing old and finally disappearing.

THE GOOSE TOWER.

Wherein King Valdemar Clapped the Disrespectful Delegates.

In the early years of the fourteenth century the "free cities"—Hamburg, Lubeck and Bremen—sent a delegation of seventy-seven members to King Valdemar to demand increased rights and privileges in their trade with Denmark. The delegates were not very respectful in their language and demeanor, and the king, who was at Vordingborg, told them they acted like a drove of geese and clapped them into prison in the tower, telling them they would stay there until they learned better manners. Over the heavy tower door the king put up a stone with the inscription:

Sieben und siebenteg Hause:
Sieben und siebenteg Ganse;
Ware nicht so viele Hause
Hat ich auch nicht so viele Ganse.

Translated this reads: "Seventy-seven houses and seventy-seven geese. If there were not so many houses I would not have so many geese."

On top of the tower, which still stands solid and strong, was placed a big gilt goose, with neck outstretched as if it were hissing.

Willing to Be Honest.

Phil May, the great English artist, earned his first fame in Australia. One day a broken down minister applied to him for charity, and May engaged him as a model. As a joke he also demanded that his eighty-year-old pensioner agree to leave him his skeleton when he died. When May left Australia he called his model in. "You've played me a dirty trick," said May, "by swindling me out of that skeleton. I could have bought one in sound order and condition for half the money you've cost me." The old fellow, conscious of his base ingratitude to his best and most patient friend, answered: "Don't be angry with me, Mr. May. It's not my fault. I meant to keep my word. Stay in Sydney a few months longer and give me another chance to show you that I am a man of honor."

Book Themes.

Since the introduction of printing the subject matter of the aggregate of books shows approximately the following averages: Law and sociology, one-quarter of all; literature, one-fifth; applied science, one-eighth; history and geography, one-tenth; theology, religion and speculation, one-tenth; miscellaneous and bibliography, one-tenth; philology and languages, one-twentieth; natural sciences, art and philosophy shading off into small fractions and poetry not appearing in the classification.

Not Like a Watch.

"Do you know," he went on glibly after the parlor clock had struck 11, "do you know that a man is like a watch because he is known by his works?"

"I know he is not like a watch," she remarked, with a yawn, "for when he is wound up he doesn't seem to go."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Vegetarian.

"That man," remarked the great detective, "is undoubtedly a vegetarian of the most pronounced type."

"How do you make that out?" queried his friend.

"Oh, that's easy," replied the great detective. "He has carroty hair, reddish cheeks, a turnip nose and a sage look."

A Wrong Righted.

Young Wife (at dinner)—I didn't tell you, Adolphus, I cooked the dinner today myself.

Husband—Indeed! Then in my thoughts I have been doing poor Mary Ann a great injustice.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Natural Mistake.

The Terror—Do people often throw things at you, Mr. Doughby?

Mr. Doughby—No, Tommy. Why?

The Terror—Well, sis says you're an easy mark.—Princeton Tiger.

Their Crafty Way.

"But how do you keep a cook when you live in the suburbs?"

"I threaten to discharge her every day, and my wife does discharge her each week."—Brooklyn Life.

HOME SAVINGS BANK
(Incorporated [illegible])
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE
Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000
Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours — Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.
CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles
—AND—
Food Products.
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Also, a new and well selected stock of
GROCERIES.
W. J. Buckman
No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 104-7.

Christmas
TURKEYS
A splendid stock at
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
We give Green Stamps.
Telephone, 128-5.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn
Telephone 103—2.

..Are..
You Particular
About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.
Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
—AND—
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

I WILL PAY CASH
ABOVE THE MORTGAGE
FOR ANY HOUSE
ANYWHERE
ALLEN, 10 TREMONT ST.,
BOSTON.
TELEPHONE: 4339-3 Main.

J. E. Herrick, Jr
BUILDER.
Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Office: 439 Main St., Woburn
SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.
Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.
Two Modern Flats.
Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent low.
Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.
Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

HOW JIMMIE GOT HIS ENGINE

By WILLIAM WALKER HINES

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

It was the general understanding among all the employees of the Lawrenceburg division of the X. and Y. R. R. that when Jimmie Kincaid got his engine he would also get Nettie Oliver. But Jimmie's chance for getting an engine in the near future did not seem particularly bright. He was fourth on the list of firemen of the Lawrenceburg division, and that meant he must wait until four engineers died, reached the age of limit or were fired. Of course there was always the chance that he would be able to do something to attract the attention of the superintendent of motive power, and then he might get his engine at any time.

In the meantime Nettie had a fairly good position as telegrapher at Benson station, and Jimmie could get a chance to chat with her for a few minutes every day when his train, passenger No. 14, lay over on the siding at Benson to allow the limited mail to pass. When he had begun scraping an acquaintance with Nettie something over a year before Jimmie had used the pretext that he was thinking of learning telegraphy, and under her tutorship he had picked up a fair working knowledge of the Morse code.

Many a sly joke did the train crew of No. 14 crack at Jimmie's suddenly born ambition to learn telegraphy, but he bore all of these with equanimity and said that the knowledge might come in handy some time. After awhile it became understood among all the men that Jimmie's case was really serious, and then the jokes stopped. Even the head brakeman of No. 14, who had a reputation as a wit, forbore to make remarks about the connection between the Morse code and pretty girls.

Benson station is at the foot of Twelve Mile hill, and this hill is regarded by the engineers as the worst place on the division. The grade is so heavy that the track winds up the hill in two long loops. When you get to the beginning of the second loop you are only a mile from Benson station on a straight line, but it is six miles distant by the track. After he had mastered the rudiments of the Morse code Jimmie would take hold of the whistle cord when No. 14 came to the loop on the down grade and signal "Hello" to Nettie at Benson station in sharp blasts upon the whistle, which stood for the dots and dashes of the code.

So things went along for a year and Jimmie's prospects of promotion got little brighter. On the records of the office of the superintendent of motive power he was still merely James Kincaid, fourth on the list of firemen, with a good reputation and the prospect of succeeding to an engine in the course of five or six years. When business picked up in the fall a number of extra freight trains were put on, and he got his first chance to run an engine.

On the first trip it fell to his lot to take out the third section of freight train No. 106, east bound. The third section of No. 106 was made up of thirty-one heavily loaded cars, and none of these was equipped with air brakes. As he pulled out of Adairville the old yard master swung himself up into the cab of the engine and said:

"I think ye'll pull the engine all right, Jimmie, me bye, but for the love of the saints be careful when ye strike the top of the hill this side of Benson. Faith, it's a heavy train they've given ye, and if it should break in two going down that hill and thim cyars with no air brakes on to them there'll be the devil and all to pay."

Despite this warning, there was no fear of a "break in two" in Jimmie's heart as he nursed his engine along toward the top of the hill on the other side of which lay Benson. This is an accident which happens very rarely and which not even the most experienced engineer can successfully guard against. But as he struck the top of the hill and began to descend on the side toward Benson he felt a jerk which nearly threw him off his seat. Looking back, he saw that the worst had happened. A coupling had snapped in the middle of the train.

For the present there was but one thing to do, and that was to go down grade as fast as he could. Looking back, he could see that the rear brakeman, who was the only man on the cars which had been left behind, had made one ineffectual attempt to set the brakes and then had jumped to safety. Jimmie knew that if the fourteen cars running wild behind caught up with the forward half of the train there would be a wreck which would cause damage to the extent of thousands of dollars and blacklist, if not kill, the engineer responsible.

Faster and faster the telegraph poles on the side of the track flew past him. Jimmie's mind was working faster than it had ever done in his life. His orders directed him to wait on the siding at Benson station for the westbound passenger train to pass, and he knew that at any cost he must save the passenger. Away off to the farther side of Benson he could already see the faint line of smoke coming up from it, and he knew that it would arrive at Benson in just about ten minutes. He figured that his own train was going about a mile a minute and would reach Benson in seven minutes. If no alternative offered itself he resolved to put on all brakes when he got to the foot of the hill and deliberately wreck his own train. There was a straight track for three miles on the farther side of Benson, and the engineer of the passenger train would see the wreck in ample time to come to a stop.

This plan, if carried out, would probably mean death for Jimmie, but he analyzed the situation none the less coolly because of that. Death is something that engineers get accustomed to facing. But if he could only discover some way of letting Nettie know the condition of affairs it would be an easy matter for her to throw the derailing switch after he had passed and allow the rear half of the train to come to a safe haven in the cornfield beside the track.

Down at the station Nettie heard a sound which sent her rushing out to the platform. Away up the hill she could see a freight train coming down at a terrific rate of speed. The whistle cord seemed to be in the hands of a lunatic, for the whistle was sounding in strange, [illegible] blasts. As she watched it something struck her as being strangely familiar about the way the whistle was sounding. All of a sudden it struck her there was method in the shrieks, and that, interpreted by the Morse code, they were saying, "BN, BN, BN," her station call. This was continued for a few seconds, and then began: "Broke in two! Throw derailing switch when first section is past station." Three times this was repeated, and then the engine went around the curve at the farther end of the loop, and she could hear the whistle only faintly.

But she heard enough, and when Jimmie's engine whizzed past the station with his white face pressed closely against the glass at the side of the engine cab he saw Nettie standing at the switch. When the last car in the part of the train which still remained intact had passed the frog he saw her throw all her weight on the switch handle, and the signals told him that every one of the cars which were following him would pile themselves ungracefully, but harmlessly, on the soft earth of the cornfield. Bringing his engine to a stop, he ran back to the station and on to the siding in ample time to let the passenger train pass him.

The train master examined Jimmie very closely as to the necessity of piling valuable freight cars on useful agricultural land and passed the case up to the division superintendent. He examined the papers carefully, made some notes on the bottom of them and referred the whole matter to the superintendent of motive power. When Jimmie walked out of the office he was a full fledged engineer and had been congratulated on his presence of mind. And the superintendent of motive power congratulated him again a month later when the railroad lost the services of the telegraph operator at Benson station and Jimmie got a wife.

Under the Apple Blossoms.

"How sweet, how pure, they are!" she said, breathing in the fragrance of the apple blossoms on the branch he bent down for her.

"Like your—like a maiden's love," he added, with designed sentimentality.

"And how quickly they wither and come to naught—another similarity," she said, with malice aforethought, heading him off.

"Or turn hard and sour and fill us with pain and anguish if, like silly little boys, we think we like them," he amended grimly, aware of her object.

For half a second she looked into his scowling eyes with a relenting twinkle growing in her own.

"But if we have a little patience they grow sweet and wholesome again, and—and delicious for domestic uses—pies, for instance," she whispered between a laugh and a sigh.

The scowl turned into a bewildered stare. Then Providence sent him a spark of intelligence.

"Mabel," he cried eagerly, seizing her hands—"Mabel, I adore apple pies."

"And—and, Jack, I make very good ones," she murmured demurely.

And then—all the apple blossoms flushed a delicate pink.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

It is curious that St. Elizabeth of Hungary should have spent only the first four years of her life in the country which always distinguishes her name. She was only just four when her father, the king of Hungary, sent her to Thuringia to be betrothed to the nine-year-old Prince Louis, and there she remained all through her childhood and married life until her death in 1231. Perhaps, says the London Chronicle, because she is one of the few saints whose holiness did not preclude love and marriage she always seems a particularly human saint, and the tales that are told of her—how, for instance, she gave away her toys and dolls to poor children when she was but a baby herself, how the food she was taking to beggars in a covered basket turned to red and white roses when her husband lifted the lid, how she heard a bird singing to her on her deathbed and sang to it in reply—all point to the poetry and charm which are associated with her name.

She Meant Dog, Not Husband.

The late Edwin Lord Weeks, the painter and illustrator, had always a great dislike for dogs. It was amusing, his friends say, to hear him harangue against dogs, and innumerable were the stories reflecting upon dogs in an unfavorable light which Mr. Weeks had on the tip of his tongue.

"I dined last night," he said one day, "with Blank. After dinner Blank and I went into the library to look over some John Leech prints. Blank was talking learnedly about Leech when he heard his wife in the next room say:

"'Where is my guardian angel?'

"'Here I am, my dear,' Blank called. But his wife retorted:

"'Oh, I don't mean you. I mean Fido.'"—New York Tribune.

Without Prejudice.

Mr. Nesbit, who had painted a picture of the noble red man in war paint and feathers, wanted an unbiased opinion of his work. His wife said that the picture was the best thing of the kind that she had ever seen. His dearest friend, too, was decidedly enthusiastic. Both declared, in short, that any one would know at a glance that it was intended for an Indian.

"To tell the truth," said Nesbit, looking somewhat doubtfully at the picture, "I haven't a great deal of confidence in either of you. You always praise everything I do. Now I'm going down to the street to see if I can't find some person who can be depended upon to give me an absolutely unprejudiced opinion of this picture—a child, for instance. Children always tell the truth."

Five minutes later Nesbit returned with three small boys whom he had found playing marbles in the street.

"Now, boys," he said, "take a good look at this picture. I'll give each of you 10 cents if you'll tell me just exactly what you see."

"A rooster!" shouted the three boys simultaneously.—Youth's Companion.

The Composition of a Rocket.

The ordinary skyrocket is made of various compositions packed in tubes rolled tightly round a cylindrical core. The match by which the rocket is exploded is placed in a cavity at the bottom. The movement of the rocket would be irregular if it were not for the guide stick, which is made very light, so that it does not retard the flight of the rocket when the gases come out and hit the ground with all their might and send the rocket up into the air for all that it is worth.

Oddities About Alphabets.

When the Portuguese first explored Brazil they made great fun of the natives of that country because they had in their alphabet no f, r or l, a people, the invaders declared, without fe, ley or rey—without faith, law or king. The Mohawks, again, have no labials and vowed it was absurd when the missionaries tried to teach them to pronounce p and b. "For who," said they, "can speak with his mouth shut?"—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Bold Holdup.

Within my time in Texas (and I am not such an old man either) two stage coaches containing about twenty-three passengers were stopped and all the valuables of the passengers taken by one man. The robber made them all stand in a row and "hand over." The route was only traveled by one coach but on account of the large number of passengers an additional coach was put on that day. The robber stopped the first coach and made the passengers get out. When the passengers in the first coach were lined up the second coach made its appearance. He made them get out and then told them he didn't expect two coaches. That was nerve. A Jew insisted on retaining enough of his money to get his dinner. The robber took all and then gave him back 50 cents, and the Jew got into an argument with him as to the amount being sufficient to get a meal. That was cheek. The robber went off with all the money of the twenty-three passengers, and yet there were many brave men in that caravan, but discretion was the better part of valor. The robber had two pistols out and ready. A shot from one of the twenty-three would have caused the robber to shoot, and several would have been killed. That's the only way they looked at it.—Forest and Stream.

Pulse Beats.

The rate of the pulse in males at different ages is as follows: At birth, 136 beats per minute; at 5 years, 83 beats per minute; between 10-15 years, 78 beats per minute; between 15-20 years, 60.5 beats per minute; between 20-25 years, 60.7 beats per minute; between 25-30 years, 71 beats per minute; between 30-50 years, 70 beats per minute.

In females the rate is from 1 to 4.5 beats faster per minute.

Slow walking raises the pulse from 10 to 20 beats, while rapid running may raise it to 140. This rise may last from half an hour to an hour.

Eating raises the pulse from 8 to 20 beats; without wine, 13.1; with wine, 17.5. In the morning the pulse is 10 beats higher than at night. When the barometer rises 5 inches the pulse increases 1.3 per minute. If the pulse be 66.6 while lying down it will be 70 when sitting and 78.9 when standing.

Ancient Tribe In Panama.

In Panama reside the Talamancans, a tribe of Indians ruled by a king who have not changed their habits since the days of Columbus. The Talamancan's hut, which is a masterpiece in the art of thatching, is a huge affair and shelters his entire family and all his worldly possessions, including the domestic animals. As he is a past master in the art of domesticating the wild deer, the peccary, the tapir and even the tiger cat, numbers of these animals are present in every village. His bed consists of the trunk of a certain species of palm cut into strips and supported three or four feet from the ground on a frame. A few earthen pots complete the furnishings of his house.

Balzac's Impecuniosity.

Of Balzac it is stated that whenever he was hard at work he went to roost "like the fowls," as he himself put it, at 7 in the evening. He was called at 1 in the morning and wrote till 8; then took another hour and a half of sleep; then after a light meal went to work again until 4 in the afternoon; then he took a bath, saw a few friends, took perhaps a short walk and immediately after dinner went off to bed.

"I shall be compelled," he wrote, "to lead this nigger's life for a few months without stopping in order not to be swamped by those terrible bills that are due." And yet he was always hard up for money.

Curiosities of Cut Glass.

The process of glass cutting requires great skill and care. A design is first lightly copied on the glass, and the cutters take it in hand. A fine stream of sand and water falls continuously on a rapidly revolving steel wheel. To this the glass is applied, and the cutting is really accomplished by the friction which the sand sets up. Then another workman with another steel wheel and plain water brings the cutting up to a sharper edge. A third workman with a soft wooden tool takes off the cloudiness caused by the friction of the steel, a fourth polishes the glass, a fifth with a preparation of oxide of tin gives to it that iridescent luster which makes us value cut glass so highly.

A Compliment.

Mrs. Hersey was unhappy over the stern severity of her new photographs.

"Norah," she said to her pretty waitress, "do you think this photograph looks like me?"

Norah's warm Irish heart came to the rescue. "Shure, Mrs. Hersey, dear," she replied quickly, "if you looked like that would I ever have two afternoons a week?"—Christian Register.

Feeding on Souls.

A certain minister applied to his church for an increase of salary.

"Salary!" cried one of the members. "Salary! Why, I thought you worked for souls."

"And so I do," meekly replied the impecunious minister, "but I cannot eat souls, and, if I could, it would take a good many souls the size of yours to make a decent meal."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

The Revolutionary Hero Was a Soldier Even as a Boy.

Wayne was one of the leading spirits of the American Revolution. He served throughout the war, most of the time with the rank of general. What he was as a boy will interest readers, and this they may learn from his biography, written by Mr. John R. Spear.

When he was about fifteen years old Wayne was attending a school taught by his uncle, Gilbert (or Gabriel) Wayne, and this uncle, exasperated at the boy's conduct, wrote the following letter to Anthony's father, Isaac Wayne:

"I really expect that parental affection blinds you and that you have mistaken your son's capacity. What he may be best qualified for I know not. One thing I am certain of—he will never make a scholar. He may perhaps make a soldier. He has already distracted the brains of two-thirds of the boys under my charge by rehearsals of battles, sieges, etc.

"They exhibit more the appearance of Indians and harlequins than of students—this one decorated with a cap of many colors, others habited in coats as variegated, like Joseph's of old; some laid up with broken heads and black eyes. During noon, in place of the usual games of amusement, he has the boys employed in throwing up redoubts, skirmishing, etc.

"I must be candid with you, Brother Isaac. Unless Anthony pays more attention to his books I shall be under the painful necessity of dismissing him from the school."

BEFORE THE BREAK.

When Patience Is Hard For the Strenuous, Energetic Mortal.

We are all familiar with the impatience which comes naturally with age and failing health, the intolerance of little hindrances, the inconsequence in argument, the petulance in comment, which are the first signs of senility. But there is another kind of impatience which has a wholly different meaning. It comes to the high spirited, strenuous man when he feels the hand of age on him or that premonition of death which the human body in some hidden way can give to its owner. A man whose soul is centered on a great ideal to which his life's work has been given chafes at the thought that he must be taken before seeing its realization. A man, again, of fiery energy whose days have been spent in conflicts may redouble his efforts at the prospect of their cessation and show an almost hysterical vitality in his closing years. It is a commonplace of literature. The men of the greatest power have the least toleration for petty triumphs, the most abiding sense of the smallness of their doings and the magnitude of their task. That line of "In Memoriam" which was one of the last utterances of Rhodes ("So little done, so much to do!") is a cry on the lips of all who fix their eyes on a far horizon. Haste to justify themselves, either to make practical some idea or to walk a little farther on the road, is the last infirmity of the strongest and best.—Spectator.

Catching a Tartar.

The trite phrase "catching a Tartar" is thus traced to its origin in an old cyclopedia:

"In some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out: 'Captain, halloo, there! I've caught a Tartar!' 'Fetch him along, then,' said the captain. 'Aye, but he won't let me!' replied the man. The fact was that the Tartar had caught him."

Grose gives practically the same story in his "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," 1785, but credits the misadventure to an Irish soldier of the Imperial Austrian service in a battle against the Turks. The closing scene he varies thus:

"Bring him along," said his comrade. "He won't come," said Paddy. "Then come along yourself," replied the other. "Arrah," said he, "but he won't let me!"

Struggle and Strength.

Strength comes only through struggle—through struggle and earnest work—never through a frantic beating against the bars nor through self pity. Ill health is a prison of your own building, a prison wherein you are locked by your own thoughtlessness and lack of self control. Circumstances have something to do with it, and you may have inherited a tendency toward disease. In that case circumstances must be altered and inherited weakness outgrown. Both can be done. Earnest thinking and thoughtful work will move mountains.—Maxwell's Talisman.

A Sleep Destroyer.

"Are you ever troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"

"I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"That so! I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnis paralaxitis."

"I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it Ethel."—Schoolmaster.

Diplomatic Dick.

Bob—Are you fond of reading, Dick?

Dick—No, I hate it; that's the reason I pretend to like it. If my mother thought I didn't like to read she'd keep me at it all the time.—Boston Transcript.

Matrimonial.

There is no doubt that the woman who loves you forgives you too much, while the woman whom you love forgives you too little.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A man in earnest finds means or, if he cannot find, creates them.—Channing.

Excursionists For Revenue.

Some years ago a British warship visited St. Kilda in exceptionally calm weather. As the natives of the place had never seen a steamer, the captain good naturedly offered to take them for an hour's cruise, which was readily accepted by a great many. On their return the captain, seeing them all standing in rows on the quarter deck, asked the cause. He was at once informed that they were waiting to be paid.

The Secret Elopement.

He—We had best elope about 2 in the morning. I will bring my motor to the next corner, and—

She—Oh, couldn't you make it a little earlier, dear? Pa and ma do so want to see us off, and I don't like to keep them up so late.

New Definition of Principle.

"I fought the case not because I cannot pay, but on principle," explained a defendant in the Southwark county court recently. "Yes, I know," said Judge Addison wearily. "In these courts principle is another word for temper."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 10.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. iii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 1-6—Golden Text, Matt. iii, 2—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

How truly great he must have been of whom the angel Gabriel said: "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, * * * filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb. * * * Many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God and he shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elijah" (Luke i, 15-17). Not only did the Spirit through Isaiah speak of him as "the voice of Him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God!" but the Lord through Malachi said also, "Behold I send My messenger and he shall prepare the way before Me" (Isa. xl, 3; Mal. iii, 2).

Our Lord Jesus said of him, "Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist" (Matt. xi, 11; Luke vii, 28). He was one of seven mentioned in Scripture as named before their birth. he grew up in the desert till the day of his showing unto Israel, and at the appointed time he came forth by the word of God (Luke i, 13, 80; iii, 2). When the priests and Levites sent by the Jews asked him: "Who art thou? What sayest thou of thyself?" he replied that he was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, foretold by Isaiah (John i, 19-23). His great cry was like that of our Lord Himself, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (verse 2 and chapter iv, 17). See also the preaching of the twelve and the seventy in Matt. x, 7; Luke x, 9.

The King of the Jews had come to bring the kingdom to Israel, but because they would not have either His herald or Himself He told them that the kingdom would not come till His return, and that Elijah would then be His herald (Luke xix, 11, 12; Matt. xvii, 11, 12). What John the Baptist in the spirit and power of Elijah was to His first coming, Elijah himself shall be to His second coming. By preaching repentance and remission of sins in His name among all nations all believers are now to prepare the way for His return, that the kingdom may come (Luke xxiv, 46-48; Acts iii, 19-21; xvii, 30, 31), for the preaching during this age of a postponed kingdom is to gather from all nations a people for His name, the church, His body, and then He will return (Acts xv, 14-17).

John was not of this world, either as to food or raiment; his was no earthly royalty. Contrast what is said of the scribes in Mark xii, 38, 39. He had no worldly ambition, no self seeking, no desire to draw men to himself, no envy when men followed Jesus; but he gladly said that he was the friend of the Bridegroom who rejoiced greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice, and delighted to decrease as He increased (John iii, 29, 30).

Many from Jerusalem and Judæa and the region where John was baptizing were led to confess their sins and receive baptism at John's hands, but among the many who came there were some whom John felt led to address as a generation of vipers, the seed of the serpent. Our Lord also called them serpents, a generation of vipers (Matt. xxiii, 33), and yet they were the most religious people of their day. But it was all outward, to be seen of men (Matt. xxiii, 5, 28). They boasted that Abraham was their father (verse 9; John viii, 33), but John told them that they must prove it by their conduct, and our Lord said the same, but also told them that they were of their father the devil (John viii, 39, 44).

There is no salvation in any mere say so, or word of mouth, for although it is gloriously true that we are saved by faith and not by works, eternal life being the free gift of God, yet it is with the heart and not the mouth that we believe, and where there is real faith there will be a life corresponding (Rom. iv, 5; Eph. ii, 8-10; Tit. iii, 5, 8; Rom. x, 3-10).

Our Lord also speaks of the harvest and the fire at the end of the age for mere professors, the tares among the wheat or the bad fish gathered in the net (Matt. xiii, 37-42, 47-50). How awfully solemn and searching to hear Him who is love itself using such words and declaring that He will have to say to some in that day, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. xxv, 41). If unquenchable fire, the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, tormented with fire and brimstone (Rev. xxi, 8; xiv, 10, 11) and similar words are figurative, then it must be that the reality is so unutterably awful that language cannot describe it. It must be a fearful thing to perish, else God would not have sent His son to suffer as He did in our stead that we might not perish. We may well be thankful that the lake of fire was not prepared for man, and that God is not willing that any should perish (I Pet. iii, 9); but those who prefer the devil to God must be content to share his doom (Rev. xx, 10).

Let us be sure that we have truly received the only Saviour of sinners, and then yield to Him to be filled with His Spirit day by day, that like John we may truly honor and magnify Him whose shoes we are not worthy to bear, and if He shall with fire refine us and quicken us and cause the water of His word to boil in us to make His name known (Isa. lxiv, 2; Eph. v, 26), how we will praise Him in that day for all the pains He took with us and for any use He made of us to help bring His kingdom!

Delays Are Dangerous.

Lover—And so your mother does not believe in long engagements? I am delighted.

Miss De Broker—Yes; mamma says ever so many girls' fathers have failed during long engagements, and the poor things never got married at all.—New York Weekly.

Honesty In Others.

"'Honesty is the best policy,'" quoted the hypocritical deacon, "and I wish I could make everybody realize it."

"I reckon ye do," replied the hard headed farmer. "Ye'd git the best of everybody in a horse trade then, wouldn't ye?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Floorwalker.

One of the greatest surprises for a countryman on his first visit to a big city is to learn that the floorwalker does not own the store.—Danville (Ill.) Commercial News.

In Australia, with the exception of the dingo, or wild dog, there is no beast of prey.

Street Arabs Who Rise.

Newsboys and street arabs often make admirable clerks. The way they work into commercial houses is astonishing. A large percentage of public and prosperous business men of America began as newsboys, but probably no one realizes how many work their way up from the gutter to wealth and influence. They begin as hangers on and are recruited from the ranks of every class of street gamin. Their wits have been sharpened by contact with the sordid side of life and by observation in the school of the street. They know the value of friends. So they are to be found at the door of every big house, ready at any time to run an errand, always at hand to pick up an umbrella or open a door. And before the people who regularly pass in and out of the doors of the place realize it one of these little chaps they have been accustomed to see is on the payroll. Somebody has bought him a six dollar suit of clothes to put him more at ease with the people and weather, and he is on the road that in a surprising number of cases leads to success.—New York Press.

Eddystone Lighthouse.

The famous Eddystone lighthouse stands fourteen miles off the coast of Land's End and is perhaps the most celebrated in the world. It has often been used as an illustration by poets and preachers, for no other lighthouse is in such a lonesome or dangerous place, and none costs so much money and trouble. There are three keepers, who live there with their families, and two of them are always on duty, while the third is on the main coast enjoying a vacation. They relieve one another each month, so that none of the keepers remain on duty more than two months at a time. The change and rest are said to be absolutely necessary to preserve the nerves of the keepers. The lighthouse is 135 feet high, was erected in 1882 at a cost of $400,000 and rises from a submerged rock. The first lighthouse was erected on this rock as long ago as 1697, but was washed away six years after and was not replaced for a long time. The second was burned down in 1775; the third stood from 1767 to 1882 and was famous in history.

"The" O'Gorman Mahon.

The last of the Irish duelists, O'Gorman Mahon, was indignant at the number of his colleagues in the Irish party who claimed the prefix and by way of ridiculing their pretensions to chieftainship assured the house there were only three personages properly entitled to it—the pope, the devil and the O'Gorman Mahon. The O'Conor Don, The McDermott, The O'Donoghue, The McGillicuddy of the Reeks, The O'Grady and The O'Sullivan are regarded as entitled to the distinction as heads of old Irish families, clans or septs. There are also some in Scotland, notably "The McNab," whose ancestor had a boat of his own at the time of the flood, being too proud to accept the hospitality of Noah.

Seidl's Silent Tongue.

One of the most striking anecdotes told in Hermann Klein's "Thirty Years of Musical Life In London" relates to Anton Seidl's first interview with Wagner in the library at Wahnfried. Seidl found the room dark, and, imagining nobody was there, he pulled out his letter of introduction and began silently rehearsing the speech he had prepared. Suddenly from out of the gloomy corner Wagner appeared, and Seidl was so nervous that he could not bring out a sentence of his speech. This proved to be his salvation, for Wagner, declaring, "If you can work as well as you can hold your tongue, you will do," engaged him on the spot.

Still Innocent.

"Senator, what was the nearest you ever came to being bribed?" asked the girl who always blurts everything right out.

"It was the time I voted for the postal box bill and received 7,000 shares of stock in the concern that was to make the boxes when the bill gave it a monopoly of the business."

"I should think that was a clear case against you."

"No. The measure didn't go through, and the stock never amounted to anything."—Chicago Record-Herald.

One Description of It.

"What," asked the teacher, "do you understand by 'the strenuous life?' Does it convey any meaning to you?"

"Sure," replied the bad boy.

"What?"

"Why, what happens in the wood shed when pa gets home after you've been naughty," was the prompt reply.—Chicago Post.

Obeyed Instructions.

The city editor summoned the photographer of his staff. "Colonel Welligan's house is burning," he said, "and I want a picture of the fire. Get out there as quick as you can with your camera and take a view of what's left of the building from the inside of the fence corner."

"But," said the photographer, "if"—

"That's the point I want it taken from—right in the corner."

"But I think there's"—

"I don't care whether there's a better point or not. You know what I want. Hurry up. You are losing time."

The photographer took his camera and departed. A few hours later he came in with the proof of a picture he had taken from the desired point of view.

"What is this?" said the city editor.

"That is a photograph of the ruins of Colonel Welligan's house from the inside corner of the fence near the street."

"I can't see anything of the house."

"I couldn't, either," responded the photographer. "I tried to tell you there was a big tree standing between that corner and the house, but you wouldn't let me."

Tibet, the Strange Land.

It is a wonderful country and a strange people. Think of a tract of land where hot springs abound, round which the deposits are of such rainbow tints as blue, purple, green, red and yellow. It is easy to imagine that the landscape effects of such coloring are wondrous. The social customs of the people are scarcely less astounding. Polygamy is common where the men are rich enough, for wives seem to be a question of wealth. When poverty compels them, several men will have one wife in common. Brothers usually enter into those strange partnerships. The people rarely wash, finding it warmer to be dirty. The men anoint their faces with butter, while the women stain their countenances mahogany color with wood chips and lacquer the bridges of their noses jet black. Cleanliness is an unesteemed practice.—London Outlook.

Fatal Precaution.

A farmer in Cumberland county was driving across a railroad track when a train killed both his horses and knocked him about ten rods off his course. In the resulting suit for damages the plaintiff was on the witness stand, making out a good case, when the defendant's lawyer asked him:

"Did you take any precaution before driving upon the track?"

The witness seemed reluctant to answer, but, being pressed to do so, finally stammered out:

"Waal, squire, I took a little—just a couple of swallers, that's all."

This started a new line of defense, and it turned out that the couple of swallows were the last in a pint flask that had consoled the honest old farmer along the road. This put a new face on the situation.—Lewiston Journal.

Ruined by a Receding Sea.

Castle Rising is an instance of decay brought about by a receding sea, the town, once a place of considerable importance, giving way to King's Lynn as the waters retired. A memory of the former relative positions of the two places is kept alive by the lines:

> Rising was a seaport town
> When Lynn was but a marsh;
> Now Lynn it is a seaport,
> And Rising fares the worse.

But, though it lost its commercial value, it retained its political status, returning two members down to the reform act of 1832. At that time it had three voters on its poll list, but the only person legally entitled to exercise the right of voting was the rector.—London Chronicle.

Professional Mourners.

In ancient times funerals were followed by professional mourners, who simulated the appearance of the wildest grief. The custom survives in the valley of Sondrio, in the Alps. There the women do not follow the funeral, but they group themselves at the entrance of the cemetery and burn, in honor of the dead, candles which vary in size, according to the remuneration. They are as prodigal as were the mourners of ancient times in their simulation of excessive grief.

It Rains Every Seven Days.

If it rains on the first Sunday of the month it is morally certain to rain on two or three of the other Sundays. Why it is so no one knows unless it be that rainstorms in this country come at intervals about seven days apart, and if the rain happens to hit the first Sunday the other rainy Sundays follow as a natural consequence. The coincidence has been noted too often to doubt that it really exists.—Exchange.

Evidences of Riches.

"Isn't her display of diamonds magnificent?"

"It is undeniably lavish," replied Miss Cayenne, "and in so much better taste than it would be to ornament herself with real money and government bonds."—Washington Star.

Getting Stingy.

Constance—Why so lachrymose, Gertrude? Is there any perceptible diminution of his love?

Gertrude—No, but of late he evinces a disinclination to talk about his money.—Town Topics.

His Old Master.

He (showing his country cousin a portrait in his art gallery)—What do you think of my old master?

She—Pleasant face the old gentleman has. How long did you study with him?

Physically, Not Financially.

She—I thought you said your father was a big contractor.

He—So he is. He weighs 325 pounds.—Chelsea Gazette.

Minimizing the Pain.

"What's that watch worth?" asked Mr. Kloce, pointing to one in the showcase. "Ten dollars," replied the jeweler. "I'll take it," said the customer, and after paying for it he went out.

The next day he came round again.

"This watch doesn't exactly suit me," he said. "What's that one worth?" pointing to another.

"Fifteen dollars."

"I'll take that instead of this one, if you don't mind."

"Certainly."

A day or two later he came again.

"How good a watch have you got for $25?" he inquired.

"Well, $25 will get a pretty good timepiece," said the jeweler, handing one out. "Here's one with a gold filled case and full jeweled. The movement is warranted."

"I'll take it."

He paid the difference, took the watch and went away.

After the lapse of a few days he made his appearance once more.

"Have you got a first class watch with a solid gold case that you can sell for $50?" he said.

"Yes. Here it is."

"Well, I'll take it," said Mr. Kloce. "Here's the other watch and $25. That's the one I really wanted at first, but I hated to pay out all that money at once."

A Roman Meet.

Rome has a delightful climate the whole year round, and from the end of November to the middle of March is an ideal time for hunting. Then the hounds meet twice a week. On such mornings the riders leave Rome or the villas roundabout in time to be on the field and ready by 11 o'clock, for the hunt is always several miles from Rome, sometimes on the rolling, partly timbered land to the northward, but more often on the level plain. Such a meet is to Rome what a Meadowbrook meet is to New York. It means a morning gathering of fashionables, with time and money and distinction to its credit. Swift moving motor cars, lumbering drags and four-in-hands, smart phaetons, barouches, victorias and dogcarts hurry out from the city. From the estates of noblemen in the vicinity of the hunt come more carriages, and men on the hunters which they will ride in the day's chase.—P. D. Zabriske in Outing.

Didn't Take the Hint.

Nora—Oi towld tnot installment mon thot he naden't call so often.

Mistress—Did he take the hint?

"No, mum; he took the pionny."—Philadelphia Record.

To the last day she lives a woman can never understand how a man can worry about money matters when the children are doing so well at school.—New York Press.

Willing to Demonstrate.

"Tommy," said his distressed mother, "I don't see how you can get so dirty."

"Come on out and I'll show you," was the prompt reply.—Chicago Post.

We don't know what it means to "bow to the inevitable," unless it means to take off one's hat to one's wife.—Atchison Globe.

Labor rids us of three great evils—irksomeness, vice and poverty.—Voltaire.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Remember "1847," as there are imitation "Rogers." For Catalogue No. 6 address the makers

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Stanley as a Fighter.

A thoroughly good man was Henry M. Stanley, whom I first met in the Ashanti expedition. No noise, no danger ruffled his nerve, and he looked as cool and self possessed as if he had been at "target practice." Time after time as I turned in his direction I saw him go down to a kneeling position to steady his rifle as he plied the most daring of the enemy with a never failing aim. It is nearly thirty years ago, and I can still see before me the close shut lips and determined expression of his manly face, which, when he looked in my direction, told plainly I had near me an Englishman in plain clothes whom no danger could appall. Had I felt inclined to run away the cool, firm, unflinching manliness of that face would have given me fresh courage. I had been previously somewhat prejudiced by others against him, but all such feelings were slain and buried at Amoaful.—"Lord Wolseley's Recollections."

Irving Improved.

"Now tell me what you can about Ichabod Crane," said the teacher as she took up the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

The little pupil described Ichabod's personal appearance and concluded with, "And he carried home the palm that belonged to the parson."

The teacher gasped. "What are you talking about?" she demanded.

"Well, it said so in the book, and I'll find it for you," said the pupil excitedly, and she turned the pages until she found a certain paragraph which she triumphantly pointed out. And the teacher read, "It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays to take his station in front of the church gallery with a band of chosen singers, where in his own mind he completely carried away the palm from the parson."

Umbrellas and Religious Services.

Umbrellas have always been intimately associated with religious services in Catholic churches. They were introduced in the church services of the Byzantine church, are borne over the host in procession and form part of the pontifical regalia as well as that of a cardinal. It is quite likely that the cardinal's hat is derived from the umbrella.

In Italian heraldry a vermilion umbrella in a field argent signifies dominion. The Harleian manuscripts have at least one drawing of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman whose servant shades him with a sort of umbrella having a curved handle and evidently not meant to close.

The Tone of Machinery.

Engineers judge of the condition of their machinery by the tone it gives out while running. Every engine, whether stationary or locomotive, has a particular tone of its own. The engineer becomes accustomed to that, and any departure from it at once excites a suspicion that all is not right. The engineer may not know what is the matter. He may have no ear for music, but the change in the tone of his machine will be instantly perceptible, will be instantly recognized and will start him on an immediate investigation.

Electricity Among the Japanese.

The Japanese understood electricity as an attractive force, of which they were very secret. The Greeks and Romans also knew something of the magnet as an attractive force known to modern science as an electrical attraction, something like the loadstone of the Chinese. They are supposed to be ignorant of its popularity, though in their secret records there are mentions of sacred forces which none but God knew and must not be tampered with by man.

Proofs of Affection.

She—You don't know what it is to love.

He—I don't, eh? Haven't I been to every play, read every popular novel in the last six months, got into debt hopelessly and cut off my mustache, and all for your sake?—Boston Journal.

Reflex Intimidation.

Eleanor—I've refused Edgar five times.

Dorothy—Well?

Eleanor—Here's a note saying he lends me this lovely diamond ring to wear until I accept him.

Now, Wasn't That Mean?

Mrs. J.—I wish you wouldn't snore so.

Mr. J.—I have to, my dear; otherwise the other boarders would hear you.—Columbia Jester.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15. 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 7.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.1[illegible], 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.4[illegible], [illegible].59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., [illegible], 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.3[illegible], 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.36 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m. and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 8.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director.
211 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward

450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS MERRIAM

By HARRIET LUMMIS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

With Miss Merriam the incredible had happened. She was tired of hearing that she was beautiful. From her earliest recollections strangers had exclaimed over her pretty face, and her lovers one after another had hung the variations on the same theme. Miss Merriam listened politely and found herself extremely bored.

"To be loved for your face is like being loved for your fortune," Miss Merriam confided to her journal. "Beauty has wings just as truly as riches. If a man falls in love with your complexion what is he going to do when you come down with the smallpox? If I were a pretty fool I might be perfectly satisfied with things as they are, but I know I'm worth loving for myself—if only they had the sense to find it out."

Unfortunately for themselves Miss Merriam's adorers never suspected her peculiar views. If there had been one of their number shrewd enough to compliment her intellect instead of her dimples and to have talked about her sparkling wit rather than her sparkling eyes he would have found the short cut to her heart. As it was, they were unanimous in deciding that the aforementioned article had been omitted from her composition. And Miss Merriam expressed her displeasure in the following paragraph in her journal: "Beauty, beauty, beauty! How tiresome it all is! I wish I might never hear I was beautiful again."

Rash prayers sometimes bring unwelcome answers. Not very many days later the city was electrified by the news that Miss Merriam had been thrown from her automobile at a well known watering place and seriously injured. Pictures of the beauty appeared in all the leading newspapers of the country, with reference to her possible disfigurement. Miss Merriam's relatives, when appealed to on this important point, refused to say anything to relieve the suspense or to satisfy the popular curiosity. And the explanation of their reticence was apparent when Miss Merriam made her appearance in society a few weeks later. Across the faultless curve of the girl's cheek ran an unsightly scar, a scar so aggressively prominent that it held the attention of the observer and made him forgetful of all else. It seemed likely that Miss Merriam was to have her heart's desire and never again be forced to hear that she was beautiful.

Lloyd Hollister saw her for the first time at one of the opening functions of the season, a few days after his return from abroad. "Notice that girl over there," a friend said, pulling his sleeve. "Last spring she was the 'beautiful Miss Merriam,' and see her now. Hard luck, isn't it?"

Hollister looked as directed. He saw a small head regally carried, a mass of dazzling hair and eyes that shot violet lights from under their arched brows. Then Miss Merriam turned her head, and he saw the scar and nothing else.

"I'd be sorrier for her," the man at his elbow went on, "if she hadn't turned down half the fellows in her set. I guess she thought she was good for a duke with that face of hers. Introduce you, did you say? Why, certainly, my dear fellow."

It was the innate chivalry of Hollister's nature which had prompted him to ask the honor of Miss Merriam's acquaintance. He was as sorry for the girl as he was disgusted with the cold blooded comments of the man who had pointed her out to him. For the first few moments of their conversation he unscrupulously kept his eyes away from her. He could not bear to witness the beauty in eclipse, and he fancied that she who had been so used to reading admiration in the eyes of every man must wince at the pity which tact could not conceal.

Presently he found that admiration was getting the better of his sympathy. This quondam beauty was not crushed by her misfortune. She met this thunderbolt of fate's spite with a gallant courage which quickened Hollister's pulses. Her easy gayety, her apparent unconsciousness of the pathos of her situation, appealed to him as no woman's beauty had ever done. He made the discovery that Miss Merriam was brilliant if no longer beautiful, and that her cleverness, unlike that of many of her sex, owed nothing to ill nature.

In the months that followed he saw a great deal of Miss Merriam. It was clear that the girl's liking for social pleasure remained unaltered by the change in her circumstances. She went everywhere and to all appearances enjoyed herself in spite of the sudden falling off in the number of her admirers. There had been a time when the man who wished a word with the beautiful Miss Merriam was obliged to fight his way through a double ring of black coats, but Hollister had no difficulty in gaining her side whenever he went. Yet the deposed queen of hearts seemed so unconscious of anything about her which called for sympathy that Hollister suppressed his pity as if it had been a form of disloyalty, and after a time he no longer found this difficult. He admired Miss Merriam too much to be sorry for her. In every quality of mind and heart she met his ideal of what a woman should be. As for the scar, he looked at it now unshrinkingly. Whatever he did, he meant to act with his eyes open.

The night he asked her to marry him they sat in Miss Merriam's little library, where the flickering light of the grate fell full upon her face. No man worthy of the name is voluble when he lays his heart and life in the hollow of a woman's hand. Hollister stammered through his lovemaking like a boy. As he went on Miss Merriam turned away her face so that the profile was toward him. The light of the fire flashed on the scar, and it stood out in livid relief. As a rule, Hollister was not fanciful, but for an instant the gash seemed the mocking mouth of a demon stretched in a fiendish grin.

Hollister waited a long time for an answer to his question. Miss Merriam's face was averted, and he could see that she was stirred by some strong emotion. When he made a movement to take her hand she turned toward him suddenly, and he saw that her eyes were brimming with tears.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Hollister," she said in a voice not quite steady. "Have you thought of this?" Her fingers touched the scar with a strange, half caressing gesture. "Have you thought what it will mean to have every passerby look at your wife pityingly and whisper as you pass?"

"I love you," was Hollister's answer. "If there is a hard thing in your life it is my right to share it." Then his head whirled at the look of sudden adoration that leaped from her eyes.

"Oh, I wanted to find a man like you," Miss Merriam whispered. "I was sure there must be such a one in the world." And then she was in his arms, with the poor, scarred cheek pressed to him, sobbing out her heart in a burst of exultant triumph that enraptured him without his understanding it in the least.

When they said good night Miss Merriam clung to her lover as if reluctant to let him out of her sight. "I must see you in the morning, dearest," she said. "You must spare me a few moments." And Hollister, who was looking forward to the separation of a few hours as if it had been as many weeks, agreed with a sudden lightness of heart.

He wondered a little when he came next morning that she should keep him waiting. His heart leaped at every footstep in the hall for the first half hour, and when at last she stole into the room, closing the door behind her, she took him by surprise. Hollister sprang to his feet, then stood staring blankly.

An enchanting face smiled up at him, a face rosy with blushes. He saw the play of the dimples and the curve of the cheek as if he were looking on it for the first time. The scar was gone."

"My God!" said Hollister helplessly, and he dropped into a chair, his own face dead pale. Miss Merriam ran to him and dropped on her knees beside his chair, looking into his eyes with a fascinating mixture of timidity and confidence.

"Forgive me, dearest. Don't be angry with me for deceiving you. If you only knew how tired I grew of men who couldn't see anything in me to love but my pretty face! That little accident with my automobile was too good an opportunity to miss, and the scar was easily put on. An actress showed me how to do it, but I flatter myself that after a little I improved upon my teacher."

She smiled at Hollister shyly and did not seem to find his silence discouraging. "Please don't say you like me better the other way. I almost grew to hate my beauty when it blinded people to all the rest in me, but now I'm glad to have it to give to the man who loved me for myself."

Several complexion specialists claimed the credit for removing the scar that had ruined Miss Merriam's beauty and reaped golden harvests thereby. But the beautiful Miss Merriam never regained her title for the reason that her identity was soon merged in that of the beautiful Mrs. Hollister.

ALWAYS
INSIST UPON HAVING
THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

An Equine Joke.

At 2 o'clock one morning, when the fog was so thick that you could not see the name of the streets printed on the lamp posts, a telegram was received at a San Francisco newspaper office from an interior town that a prominent official had been killed while hunting. The news had to be broken to the family, and the man doing the late watch was told to jump into a carriage and get some "dope" on the deceased.

He grabbed the first four wheeler in sight and did not notice that the driver had been imbibing. He gave him the address and settled back to get a few winks of sleep, but was awakened by the carriage coming to a standstill. He got out and as he glanced around he was surprised to see headstones and monuments on every side. He looked up and found "cabby" fast asleep. In an instant he appreciated the situation. The driver had fallen asleep on the box, and the horses, believing they were going to a funeral, had leisurely trotted to the burying ground.—Exchange.

Followed His Leader.

Michael had been in the country only a short time and was not entirely familiar with the table d'hote dinner. In his first evening out he hied himself to a Sixth avenue restaurant and called for a table d'hote dinner. Opposite him sat a sour visaged and voracious person who had arrived only a few moments before. Michael, being in doubt as to how to order, decided to watch his neighbor and invariably said he would take the same in response to the waiter's query.

After finishing his dinner the heavy eating man ordered the waiter to send him in a bootblack.

"Bring me the same," exclaimed Michael.

"What!" said the waiter. "Won't one bootblack do two of you?"

"Well," cried Michael, pointing toward his neighbor, "if he eats his I'll eat mine too!"—New York Times.

Swearing Spoils Horses.

The horse does not like a nervous, fidgety, fussy or irritable man. He is too nervous and irritable himself, says Country Life In America.

"Why is it," one teamster was heard to ask another, "that Phin's horses are always gaunt? Phin feeds well." "Yes," was the reply, "but he's like a wasp around a horse."

A well known owner of race horses, not at all a sentimental person, recently made an order forbidding his employees to talk in loud tones or to swear in the stable. "I have never yet seen a good mannered horse," he says, "that was being sworn at all the time. It hurts the feelings of a sensitive horse, and I'll keep my word good to discharge any man in my employ if I catch him swearing within the hearing of any horse in this stable."

Brides Priced.

To us it seems a curious whim on the part of our ancestors of the eighteenth century that in their marriage announcements they should so often choose and with such seeming complacency to enlighten the world with regard to the amount of fortune received with the brides. Here are two cases in point: "Mr. James Coutts of Jeffry's Sq., merchant, to Miss Peagrum of Knightsbridge, £30,000." "W. Smith, gentleman, of the 2d Troop of Horse Guards, to Mrs. Ann Gardiner, a maiden lady, aged, 'tis said, near 70, with a fortune of £20,000."—Chambers' Journal.

Webster's Tiresome Habit.

Senator Hoar in his "Reminiscences" says that Daniel Webster had a tiresome habit in his public speeches of groping after the most suitable word after this fashion: "Why is it, Mr. Chairman, that there has gathered, congregated; this great number of inhabitants, dwellers, here; that these roads, avenues, routes of travel, highways, converge, meet, come together here?" When the speech was printed all the synonyms but the best one would be left out.

The Streets of Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, in Holland, a city of ten miles in circumference, is mostly built on piles driven into the sandy subsoil, but the flowing of the tide and the debris of the Ainstel river have made ninety islands, and the city has more canals than streets. The watery ways are traversed by over 300 bridges, so that Amsterdam has earned the designation of the Venice of the North.

The Woman Must Speak.

Mr. Skrap—There's just this about it. It is impossible for us to live together and not quarrel.

Mrs. Skrap—There is no possibility of our quarreling if neither of us speaks.

Mr. Skrap—Of course; but, as I say, it isn't possible for us to live together and not quarrel.—Philadelphia Press.

His Problematic Tour.

"Did you ever appear in a problem play?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Last season I was doing sums with hotel bills, time tables and box office statements all the time I was out."—Washington Star.

A Matter of Opinion.

Pardon me, sir, but isn't there another artist in this building?"

"Well, that is a matter of opinion. There is another fellow who paints."—Chicago Journal.

In the House of the Loving Heart

By Keith Gordon

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"The idea of any wise person caring for money, especially in New York," she gibed as they sank down upon one of the benches at the entrance to the park. The carriages were hurrying feverishly after one another as if happiness lay at the other end or else rolling sadly back again as if to indicate that it was not there after all.

Hazard turned an astonished face toward her.

"You're guying," he observed disapprovingly. "New York's the place where one needs it most. Every one knows that."

"Every one," she echoed with scorn. "And why? Simply because 'every one' is suffering from the greed of possession. They want to possess, not to enjoy. They buy—buy—buy! Then they put what they have bought into a safe deposit vault and hurry off to Europe, where they begin all over again. There's one of them now." And she nodded gayly in response to a bow from a lady in a passing victoria.

"Who is it?" asked Hazard laconically.

"Mrs. Lofty," laughed the girl, following the disappearing carriage with derisive eyes. "Poor thing!"

"Then you'd rather be Elise Sherwin, student of art, and sit here on a bench with a poor young lawyer than be Mrs. Lofty, would you?" he asked, watching a lock of hair which the spring wind blew softly across her cheek.

"I certainly would," she replied with promptness. "She never has any time for enjoyment or cultivation or reading or—or anything that counts," she ended vaguely. "You see, she has responsibilities. There are the servants. Of course I don't need to tell you about the awfulness of the servants. Then there is her house, one of those fearful places that just grip you by the throat when you enter and throttle you."

She paused for breath, with a reminiscent expression. Then she continued: "You feel as if some one has just died—or perhaps 'demised' would be more in accord with the furnishing."

"But one doesn't need to do such things with money," her companion interrupted with argumentative intention.

"No, I don't suppose one does. And yet they generally do. You see, noblesse oblige seems to demand that when you have a million or upward you copy one of the royal palaces of Europe and live your poor little republican life in it, though I'm sure I don't know why," she finished thoughtfully.

"Still, money is a good thing, and you can't say that it isn't. A fellow must have decent clothes, and it strikes me that that simple little tailor made gown that you are wearing cost"—he screwed his face up in the effort at appraisement—"about $100."

"Only $75," she corrected and returned to her subject somewhat hurriedly.

"There's another thing. When you're rich you just have to have a complexion—and no mere man can know what a fearful responsibility that is. It's worse than servants! You have to employ beauty doctors and have little pots of greasy stuff about. You should see Mrs. Lofty's supply. It is immense."

Hazard smiled in an absent way and then began with the air of a man who is weighing his words. "If you really prefer a castle in Spain to anything"—

She cut him short.

"Have I ever told you about mine?"

He shook his head.

She pointed in the direction of the great, dark hotel which frowned down upon them.

"It ees vanish, n'est pas?" she mimicked. "Behold in its place my House of the Loving Heart! I think the name especially telling since it is situated, as you see, on what we might call the Street of Love of Money.

"I hope you see the house plainly. The style is a sort of modified Italian, with a projecting cornice and an inner court."

Hazard nodded.

"Don't you think the boxes of hyacinths in the windows and the big, low entrance give it a friendly look? That is what I aim at particularly," she explained with well feigned anxiety, "a friendly looking house!"

"Great!" was Hazard's feeling comment. "But who in thunder is that man standing at the window?" and he strained his eyes toward the great hotel. Then he turned to her with an expression of pleased and innocent surprise. "By Jove, it's me!"

"It looked so homely and inviting, I suppose, that I couldn't resist it," he explained as he noticed the warm flush rising in her cheeks.

In a moment she had recovered herself.

"Since you are in I hope you like the divans and the low table and the books and pictures. Please notice, too, that things are within reach. It doesn't look, does it, as if I were trying to live up to my fortune or suggest that I have stopped to think what Mrs. Lofty would have done under similar circumstances?"

"Not a bit," he assured her heartily, while the peculiar compression of the lips of an old gentleman sitting next them indicated suppressed amusement.

"Well, come on, then! Now, this room, which has everything beautiful and useful and comfortable that I could find to put into it, is for my heartsick and discouraged friends. Some of them I shall not have met before. But in some way, I don't know how, they will find their way to this little door (it opens quietly on Fifty-eighth street, you see), and I shall cheer them up."

"Leave care behind, all those who enter here," he murmured, as if he were reading an inscription.

The girl laughed in a pleased way.

"Excellent! A public sympathizer is really what we need. I believe as many people fail from lack of sympathy and encouragement as from lack of ability."

She had grown suddenly earnest, and her eyes filled with tears. Hazard leaned toward her in real distress.

"So silly of me," she began, with a little shake in her voice. "But there have been some rough places—places where Mrs. Lofty, for instance, has looked on from her luxurious life and said: 'I hope you'll get on all right. Goodby, dear!' and left me with loneliness and discouragement eating my heart, and I have felt that in my House of the Loving Heart I should like to have it different."

The old man in the next seat shifted himself around so as to get a better view of the girl's face, but neither of the young people noticed him, and she began her description once more.

"These bedrooms are the best in the house. I intend them for my poor friends. Still, I have indulged in small economies. Now, for instance, in these rooms"—and with a wave of the hand she ushered him into another imaginary suit—"the appointments, though very comfortable, are less luxurious. In these I shall install my rich friends when they visit me."

An unmistakable chuckle escaped from the old gentleman, and Hazard and Miss Sherwin turned in his direction in surprise. But he was bowing to the occupant of a belated carriage, all unconscious apparently of their existence.

"I shall entertain a good deal for my poor friends—give them a chance to meet interesting people and get out of the ruts of their workaday lives," Miss Sherwin resumed. "But the rich ones"—her eyes were dancing mischievously—"I shall ask only on ordinary occasions when I am having simple, wholesome dinners that won't make them discontented with their lot."

They looked at each other and broke into long and merry laughter. Hazard's worldliness had vanished like a cloud.

"It's a great idea, sweetheart," he said softly, "and I'd like to work to make it come true. Would you let me—do you think"—

But the blushes were so violent this time that he got no further, and besides the old gentleman was standing before them.

"I am Jasper Clark," he said simply, and at that name they both stared at him in amazement. "I know you'll forgive an old man for listening." Then with a bow he continued whimsically: "I should very much like the pleasure of your company at dinner"—and he made a gesture toward the Millionaires' club over the way. "You see, the time may come when I shall want to enter that quiet little door on Fifty-eighth street." And he glanced with kindly eyes at the future mistress of the House of the Loving Heart.

"Serendipity."

This word is a coinage of Horace Walpole's. Writing about a discovery he had made in connection with his picture of Blanca Capello, he says:

"This discovery I made by a talisman, which Mr. Chute calls the Sortes Walpolianae, by which I find everything I want, a pointe nommee, wherever I dip for it. This discovery indeed is almost of that kind which I call serendipity, a very expressive word, which, as I have nothing better to tell you, I shall endeavor to explain to you. You will understand it better by the derivation than by the definition. I once read a silly fairy tale called 'The Three Princes of Serendip.' As their highnesses traveled they were always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things which they were not in quest of. For instance, one of them discovered that a mule blind of the right eye had traveled the same road lately because the grass was eaten only on the left side, where it was worse than on the right. Now do you understand serendipity? One of the most remarkable instances of this accidental sagacity (for you must observe that no discovery of the thing you are looking for comes under this description) was of my Lord Shaftesbury, who, happening to dine at Lord Chancellor Clarendon's, found out the marriage of the Duke of York and Mrs. Hyde by the respect with which her mother treated her at table."—Notes and Queries.

Came Out Strong at the End.

Chippy—I was not at all up to the mark last night; tried to say something agreeable, but couldn't do it somehow, so at last I bade them goodby.

Jones—Ah, then you did manage to say something agreeable after all!—Stray Stories.

Malicious.

"What made her faint?" asked the sympathetic old lady.

"Madam," replied the sour faced misogynist, "there was a good looking young man standing right behind her."—Town and Country.

Not Mourning.

Mrs. Suburba — There goes Mrs. Toughman. Is she in mourning for her late husband?

Mrs. Knowit—No; only wearing black for him.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Ayer's
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral quiets tickling throats, hacking coughs, pain in the lungs. It relieves congestion, subdues inflammation. It heals, strengthens. Your doctor will explain this to you. He knows all about this cough medicine.
Cherry Pectoral
"We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in our family for 25 years for throat and lung troubles, and we think no medicine equals it."
MRS. A. POMEROY, Appleton, Minn.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Weak Throats
Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery. Purely vegetable, gently laxative.

While the Orchestra Plays.

"I do wish the woman back of me would stop kicking my chair," sighed a woman at the theater the other evening. "Ever since the overture began she has been keeping time with her feet, and besides all that she is fanning the back of my neck and trying to hum a tune she doesn't know. Isn't it strange how some people act when there's any music about? Now, just look at that little woman in the second row tapping all five fingers of one hand against her forehead. She's unconscious of it too. And there's another woman over there in the box who seems to think she is leading the orchestra with her fan. The men are just as bad too. Just look around and see the number of men who are keeping time with their heads, their hands or their feet. Then there is always some creature who makes a nuisance of himself by whistling through his teeth all the time the orchestra is playing. Even you, my dear"—this to her husband—"are keeping strict time with your programme while I'm lecturing about other people's misconduct."—New York Times.

Moon Worship In Britain.

Lunar superstitions lingered until a late period in the British islands. A writer of the seventeenth century says: "In Yorkshire, etc., northward, some country people doe worship the new moon on their bare knees, kneeling on an earthfast stone. And the people of Athol, in the highlands of Scotland, doe worship the new moon." Speaking of the Irish, he continues, "Whether or no they worship the moon I know not, but when they first see her after the change they commonly bow the knee and say the Lord's Prayer and near the wane address themselves to her with a loud voice after this manner, 'Leave us as well as thou foundest.'"

Sylvester O'Halloran, the Irish historian, speaking of the corresponding customs of the Phœnicians and Irish, adds: "Their deities were the same. They both adored Bel (or the sun), the moon and the stars. The house of Rimmon, which the Phœnicians worshiped in (like our temples of Flechta in Meath), were sacred to the moon."

What Do People Read?

Every roadside fence is now a primer for the passerby, every trolley car is a first reader to the traveler and every boarding a treatise on zoology, manufactures and social problems. Today most read a little, if only the signs and posters; some read newspapers—probably 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 of the 40,000,000 who could read them if they would. A few read novels. If the most popular novel finds only 1,000,000 buyers in a country where 40,000,000 could read it if they would, who can say that novel readers are more than a few? A very few, possibly 2,000,000 to 3,000,000, read standard literature and serious contributions to thought and knowledge. Surely the procession of readers grows larger every year, relatively as well as absolutely.—Outlook.

Fixing a Clock.

A resident of Florida tells this story of an old negro who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of a clock:

"I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey ain't kept no correct time for mo' den six munfs."

"Well, where is the clock?" responded the watchmaker.

"Out to my cabin."

"But I must have the clock."

"Didn' I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock 'cepting de han's? An' here dey be. You jess want de clock so you kin tinker it an' charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's."

And, so saying, he started off to find an honest watchmaker.

Dana's Ten Books.

Charles A. Dana once made a list of ten "indispensable books." They were: The Bible, Shakespeare, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Bancroft's "History of the United States," Irving's "Life of Washington," Franklin's "Autobiography," Channing's "Essay on Napoleon Bonaparte," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and Tarbell's "Early Life of Lincoln."

Lack of Force.

More people fail from lack of force than from lack of education or opportunity, says Success. A man may be well educated or brilliant and yet for lack of force be a complete failure in his vocation. A man or woman may succeed without education, but not without force; without capital, but not without energy.

No Bother Whatever.

"Do you ever have any trouble with the plants when your wife goes away?" asked the hatchet faced man sadly.

"None whatever," replied the cheerful chap. "They always die within a week after she leaves, and all I have to do is to put them away until she comes back." — Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Work For the Stomach.

For the average healthy man I think there is something to be said in favor of a good meal even if a trifle heavy now and then. I believe it is a fact that the human stomach, although it is not a gizzard, like that of a goose, still does its work better when slightly stretched, just as the lungs work better with deep inhalations induced by bodily exercise in the open air.—London Telegraph.

A Leveler.

Fond Parent (to young hopeful)—Unless you keep your face and hands clean, your teeth brushed and look neat the children of nice people won't have anything to do with you; they won't play with you.

Young Hopeful—I bet if I had a goat and a wagon they would.—Judge.

Mistaken.

"I suppose you thought you were fishing when you caught me?" growled the man who is always disagreeable.

"Well, I used to think so," sighed his little wife, "but now I know I must have been bear hunting."

Some folks are like good natured dogs. If you pat them on the head they will jump all over you.—Schoolmaster.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 15, 1904

SHOULD BE ENCOURGED.

Firmly believing that the vote on the license question last month settled it for many years to come, and that, in consequence of the same, a brighter and more prosperous day has dawned on Woburn, a Boston man of wealth and character has it in mind to build from 20 to 30 single dwelling houses here next spring and summer on a tract of land favorable for such a purpose, for which he has already had plans made. No two of the houses are to be of the same style of architecture; each to be supplied with all modern conveniences; of unequal cost; and to rent from $15 to $25 a month. They will also be offered for sale at reasonable prices.

The only hitch in this project at the present time is the uncertainty as to the attitude the Board of Public Works will take towards it in the way of accepting streets, supplying water, sewerage, etc. If it should be a fair one, and the Board, Assessors, and others in power, should manifest a disposition to encourage the enterprise and thus add perhaps from $75,000 to $100,000 to the taxable property of the city this year, and also materially increase its population, then there can be no doubt but that the Boston gentleman of whom we write will carry out the scheme which he has planned for the benefit of Woburn and his own pecuniary advantage.

As we understand the matter, it is now up to the civil authorities of this city to say whether this enterprise shall succeed, or not. It is not necessary to produce facts and arguments to demonstrate the city's crying need of just the helping hand which the Boston man of money extends to it. We want more people; we want them to come from outside of our municipal limits; but they can't be induced to come unless there are suitable houses here for them to move into and occupy. To increase our population, business, wealth, and insure future prosperity, our people must encourage just such enterprises as this under consideration.

THE RILEY-ALDRICH CASE.

Having received a certificate of election from the proper authorities, Representative Henry M. Aldrich took his seat in the House on the assembling of the Legislature for 1904, on Jan. 6 Previously Herbert S. Riley, Esq., the Republican candidate, filed a claim to it, and there the matter rests. A month, or so, will probably elapse before the question is finally decided.

Mr. Riley and his friends contend that he received the largest number of votes at the election in November; that the ruling of the Woburn City Solicitor at the time of the recount was erroneous; and that, therefore, he should be awarded the membership from this District.

GYPSY MOTH LEGISLATION.

Already several bills have made their appearance in the Legislature for the ostensible purpose of exterminating the Gypsy Moth, but in reality to extract provender from the public crib. It is not likely that the anticipated raid on the public treasury will take the form this year of the malodorous State Commission now happily defunct, but that its secret intent is such a raid admits of no reasonable doubt. The newspapers say the fight over this tremendously momentous matter will be a long drawn out and an intensely hot one, which may be true; but we are not prepared to believe that the grafters will win it.

WELL TREATED.

In appointing the House Committees last week Speaker Frothingham did well by the members from this District. Representative Nowell was given his last year's place on Banks and Banking, and also on Printing. The former seems to be one of this District's heirlooms.

Representative Aldrich was appointed on the Ways and Means Committee, the most important of the House.

Both of these gentlemen are amply qualified for the honorable posts to which the Speaker assigned them.

☞ Mayor Feeney suggested to the School Board at their first meeting of the current year the advisableness of selecting a special committee to confer with the Board of Public Works in relation to securing plans and taking preliminary steps towards building the High School house, which suggestion met approval. The building should be ready for occupancy at the beginning of the school year, September, 1905.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Trinity Church—Food Sale.

— The days have increased in length 20 minutes.

— A special sale for ladies at Gillett's at 2 p. m. tomorrow.

—The ladies of Trinity church are to hold a Food Sale. See ad.

— Miss Minnie McSweeney visited New Hampshire early this week.

— Towanda Club are to give "The Pirates of Panama" next March.

— Judge J. G. Maguire is again duly installed in the office of City Collector.

— Highland Orchestra concert Lyceum Hall, Jan. 21, and don't you forget it!

— The officers of C. B. Winn Camp, S. of V., will be installed on Jan. 27.

— W. R. C. 84 will give a whist party in G. A. R Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 18.

— Mr. E. Ashland of Boston is to be the soloist at the Unitarian church next Sunday, Jan 17.

— The Woburn Ladies Aid Society are to give a Leap Year Concert in Music Hall on Jan. 21.

— The Alpine Male Quartet rendered appropriate music at the funeral of the late Silas Corbett.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Appearances point to a big attendance at the Gentleman's Night of the Woman's club this evening.

— With a 25c purchase you can get a beautiful lithograph picture at the Robbins Drug Co. See ad.

—The Scandinavian Social Club are to give a whist party in Mechanics Hall on the evening of Jan. 23.

— The auction sale of Gillett, the jeweller, is proving a success. See ad. Gregory is the auctioneer.

— Miss Margaret Mulkeen took Principal Linscott's place in the Rumford school a few days last week.

—Co. G Pifle Ieam gave another of their popular dances at Armory Hall last evening. It was a good one.

— Mr. S. S. Hovey, the florist, has passed the danger point and is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

— In preparing and serving a banquet the ladies of the Methodist church of this city have no successful rivals.

—Mr. Bryan McSweeney is local agent for sound, firstclass Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at 7 Munroe street.—5

— The City Council will hold a meeting next Monday evening, at which President Aylward will announce his committees.

— Copeland & Bowser, leading dry goods merchants of this city, are offering big bargains in wrappers, shirtwaists, etc., to reduce stock.

— A charity ball will be given by St. Charles church on Feb. 10. The ball is an annual event of the church, and productive of much good.

— Co. G Rifle Team gave one of their popular dances in Armory Hall last evening. The series has been largely attended so far this season.

— A large audience greeted Miss Tenney and her lecture on Ireland at Lyceum Hall in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday evening. It was fine.

— The officers of Charles Bowers Winn Camp, S. of V., are: President, Fred C. Kean; Sec., C. W. Smith; Trustees, C. J. Dean, Thomas Sanders, C. W. Smith.

— Next Monday evening, Jan. 18, the Choral Club, a new musical organization here, are to give a concert in the M. E. church. Something pretty fine may be expected.

— The Sons of Veterans and S. of V. Club will give a social dance in S. of V. Hall, Mechanics Building, Friday evening, Jan. 22. There will be good music furnished.

— City men and teams were busy after Saturday's storm cleaning streets and sidewalks of snow, of which there was quite a large body on the ground. It made excellent sleighing.

— The next meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion will be held in the vestry of the church corner of Montvale avenue Saturday, Jan. 16, at half past two P. M.—C. M. Warren.

— The Highland Orchestra have done a good deal towards furnishing our people free music in the past, and it is only fair that they should reciprocateby patronizing their concert on Jan. 21.

— The annual meeting of the First Congregational church was not held last Wednesday evening, as announced, but postponed one week to Jan. 20. On account of the severe storm the attendance was small.

— It is safe to say that License Commissioner John Jameson, Esq., will not regret that the tap of the whiskey barrel is to be cut off on May 1, 1904, and the work of the Commission hung up for a year, at least.

— Mrs. Florence W. Crosby of Court street started last Tuesday with a Raymond excursion party for California. Among others she will visit the Chamberlain family at Oakland who formerly resided here.

— The officers of the Young Woman's Missionary Society, organized last week are: President, Mrs. Stephen A. Norton; V. P., Mabel E. Patten; Secretary, Dora A. Winn; Treasurer, Florence W. Stetson.

— Some North Woburn people propose to build a monument to the memory of Colonel Loammi Baldwin, one of the most famous men this town ever produced. To build a suitable one would be an honor to Woburn.

—The sale of tickets to the Highland Orchestra concert on Thursday evening, Jan. 21, has so far been highly satisfactory. The attendance bids fair to be uncommonly large, and they will hear as fine a concert as was ever given in Woburn.

— Rev. Norman E. Richardson's course of Sunday evening lectures entitled "Life's Footpaths" is likely to meet with a cordial public favor. A large audience were present and greatly enjoyed the initial lecture at the M. E church last Sunday evening.

— On Friday night, Jan. 29, the St. Charles C. T. A. S. will hold their annual ball, which, for many years past, has been a leading feature in the social festivities of the winter. It never fails to attract a large attendance of the best people in the city.

—Miss Kate Morey reports that the seat in the House of Representative of J. Howard Nason of Everett, at the opening of the Legislature, was piled higher with flowers more beautiful than that of any other new member, which pleased our former townsman very much indeed.

— A fine musical entertainment will be given at the Woman's Club "Gentleman's Night" this evening, for which the famous Schubert Male Quartet of Boston, the best in New England, Miss Phinney of Lynn, harpist, and Miss Foyce of Boston, impersonator, have been engaged.

— Mr. Charles H. Johnson of this city, who has been House Messenger of the Legislature many years, has been promoted to Assistant Doorkeeper of the House with increased salary. His promotion was a generous recognition of sterling personal worth and faithful public service.

— Mr. Heber B. Clewley has, on his home premises on Pleasant street, one of the largest pigeon posts in the State, and is enlarging it. A few years ago Duren and McKay did a flourishing business at their Winn street post where from 3000 to 5000 pigeons were kept.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment—COMPLETE
Prices — — —RIGHT
Work — — —PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St. BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31–2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

HOLIDAYS

Are made happier by an OVERCOAT and SUIT OF CLOTHES from

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

Free with a 25c. Purchase.

Beautiful Colored Lithograph Pictures.

These pictures are 11 x 14 inches, all nicely mounted, consisting of Landscapes, Gibson Heads, Foreign and Marine Scenes. They are very attractive and suitable to hang in any room.

Don't forget the date, MONDAY, Jan. 18

Don't fail to see the Rubber display in our window this week.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The Price Breakers. Green Stamps.

After a very social evening was passed the Clan was closed in due form.

— Supt. Martin has handled the snow in the streets this winter in good shape.

— The Boston Ice Co. started cutting ice last Tuesday and are working nights grooving the ice.

— A horse belonging to the Woburn Machine Co. ran away last Saturday, and created an excitement.

— Miss Ethel S. Burbeck entertained in a generous manner the King's Daughters at her home, 60 Warren Avenue, last Saturday.

— Miss Lillian Bearce of Lewiston, who is to be the soloist at the Highland Orchestra concert in Lyceum Hall next Thursday evening, Jan. 21, is one of the finest and most popular vocalists in Maine.

— At last accounts the expressmen of this city had not joined the trust lately organized by proprietors around Boston. Those of them interviewed do not take kindly to the combine; they prefer to do it on their own hook

— Mrs. Susan Hedge Hall of Dennis, Mass, is visiting Mrs. Ianthe C. Preston, Vernon street. Fifty years ago Mrs. Hall was a teacher in Hingham and Mrs. Preston was her pupil and she has braved the severe cold weather to renew the friendship that was formed so many years ago.

— A notice cut from the St. Louis (Mo.) *Globe-Democrat* shows that Mr. Samuel H. Leathe, a native of Woburn well remembered by our older citizens, took a wife last week, on which step his many friends here congratulate him. He is one of the most successful business men in St. Louis.

— Next Monday evening, Jan 18, the Choral Society are to give their grand concert. It is the largest musical organization in the city, and it is expected that the M. E. church will be filled to overflowing to enjoy the performances of 50, at least, of our best singers. It will be a feast of fine music.

— A letter from Mr. John Maxwell, the "Old Tanner" of Winchester, written at the Cornett House, Pell City, Alabama, where he is living this winter, on Jan. 6, says: "I found everything flourishing here, far beyond my expectations, which pleased me much." His daughter Virginia of Chicago is with him.

— The W. H. S. Class '04, dance and entertainment at Lyceum Hall on the evening of Jan. 8, was quite well attended and a pleasant affair. There was some misbehavior by a few ill-mannered young folks in the galleries which marred to some extent the agreeableness of the entertainment, but on the whole the Class had reason to be satisfied with the success they achieved.

— Some optimistic people laid the flattering unction to their souls that last Sunday was the harbinger of milder weather, possibly of the regular "January Thaw," but the weather on Monday morning dispelled that pleasant illusion, for at 6 o'clock the best regulated thermometers in town registered a temperature of exactly zero. It was another, and forcible, illustration of the wise old saying: "you can't almost always tell how far a toad can jump by the length of his tail."

— The annual party of the Cummingsville Social Club on the evening of Jan. 8, was one of the most enjoyable ever given by them. Everything passed off in the finest shape, and the attendance was all the Club could have desired. The organization is in a prosperous condition.

— The snowstorm of last Saturday improved the sleighing to a most gratifying extent. It set in motion a great number of sleighing parties, principally of school children, and merrier or noisier crowds of urchins it would be hard to run across. They came from Boston and all of the beautiful suburbs north of the classic and historic Charles River.

— Last Tuesday evening, Jan. 12, Minnie E. Tenney gave "The Land of the Shamrock," splendidly illustrated, in the Burbeen Course, which was greatly enjoyed by one of the largest audiences of the season. The pictures were fine, and Miss Tenney's description of them and the "Old Sod" was highly entertaining and instructive. The next lecture will be given on Jan. 26.

— The recently elected officers of the North Congregational parish are as follows: D. L. Colburn, clerk; O T. Curtis, auditor; B. F. Kimball, treasurer and collector; F. L. Perry, H L Inman and J. B Hoag, parish committee. It was voted to raise $2,000 for the expenses of the coming year. The most important action of the evening was the vote to try the free pew system the ensuing year.

— Capt. Cyrus Tay, janitor of the National Bank block, when he arrived there at 5 o'clock last Wednesday morning found the door of the boiler-room forced open, and other evidence of an attempt to burglarize the store of Copeland & Bowser, and probably that of Gage & Co. No plunder was secured at either place, the signs indicating that the man had been frightened away before completing his job.

— At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn held in the Bank parlors Tuesday, Jan 12, 1904, the following Directors were elected: John M. Harlow, Benjamin Hinckley, Julius F. Ramsdell, John W. Johnson, Charlie A. Jones, Squire B. Goddard, William Beggs The Board elected John W. Johnson President, Julius F. Ramsdell Vice-President.

— Dr. Irving R. Bancroft, son of Major and Mrs Ambrose Bancroft of this city, has recently been appointed physician for the Smuggler-Union Mining Company with headquarters at Pandora, Colorado, where he will have a hospital for the use of his miner patients. It is an important and responsible position, but Dr. Bancroft has the professional learning and experience to fill it. He is a Woburn boy, and a good one.

— Next Thursday evening, Jan. 21, is the date of the grand concert by the Highland Orchestra of this city The tickets are selling rapidly and the concert itself will be firstclass in every respect. The assisting artists are both new to this city, but come with the best references. They are, Miss Lillian V. Bearce, soprano, of Auburn, Me., and Mr Elbert Foland, reader, of Boston. Tickets are only 35 cents, or three for $1 00

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Engineer Pollard reports the water at the pumping station dangerously low, and Commissioner Hayward urges the utmost economy in its use by the people. Open faucets at night during the late cold weather is one cause of the lack of water at the station. The practice ought not to be indulged in.

— From 1892 to 1904, inclusive, the plain, neat calendars of J. H Osgood & Co, manufacturers of printing press rollers at 100 Milk street, Boston, have been the JOURNAL'S guides, counsellers and friends for dates and changes of the moon, everyone of which hangs, in regular order, in its proper place over the Editorial desk. In size and general appearance the calendar never changes, and is liked all the more for it. Thanks.

— The recognition service of the new pastor of the First Baptist Church, Rev H. C. Williams, will take place Thursday evening, Jan. 21. at 7 30. The programme is: Invocation, Rev Norman E. Richardson of the M. E Church; sermon, Rev. J E. Norcross of Amesbury; charge to the Church, Rev. Dr. Cephas B. Crane of Cambridge; charge to the pastor, Rev. C. H. Moss of Malden; address of welcome, Rev. Dr. S. A. Norton of the Congregational Church.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Dickinson celebrated their Golden Wedding at home on Johnson street, this city, Monday, Jan. 11. 1904. They were married at Mapleton, N. S., in which Province both were born, on Jan. 11, 1854, came to Woburn in 1870, and have continued to reside here ever since. There are no elderly people in Woburn more highly esteemed than Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, and hosts of friends wish them many returns of their wedding anniversary.

—Mr. William Bolewine, who for many years has been connected with the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Co., and is its present Acting Superintendent, was presented by his fellow employees, last Saturday afternoon, with an elegant meerschaum pipe, silver tray and gold lined bowls and cups, the whole constituting a beautiful smoking set. Mr. John J. Dooley of the Edison Electric Illuminating Co, made the presentation speech in a felicitous manner, which was feelingly replied to by Mr. Bolewine.

— The officers of Burbank Post 33, G. A. R, duly installed last week by Past Commander Edwin F. Wyer, with Past Commander William P. Warren as Officer of the Day, are as follows: Bernard Fletcher, Commander; Wm C. C. Colgate, Senior Vice Commander; Rufus R. Whitten, Junior Vice Commander; James Walker, Surgeon; Andrew R Linscott, Chaplain; William T. Kendall, Quartermaster; John E Carr, Officer of Day; William Arnold, Officer of Guard; William P. Warren, Adjutant; John F. Larkin, Sergeant Major; Jonathan F. Tabbut, Quartermaster Sergeant.

— A short but vigorous January thaw got fairly to work at 12 M. Wednesday, Jan. 13, when a genuine midwinter rainstorm set in and continued to about 9 P. M. The weather was fairly warm during the downpour and the snow disappeared rapidly all the afternoon and evening, seriously interfering with tolerable good sleighing. The clearing off shower at 9 o'clock was a queer one, for it was made up of rain, hail, thunder and extremely sharp lightning, all at once and together. It was an unusual ending of a heavy rainstorm. On yesterday the weather was colder, and the January thaw was evidently at an end.

— Col. William T. Grammer reached the 82d anniversary of his birthday last Tuesday, Jan. 12, and passed it in a quiet manner at his home on Warren avenue He is hale and hearty, and if it were not for the record in the family Bible he wouldn't know that he had lived more than 50 years on this mundane sphere. The Colonel has seen a good deal of high life in the last 60 years. He has been a prominent figure in civic, military and Masonic circles and filled many posts of honor in them. He was a man always chosen to lead, and he enjoyed a wide acquaintance with distinguished men, and commanded respect everywhere. All of which serves as pleasant memories in his declining years.

— At a meeting held in the Unitarian church last week by the Ladies Charitable Society Alliance Branch of the Unitarian church, which was gracefully presided over by Mrs. Rev. H. C. Parker, wife of the pastor, the following officers were elected: Mrs. Clara H. Parker, President; Mrs. Almira S. Ramsdell, Vice-President; Mrs. Vanie B. Dow, Recording Secretary; Mrs Emma C. Whitcomb, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Jennie P. Brown, Treasurer; Mrs. Clara M. Aldrich, Auditor; Mrs. Lucy A. Clewley, Mrs. Caroline G Johnson, Mrs. Martha E Bond, Mrs. Abbie W. Watson, Mrs Evelyn M. Trull, Mrs. Amanda Leathe, Directors. Learned and instructive addresses were delivered by Mrs. Frances W. Hill, Supt. of the Woburn schools George I. Clapp, and Rev. C. F. Dole of Jamaica Plain, and a few hours were pleasantly and profitably spent.

— A snowstorm was raging with great impetuosity at 9 o'clock last Saturday morning when Farmer Colman of Wyman street was discovered on Pleasant street headed for the post-office to find, or learn something about, that illusive individual called the "Oldest Inhabitant," who persists, with unreasonable vehemence, in declaring that the present generation know absolutely nothing concerning real "old fashioned" snowstorms, such as he was accustomed to when a boy, but the reporter did not tarry long enough to learn the result of his search. He was snugly ensconced in that capacious, clipper-rigged yellow sleigh of his whose origin must have been coeval with the settlement of the Bay State Colony, the top of his Derby barely discernable over the back of the sleigh, the front of which was piled with blankets and buffalo robes to the gunwales. For the peace of mind of the garrulous old "Inhabitant" we hope the respected Wyman street Agriculturist did not find him.

The Blodgett Tin Wedding.

In response to invitations of unique design and modest material about 75 prominent ladies and gentlemen of this city assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Blodgett, No 14 Mishawum Road, last Saturday evening, Jan. 9, 1904, to participate in the 10th anniversary of their marriage, or Tin Wedding, and, by request of the bride and groom, to bring presents, no one of which must exceed in value 25 cents. It was as merry a company as one often sees, and an evening of rare fun was enjoyed by everyone present.

It was not probable that a shortage of tinware was the motive for the Wedding, for Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett are well to do people, but that the idea of it had its origin, most likely, in a spirit of fun of an uncommon brand, to which the host and hostess are not, generally speaking, averse. It is a well known fact that Tin Weddings have been in vogue several years, but it is rarely the case that one is carried out to such perfection as that the story of which we are trying to tell.

The company of choice spirits were politely and cordially welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett, who had previously set their house in order for them, and by whom a fine banquet was served a la mode, assisted by a quartet of fair maidens, Esther Bean, Ida Robbins, Sybil Fox and Miss Wood. The bill of fare consisted of pancakes with maple syrup, doughnuts (twisted), cheese, popcorn, coffee, molasses candy, et cetera. The ushering was done in the highest style of the art by Kenneth S. Johnson, Harold P. Johnson, Fred West, Harry West.

It was an informal party—quite so, but, by no means, a go-as-you-please affair. The presents were numerous and appropriate, the most of them possessing an individuality pleasing to contemplate. The judges, S. W. Mendum, W. W. Hill, F. H. Burdett, and Dr. B. Lewis, and the wife of each, awarded the highest prize to Lawyer and Mrs. John W. Johnson for an elegant loving cup. Other artistic conceptions came within an ace of capturing premiums, but the loving cup was a bit more than a match for them, and even Mendum, one of the judges, came up minus a prize. Although the social intercourse was largely of a colloquial character, there were several set pieces, one of which, "Ode to Bill," by Lawyer Lounsbury was intensely funny, as were also Mendum's humorous readings.

A quartet consisting of Madams Burnes and Blodgett and Messrs. Geo. F. Bean and Kenneth S. Johnson, sang several old time songs, and all these with other pleasures contributed towards making the Blodgett Tin Wedding celebration a notable social event and great success.

Gymnasium Dedication.

The large and finely equipped Gymnasium recently built by the Methodist Episcopal church of this city was dedicated in due and regular form last Tuesday evening. About 250 people participated in the interesting exercises and were handsomely entertained.

In the issue of the JOURNAL of Jan. 1 inst, Mr. Herbert S. Dickinson, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the M. E. Church Gymnasium, gave all the facts respecting the construction of the building, its efficiency, and corps of teachers, which renders comment in this notice unnecessary.

The programme for the dedication of the fine quarters for athletic exercises, and which was so greatly enjoyed, was as follows:

Invocation, Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D.D.
Banquet.
Postprandial Exercises:—
"Athletics and Education." Prof. Geo. I. Clapp, Supt. of Schools.
"Looking Backward. H. Josephine Hayward. Pres. Woman's Club.
Music. Highland Orchestra.
"Practical Religion." Rev. N. E. Richardson, Pastor.
Adjourn to Gymnasium:—
"The Ideal Young Man." Prof. Rob't J. Roberts, Hygienic Educator.
Inspection of Gymnasium.
Tickets, 50c.

The crowning feature of the event was the Banquet. It was provided solely by the ladies of the M. E. church and pronounced by competent judges to have been a great achievement in the culinary art, unsurpassed in the good things that make banquets complete. There was a great variety of dishes, an abundance of everything, which was served in the promptest and politest manner imaginable.

The best Boston caterer couldn't have furnished such a feast for less than—well, say, $1 per plate. There is no getting round the fact that the ladies of the Methodist church of this city are expert caterers; and besides that, the Methodist folks generally believe in nourishing material as well as spiritual food, and a plenty of it.

Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D., the presiding elder, invoked the blessing. At the head table were Rev. N. E. Richardson, the pastor, who presided; Rev. and Mrs. E. Thompson, Rev. and Mrs. H. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha F. Hayward, Dr. and Mrs. J. Henry Hutchings, Prof. Robert J. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. George I. Clapp, Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Parker.

The addresses were quite comfortably brief—mere mentions, so to speak—to which the old saying, "short and sweet," might well have been applied. The speakers demonstrated the possibility of making a dry subject presentable by decorating it with oratorical gems.

The Highland Orchestra did very much to the enjoyment of the evening by contributing liberally from their well filled repertory.

The dedication was well carried out in every particular. There were no hitches, bolts, and lapses anywhere, and Pastor Richardson was delighted with everything said and done.

A Big Boston Newspaper.

The Boston Saturday evening News to have color features like Sunday papers.

Boston can soon boast of the biggest Saturday newspaper ever published. It remained for the Boston *Evening News* to claim this distinction by being the first daily paper in the world to give the public a big Saturday edition with all the features that made the great Sunday newspaper popular.

The first issue will appear on Saturday, January 16th, and continue every Saturday throughout the year. Saturday's Boston *Evening News* will consist of from 52 to 56 pages of the most interesting reading, handsome illustrations, humor, etc., that goes to make a firstclass newspaper. More than that, there will be the most elaborate color section of comic pictures by the very best artists and wits.

The Boston *Evening News'* new mammoth presses are capable of printing nine colors at a time.

The other pages will be just as interesting. The magazine section will be printed in colors with special articles liberally illustrated in half tones reproduced from electrotype plates. Altogether the Saturday edition of The Boston *Evening News* will be made up on an elaborate scale, and printed in time for reading at the home on Saturday evening.

Notify your newsdealer to leave you The Boston *Evening News*. Price one (1) cent Monday to Friday, five (5) cents Saturday.

Clan McKinnion No. 45, O. S. C.

The officers of Clan McKinnion were installed Jan. 6th, 1904, by Grand Tanist Hugh Murray of the Grand Clan of Massachusetts and Suite, assisted by Past Chief William Smith.

After the ceremonies were over the Grand Tanist was called upon for a few remarks. He congratulated the Clan upon its good financial showing, also upon its steady increase in membership. One new member was initiated. There was also four new candidates for the next meeting.

Polo.

Woburn defeated Salem Saturday night at polo 8 to 5, and lost to Salem Monday night 5 to 3. Wednesday night Woburn again defeated Salem at the Auditorium 5 to 4. They play Stoneham here Saturday night when a hot game is expected. Mooney of Lynn is playing centre for Woburn.

At the game in Stoneham last evening Woburn beat Stoneham 7 to 6.

Snow Views-Always Prize Winners

No more electric markings in your negatives if you buy the new

N. C. Film.

Prepare for the next storm.

Whitcher's Photo Dept. can supply you

[From St. Louis (Mo.) Globe-Democrat Jan. 8]

Rich Wobournite Marries.

Samuel H. Leathe, a capitalist whose transactions in St Louis real estate in the last year have amounted to more than $1,000,000, and Mrs. Grace A. Wilson, widow of the late Major Oscar B. Wilson of the United States Army, were married at the Southern Hotel at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Leathe went to the residence of Mr. Leathe, No. 1413 Locust street, where they will make their home.

Mrs. Leathe is 39 years old. She was the widow of Major Oscar B. Wilson, who lived in St. Louis for some time after his retirement.

Mr. Leathe, who is 78 years old, has lived in St. Louis most of his life.

Some years ago he bought a tract of property in South St. Louis at a nominal sum. He knew that in time the land would be valuable for railway terminals. He did not err in this, for several years later railroads offered to him a large considerrtion, but he refused because he believed the property to be more valuable. Later the railroads bought the property at his price. He became interested in lead mines and increased his holdings from time to time.

Within the last year Mr. Leathe's realty transactions are understood to have amounted to more than $2,000,000. He purchased the Washington University property on Washington avenue, upon which the university has a lease. Besides, he has bought within the last year large blocks of land on Washington avenue from Eighteenth street to Jefferson avenue.

Local Committees.

Cedar Street School—George F. Bean, Lizzie B. Blake, Charls C. Clarke.
Cummings School—Herbert S. Riley, Frank E. Cotton, Grace L. Norris.
Evening School—Robert Chalmers, Herbert S. Riley, Charles C. Clarke.
Goodyear School—George F. Bean, Charles C. Clarke, Frank E. Cotton.
High School—Herbert S. Riley, George F. Bean, Josiah P. Bixby.
Highland School—Herbert S. Riley. Robert Chalmers, Edward F. Cassidy.
Johnson School—Edward F. Cassidy, Robert Chalmers, Charles C. Clarke.
Lawrence School—Robert Chalmers, Josiah P. Bixby, Charles C. Clarke.
Main Street School—Lizzie B. Blake, Edward F. Cassidy, Grace L. Norris.
Morse Street School—Robert Chalmers, Frank E. Cotton, Edward F. Cassidy.
Parker School—Robert Chalmers, Geo. F. Bean, Edward F. Cassidy.
Plympton School—Lizzie B. Blake, Robert Chalmers, Edward F. Cassidy.
Rumford School—Josiah P. Bixby, Lizzie B. Blake, Grace L. Norris.
Union Street School—Frank E. Cotton, Lizzie B. Blake, Edward F. Cassidy.
Wyman School—George F. Bean, Josiah P. Bixby, Grace L. Norris.

Silas F. Corbett.

The funeral of this well known and estimable citizen was held at No. 5 Chestnut street, which was his home at the time of hisd deeease, at 2.30 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 12, and attended by many of his former friends and associates. Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., of which he was a member, were also present and participated in the exercises.

Silas F. Corbett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Corbett, died at home, 5 Chestnut street, on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 9, 1904, after an illness of several months. His age was about 50 years, and he had long been a business associate of his father. He was born in Bath, Maine, but had been a resident of Woburn since early life. His death is deeply lamented by a large circle of friends.

Cleanliness, Health and Happiness.

It is inconceivable to many minds that domestic happiness depends in a large measure on cleanliness. To fine instincts the presence of dirt, filth or untidiness acts as a direct irritant. On all classes the presence of any unsanitary condition has but one result—general lassitude, poor health, sickness, disease, sometimes death. It is not saying too much to call the proper sanitary care of the home, i. e., having as a definite object the destruction of all matter harmful to health, as distinguished from every day house work, a duty, and equally it is not going too far to say that Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL suggests itself as really the only practical article this work, judged from the standpoints of economy and effectiveness. Experiments have proved it the Standard Disinfectant, Germicide, Purifier, Cleanser and Deodorant, infinitely superior to the many inferior "just as good" imitations and substitutes which have recently appeared upon the market.

Standing Committees.

At the meeting held by the School Board last week for organization Hon. George F. Bean was elected Chairman; Supt. George I. Clapp, Secretary; Frank E. Cotton, Auditor. The following standing committees were appointed: Buildings and Hygiene—Robert Chalmers, Herbert S. Riley, Frank E. Cotton.

Music and Drawing—Lizzie B. Blake, Robert Chalmers, Charles C. Clarke.

Physical Training—George F. Bean, Josiah P. Bixby, Lizzie P. Blake.

Rules and Regulations—Herbert S. Riley, Frank E. Cotton, Edward F. Cassidy.

Text Books and Course of Study—Josiah P. Bixby, George F. Bean, Grace L. Norris.

The Boston Herald's big enterprise to take 100 New Englanders on a luxurious Pullman train free of charge for a 10-day trip to the St. Louis World's fair and Niagara Falls has been enlarged in scope so that every community in New England will be interested in the choosing of the fortunate 100 persons Boston will choose 25 persons, as will Massachusetts outside of Boston, and as will the New England states outside of Massachusetts. In addition to these 75, 25 guests will be invited by the 25 persons getting the highest total votes. Persons eligible to the contest are: Employees of steam or electric railroads, members of labor organizations, saleswomen, salesmen and members of any military organization. The voting is on ballots cut from the Daily and Sunday Heralds. The Herald wants to take the most popular persons in these classes, and leaves to its readers the choosing of them.

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient, and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion, and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and the debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefited and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At A. W. Whitcher's drug store.

— E. Prior, Real Estate dealer, has sold the dwelling 81 Green street to P. O'Brien for a residence. He has other sales on the string.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.
The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Clavier System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN. - MASS.

For Sale!
Bargehouse and Paintshop
In the rear of Central Stables.
The purchaser will be required to remove the buildings at once. Apply to Mrs. SARAH S. H. JONES, Salem St., Woburn.

To Let.
House No 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.
Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms, bath and furnace.
Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave.

CLEANLINESS
HEALTH
HAPPINESS
CABOT'S
Sulpho Napthol
TRADE MARK.
LIQUID CLEANLINESS
is the only perfect GERMICIDAL CLEANER which will produce the first, upon which the other two depend. It is unequalled for removing dirt, filth, and unsanitary conditions; destroying foul, poisonous odors, etc., and everything which makes for disease?
Look for above Trade-Mark. Avoid cheap, inferior (just as good) imitations and substitutes

FOOD SALE
— AT —
CRAWFORD'S
412 Man St., Woburn
— ON —
FRIDAY, Jan. 22, 1904
From 2 to 6 P. M., by the
Ladies of Trinity Parish.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Rev. Edgar S. Wiers of Billerica. Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday after Epiphany. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Truth." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. D. A. Newton of Winchester in exchange with the pastor. 12 M., Sunday School. 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. 7 P. M., Evening Service. Subject: "The I Ams of Jesus."—The Bread of Life. Second of a Series. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., adjourned Annual Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Henry B. Williams. Subject: "Vandals in the Temple." 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Pardon for the Sinner." Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Christianity as Historic Fact Apart from Experience." 12 M. Sunday School. 3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League. 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. 7 P. M., "The Foot-path to Happiness." Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 10, by Rev. J. J. Keegan, Edward W. McGovern and Catherine B. Long, both of Woburn.

In Winchester, Jan. 10, by Rev. H. J. Madden, Patrick McElhinney of Woburn and Helen Kilroy of Winchester.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 11, James Gallager, aged 62 years.

In this city, Jan. 9, Silas F. Corbett, aged 50 years, 3 months, 5 days.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

A Good Beginning

for the New Year will help to make it one of the most successful of your life.

If you haven't been among our many satisfied customers, we invite you to join them in 1904, and we will try by every fair means to make you glad you have done so.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

JEWELERS,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches.

OUR

Tea

— AND —

Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Houghton & Dutton,

BOSTON.

Optical Parlors 9th Floor.

A FEW EYE HINTS.

Your eyes will tell when you need glasses Here are a few hints: - Headaches, Dizziness, sleepy feeling while reading, blurring of objects either at close range or distance, frowning or squinting, smarting or burning, requirement of stronger light while reading. Those are but a few of the symptoms.

When your eyes suggest trouble don't fail to consult our OPTICIAN and he will cheerfully advise you, as he has spent many years in study of this one subject.

OUR GUARANTEE IS Entire Satisfaction at Lowest Prices.

N. B.—This department is under the pessonal supervision of Mr. Albert A. Carter, the wellknown optician of this city.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of Allen T. Hubbard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to Frank F. Dodge, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, without requiring surety on his bond or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of January, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

Removal.

DR. JOSEPH ASPRAY

Is to move from his present residence to 57 PLEASANT street about February 1.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

The Best Cough Reliever

Wild Cherry and Tar

COUGH BREAKER.

25 Cents.

PREPARED BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5.45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m; also 11 p. m, for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m,, and hourly untill 10.30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m, hourly till 11 55 p m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a.m., hourly until 10 45 p. m., Billerica 7.39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

Address C. H. CADWELL, Woburn, for Free Samples.

Crawford's

Ice Cream, Sherbets and Confectionery

No. 412 Main St. WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR

OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

Explained.

Baxter—Funny, isn't it? Where we say a man puts his foot in his mouth, the French say he puts his foot in his plate.

Foster—Of course. That's all owing to the vocal sounds in so many of the French words.—Boston Transcript.

WINCHESTER.

— Social life seems to be rather stagnant here this season.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets knock the grip higher than a kite.

Some of our plumbers have got rich enough to retire from business.

Jack Frost tickled Chief of Police McIntosh's ears again this winter.

The Boat Club have arrangements perfected for an entertainment on Feb. 19.

S. Price Wilson, son of the Editor of the *Star* has been elected Captain of the Medford Boat Club.

The annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. for the election of officers was held in the Congregational church on Jan. 8.

"H. F. J." is sorry that this town can't have better Moderators for its Town Meetings. He thinks they have greatly deteriorated in these latter days, and sighs for the good old times of Moderator Ayer. Another thing about it is that H. F. J." don't want any more Lawyers in the Chair.

A mass meeting is to be held this evening, Jan. 8, to devise ways and means for fighting and exterminating the Gypsy Moth. It is hoped that everybody in town will attend, for it is a great and glorious cause, compared with which Don Quixote's Battle with the Windmills dwindles into utter insignificance. And there never could be presented a better opportunity for fervid oratory than the meeting will afford.

The Knights of Columbus elected the following officers last week: John F. Holland, G. K.; Dan'l J. Daly, D. G. K.; John F. O'Connor, Fin. Sec.; J. T. Cosgrove, Treas.; M. J. Carney, Rec. Sec.; E. F. Maguire, Warden; W. J. Daly, Chancellor; Rev. T. P. McManmon, Chaplain; D. J. Foley, Advocate; J. F. Greenhalge, Lecturer; Hugh McDonald, I. G.; J. J. Murphy, O. G.; W. J. Daly, J. W. Green, Frank Leonard, Trustees.

Literary Notices.

THE AMERICAN BOY for January contains five complete short stories, namely: The Defender of Aracena, by William Murray Graydon—a New Mexican Indian story; The Boy of Many Tongues, by the author of Dickey Downey—a school story; An Adventure With Wolves, by Tom Chapman—an animal story; A Real Pirate, by George H. Coomer—a story of the sea; and My First Steeple Chase, by T. E. Donaldson—an English story of sport. It also contains further chapters of Kirk Munroe's fine story, The Blue Dragon, and the editor's Three Yankee Boys in Ireland. Illustrated leading articles of great interest to everybody are entitled: Philadelphia's New Year Frolic; Sons of Fighting Sires; Britain's Boy Soldiers; Boy Firemen; Boy Drummers and Buglers; A Burial at Sea, and Missing Links. Games and Sport, are represented by the following titles: How to Become Strong By the Use of Dumbbells; A Season on the British Cinderpath, by an ex-captain of the University of Pennsylvania track team; The Drawing-Room Magician; How to Make the Kicking Donkey; A Link Paper Chain, and The Biograph. In addition there are such titles as Boys' Books Reviewed; Stamps, Coins and Curios; The Boy Photographer; Boys in the Home and School; Boy Money Makers; The American Boy Lyceum; American Boy Contests; American Boy Legion of Honor Roll; Puzzles, and scores of sub-titles. This number contains seventy-five illustrations, each one of interest to a boy. Subscription price $1.00. Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

The current number of DONAHOE'S promises well for the new year. It contains a number of timely features, and is superbly illustrated. The opening number, Parsifal and the Dream of Gerontius, by John Talbot Smith, is of deep interest; After Five Years—A Retrospect, by P. G. Smyth, puts the reader in possession of much information relative to national events. A Famous Old Turnpike is a fine sketch of an historic highway, by Moira L Ray. The standing army at the Vatican is the subject of a lengthy description of the origin and duties of the various companies of soldiers guarding the Vatican. The work of Don Bosco's institutes as seen by E. M. Lynch makes interesting reading, and the illustrations show to what a degree of perfection in arts and trades the boys have attained under the instruction of the Salesians. Seumas MacManus recalls the summer in his sketch of an Irish mountain trip in June; Thomas F. O'Malley contributes an article on Carleton and his work; and Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I., continues his delightful reminiscences of Missionary Life. Among the poets of the number are such well-known writers as Rev. J. B. Dollard, Susan L. Emery, and Amadeus.

Affairs at Washington—crisp comment, bright anecdote and personal gossip about men and women prominent at the national capital—with new and interesting portraits—leads the January number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Joe Mitchell Chapple reports the homely, human side of public life in a very attractive style. A. G. Kingsbury and Peter MacQueen write of The Canal Country: The People and the Revolution. H M. Martin of Washington contributes a startling expose of gigantic frauds by which the nation has been and is now being robbed of its public lands, to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars. Charles M. Harvey writes the historic paper of the number—America's Lost Chance on the Pacific—showing how Presidents Madison and Munroe let slip a chance to get and hold the whole north-Pacific coast. Edward A. Abbott, in Anita: The Love Story of Garibaldi, tells how the Italian Liberator stole his wife in South America and how with her at his side he fought through two terrible rebellions there. Joe Mitchell Chapple tells of a Sunday he spent with Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle, in Scotland, and, incidentally, how the Iron-Master played a good joke on Rudyard Kipling. Michael A. Lane, contributes Herbert Spencer as Scientist, Philosopher, Moralist, and Social Reformer. The Home, a new department in the NATIONAL, starts off with a symposium, How Can We Lighten the Toil of the Housewife? in which eight American housekeepers offer advice to the men who do most of the inventing. Dallas Lore Sharp indulges in a bit of mild and friendly satire at the expense of gushing nature-lovers. The six excellent short stories, Book and stage chat, and poems complete the very best NATIONAL MAGAZINE ever published

SPECIAL SALE

FOR LADIES

Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Showcase, Counter, Awnings, Curtains, Gas Fixtures, for sale cheap.

$1.00 worth of Trading Stamps given to every purchaser at the Ladies' Sale Saturday.

Osborn Gillette, Jeweler

379 Main St., Woburn.

Hub Crumbs

better bread crumbs

makes all fried food better;
saves time and work while cooking;
as handy as salt to use;
made of bread from our own ovens;
totally different from other crumbs.

Makes
better puddings.

better stuffing.
better fish-balls.

Better Digestion.

10¢ 10¢

At your grocer's or S. S. Pierce Co. Cobb, Bates Yerxa Co.
Mrs. Howard's Cook Book and sample on request. 244 Purchase St. Boston Mass.

Ingenious Swindle In Curios.

The craze for antiques and curios is responsible for some ingenious swindles, but it is doubtful if many could surpass that which victimized an American woman traveling abroad who while in Holland purchased some alleged Dutch pottery which proved on close examination to be common granite ware made in America in odd shapes and decorated in Dutch fashion to be sold in Holland as antique cooking utensils.

American enterprise is frequently encountered in various ways in Europe, as, for instance, the experience of an American gentleman in London who bought a pair of rubber overshoes in a London shoe shop which were unusually satisfactory. On examining them preparatory to buying another pair he made the discovery that they were manufactured in Providence, R. I., by an American firm, although they were sold as English rubbers or "gums."

The fact is well known that there is a considerable industry in the manufacture of so called Egyptian scarabs in America which are sent to Egypt to be sold to unsuspecting tourists as genuine antiques.—Boston Transcript.

Mistletoe and Holly.

Hanging rooms with holly wreaths and bunches of mistletoe is a time honored custom which can be traced to the days of the Roman saturnalia and even early Persian customs. Our own custom of decorating our rooms at Christmas comes more immediately from ancient Germany, where evergreens were hung in honor of the midwinter festival.

The Druids used to cut the mistletoe from their sacred oaks with elaborate ceremony. A golden knife was used to sever the parasite from the tree. During the ceremony two white bulls were sacrificed, and music and processional formed part of the rite. The groves of Mona, once the favorite retreat of the British Druids, were cut down by the all conquering Romans and have passed from the popular memory, but the mistletoe, which the old Druids called "all healing," is still an object of veneration. In some parts of England a berry is plucked from the mistletoe for every kiss that is given under it, and when there are no more berries left no more kisses are allowed.

About Heads.

The head of the true Rhinelander is wide at the temples. If the hat is the exact length in nine cases out of ten it has to be stretched sideways in order to make it fit. English heads are wide, but not so pronounced as those of Germans. There is more of a "sliding scale" with them as to the relative length and breadth. The Celtic head is almost invariably round or oval and is without pronounced phrenological bumps.

For general smoothness of the cranial protuberance the Italian comes next to the Celts, either of the two besting the classic Greeks in that respect. Odd as it may seem, anatomists declare that the Turkish skull is almost identical in shape, size, etc., with that of the enlightened inhabitant of the United States.

Rattan Comes From Singapore.

Strange as it may seem many people imagine that rattan and willow furniture are the same. Rattan is the Chinese importation, brought direct from Singapore, and is reed susceptible of bending double without even cracking. It possesses, besides this, great firmness and strength, and a chair of rattan could be thrown from an express train and picked up intact. Rattan is therefore used for such articles as baskets and lighter ornamental furniture. Each has its use, the rattan, however, being better adapted for working up into intricate designs.

Summer Ice.

The peasants of Pongibaud, in the mountains of Auvergne, are acquainted with a singular summer formation of ice, presumably due to evaporation of underground moisture and consequent fall in temperature. Of this phenomenon they have for many years taken advantage to cool and harden their cheeses, which are deposited in certain caverns where this ice is found to be present, and thus keep good during the hottest summer months.

The Cause of It.

"What's all this fuss about?" asked the policeman, stepping between the two young men.

The one that had got the worst of it and was wiping the blood from his nose pointed to the other fellow. "He can tell you her name if he wants to," he said. "I won't."—Chicago Tribune.

A Careful Student.

A good story is told in the London papers of an Oxford freshman who was asked early in the beginning of the term whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid. "Well, sir," he replied, "proved is a strong word. I rendered it highly probable."

The Doctor's Orders.

Dedelia—Phat are yez doin' takin' the lock off the cupboard dure, Pat? Are yez chrazy?

Pat—No, darlint; the dochtor tould me today thot I must quit boltin' me food, and I'm goin' to obey insthructions.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Postgraduate Course.

Mrs. Richmond—Is your daughter going back to the cooking school this year?

Mrs. Bronxborough—No; I'm going to keep her home until she learns to cook some dishes that we can afford to eat.—Judge.

Penalty of the Smoker.

"Fred!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Why don't you buy me one of those nice Havana wrappers that you were talking to Mr. Bruce about last night?"

Some Red Saunders Philosophy.

"Of all the worlds I ever broke into this one's the most curious," said Red Saunders, "and one of the curiousest things in it is that I think it's queer. Why should I, now? What puts it into our heads that affairs ought to go so and so when they never do anything of the sort? Take any book you read or any story a man tells you. It runs along about how Mr. Smith made up his mind to do this or that and proceeded to do it. And that never happened. What Mr. Smith calls making up his mind is, when you come down to bed rock, nothing more nor less than what Mr. Smith pleasantly calls his mind dodging to cover under pressure of circumstances. That's straight. Old Lady Luck comes for Mr. Smith's mind, swinging both hands. She gives it a stem winder on the ear, lams it for keeps on the smeller, chugs it one in the short ribs, drives right and left into its stummick, and Mr. Smith's mind breaks for cover; then Mr. Smith tells his wife that he's made up his mind—he, mind you! Wouldn't that stun you?"—McClure's.

THE ANCESTRAL TREE.

Its Branches May Be Widespread For Some Future Americans.

"Speaking of heterogeneities and the homogeneousness of the same, if one may say it, the American, say 500 years from now, may have some trouble in tracing the lines of his family tree," said a thoughtful man. "At any rate, judging from the progress the United States is making, there is a chance for a few difficulties along this line. In the erstwhile, and even now, the job was comparatively simple. It was and is simply a question of going back to the days of the Revolution, colonial days, the days of the white haired grand dames. But the American of the future will have no such simple task. One's family tree must branch out and expand with the country. For instance, the men and women of the future will have to trace their lines through an ancestry thus geographically given: Indian, Mexican, American, Hawaiian, Porto Rican, Cuban, Philippinian, Panamaian and Alaskan. And yet these are only a few of the possibilities which might be mentioned in the same connection and for the same reason. Uncle Sam is an expansive sort of fellow, and just where he will quit one may not guess even in the wild recklessness of one's fancy. The American of the future may be put to the dire extremity of showing some sort of remote ancestry association with even the lynx eyed far easterners."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THRASHING SERVANTS.

Domestic Life In England In the Time of Henry VIII.

In that remarkably minute chronicle of domestic life in England in the time of Henry VIII., Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," the learned and pious author seems to take it for granted that the only way of dealing with maidservants is to thrash them unmercifully. He tells us in his inimitable doggerel that "a maid must be forced to be cleanly" or she is to be "made to cry creak." Mistresses are advised "to go about with a holly wand in their hand, although they may not always have occasion to use it, and to pay home when they fight"—that is to say, thrash—"but not to be always chiding." As regards the laundry, the domestic serfs are "warned to take heed when they wash or run in the lash and to wash well, wring well and beat well, so that if any lack beating it will be themselves."

As for the unhappy Cicely, the dairymaid, she is to cry "creak"—that is to say, to be thrashed—if her cheese is "hoven" or puffed up, and if the cheese be tough Cicely is to have "a crash." If the cheese be spotted Cicely is to be amended by the bayes, and if it be too full of whey the wretched dairymaid is to have "a dressing." Finally, if any maggots are found in the cheese, "mistress is to be at Cicely by and by."

The Seventeen Year Locust.

The open air career of the seventeen year locust is soon completed, though in its dormant and earlier form it is said to live underground for seventeen years, feeding on roots.

The larvæ drop from eggs laid in the twigs of trees and quickly burrow out of sight, each one forming for itself a subterranean chamber, where it remains buried and alone month after month for fully seventeen years, preparing in some mysterious manner for its brief enjoyment of freedom.

With perfect regularity at the end of the allotted period myriads of these insects attain maturity and emerge from their long imprisonment, when for a month or so the winged male sings his striking song of courtship, while the female busies herself with laying eggs.

There is a continuous record for about two centuries of the recurrence of the cicada at these seventeen year intervals. The first note on the subject was made in 1715.

A Small Beginning.

Long before the Revolution a young printer in Philadelphia, when he had taken off his working apron at night, used to sit poring over his dozen of old volumes by firelight. He soon knew them by heart and hungered for more. But books were costly, and he had but little money.

He had eight or ten cronies, young men who, like himself, were eager for knowledge. Ranging his books on a shelf, he invited his friends to do the same, that each of them might have the benefit of them all.

Ben Franklin thus laid the foundation of the first circulating library in this country.

Why Kitty Is "Puss."

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshiped the cat among others. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night and because her eyes changed like the moon. So they made an idol with a cat's head and named it Pasht. The same name they gave to the moon, for the word means "the face of the moon." The word has been changed to "Pas" and "Pus" and has come at last to be "Puss," the name the most of us give to the cat.—Boston Transcript.

A Generous Spirit.

"Henry, I want $2 this morning."

"What for?"

"Must I account to you for every penny I spend?"

"I don't insist upon knowing about every penny. When it's less than a nickel you can bunch it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Irrecoverable Waste.

The utilization of what formerly were considered waste products and the resurrection of materials from a used up state to a new condition of serviceableness have in recent times been developed to such a degree of completeness that we are scarcely prepared to admit that anything is ever irrecoverably lost. In this respect we believe in the conservation of material just as we have long been taught to believe in the law of conservation of energy From a purely practical point of view however, some things certainly may be so completely lost to further use that their loss may well be considered absolute, and one of these is the metal lost in the wear of railway rolling stock brasses. For the speculator in copper values, the promoter of a copper "corner," to use the broker's cant, the copper which has gone into railway brasses need have no terror. It is not likely ever to be available again in full measure. It is dissipated so completely, in part at least, that its practical recovery is not likely to receive much serious consideration. From the best available deductions on the subject it appears that 5 per cent of the annual copper production of the world disappears in this way every year.—Cassier's.

If you would hit the mark you must aim a little above it. Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

PHYSICAL ACTIVITY.

Nothing Else Can Supplant It as a Preserver of Youth.

Next to air and food in the human economy comes exercise. We may have plenty of fresh air and a proper allowance of the right kind of food, and yet without helpful daily exercise these will not avail to keep the body in good condition. In answer to the question, "Why do we grow old?" a French writer gives these three reasons: "We do not get enough physical exercise in the open air, we are poisoned by microbes which the phagocytes have not succeeded in destroying, and we are depressed by fear of death." Of the three reasons it will be noted that he gives the place of first importance to lack of exercise. There is nothing else which can take the place of physical activity as a preserver of youth and energy. "Grow younger as you grow older by cultivating a moderate love of good, healthful, honest sport," is sound advice. Walking, running, jumping, rowing, playing golf, tennis or croquet or any other milder form of exercise in the open air keeps the muscles supple and prevents the joints from stiffening, fills the lungs with life giving oxygen and keeps the blood from becoming sluggish or the liver torpid. In short, it is exercise that keeps the body in tune and "up to concert pitch," just as exercise keeps the voice of a music instrument in perfect tone.

EYES INCREASE IN SIZE.

Change Often Results In the Improvement of the Sight.

A conversation with a prominent hatter developed the fact that among men of large affairs where decided executive ability and strong mental equipment were requisite it was common to find an increase in the cranial development. A more detailed investigation among some of the large metropolitan hatters revealed the fact that many of them had for years by means of an automatic measuring device kept records of peculiarities of the cranial outline of many of our prominent men, which had led to the discovery (to which, however, little importance had been attached) that the skull often shows a decided increase in size after middle age.

Thus, if it is a fact that the human eye depends largely upon the surrounding bony structure for its size and proportion, it can readily be seen that in the case of an eye which presents abnormal visual conditions due to an inadequate development the increase in the size of the skull referred to, accompanied, as it usually is, by generally improved physical conditions, would naturally tend to a corresponding increase in the size of the eyeball, there by contributing to a possible neutralization of the visual defect.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

LOCKS AND KEYS.

Their Use Can Be Traced Back to the Ancient Egyptians.

According to Denon, locks and keys can be traced back to the ancient Egyptians, more than 4,000 years ago. This is inferred from the sculptures on the great temple of Karnak, which closely resemble locks still in use there—clumsy, massive wooden locks, in which three pins drop into three holes in the bolt, when it is pushed in, and are raised by corresponding fixed pins on the big key. Similar locks and keys are found at Mosul, near Nineveh, the key being more than a foot long, quite clublike and often carried on the shoulder.

Keys are also mentioned at the siege of Troy, 1193 B. C. The Phœnicians are said to have exchanged locks for tin from Cornwall. Occasional notices of them occur in many Greek and Roman writers, Pliny ascribing their invention to Theodorus of Samos. Bronze and iron keys have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

Possibly far more ancient than these are Chinese locks, with springs and tumblers, some of them musical, almost exact counterparts of the famous Bramah locks of England in the eighteenth century.

Why Little Folks Are Big Eaters.

It has been laid down as a physiological rule that the requirements of adult diet depend not on the weight of the eater, but on the extent of his bodily surface. In the case of children this rule is further modified. An infant may weigh one-eighteenth as much as a grown man, but its surface is more than one-seventh as great. As the first requirement of the infant's food is to replace the heat that is continually being lost by radiation from all parts of the body, the latter fraction determines the needed proportion of nourishment rather than the former. But in the case of a growing child food is also needed to supply the increase of bodily weight. In all, an infant's ration may be five times as much as would be estimated from its actual weight alone.—Success.

The Whole Thing.

"I suppose," said the absconding cashier to the friend who had run across him in parts unknown, "that there was a good deal of talk about me after I disappeared?"

"I should think there was!" answered the friend. "Why, man, the weather wasn't mentioned at all for two weeks."

Helping Out the Supply.

Magistrate—So you admit having been engaged in making counterfeit money?

Prisoner—Yes, your honor. You see, the supply of the genuine article is so very, very short!

Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and don't daub with sable and gloom your conversation.—Emerson.

The Meaning of Mess.

The use of the word mess for dining room is a remnant of a custom quite common in Anglo-Norman times. Mess, from the French mets (meat or a dish of food) and the Latin mensa (a table), was the meat prepared in common (compare the collegiate word "commons") for four persons sitting at a separate table. Guests at dinners and other ceremonial occasions were divided for general convenience into such groups.

From this the word came to be used as equivalent to four in other matters. Shakespeare speaks of Henry's four sons as a mess, "Where are your mess of sons?" and in "Love's Labor's Lost" we find, "I confess that you three fools lacked me to make up the mess."

From the fact that soldiers and sailors are always catered for in companies, according to rank, the survival of the word among them is quite natural. The same practice is still maintained in the London inns of court.

The range of hearing in adults under fifty-five years of age is approximately 16,000 to 48,000 vibrations per second.

HOME SAVINGS BANK

(Incorporated 1869)

75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above

$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.

Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles

— AND —

Food Products.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, a new and well selected stock of

GROCERIES.

W. J. Buckman

No. 433 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 104-7.

Christmas TURKEYS

A splendid stock at

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

We give Green Stamps.

Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Heating Engineer

—AND—

Contractor.

No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

Telephone 103—2.

..Are.. You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry

26 Montvale Ave.

Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE

Successor to E. A. Brooks.

Undertaker

— AND —

Funeral Supplies

Boarding and Livery Stable.

12 Park St., Woburn.

Telephone 54 - 3.

I WILL PAY CASH ABOVE THE MORTGAGE FOR ANY HOUSE ANYWHERE

ALLEN, 10 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

TELEPHONE: 4339-3 Main.

J. E. Herrick, Jr BUILDER.

Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Office: 439 Main St., Woburn

SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.

Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.

Two Modern Flats.

Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, have been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent low.

Write to JOHN W. SHAW, 15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.

Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

WHILE THE TRAIN WAITED

By A. S. Richardson

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The waiter coughed obsequiously, and Margaret Ashton turned toward him impatiently.

"Just some fruit and coffee for dessert."

The waiter picked up the plate holding an untasted entree.

"Why are we stopping here so long?"

"Freight train off de track ahead, ma'am, but de wreckin' crew's heah, ma'am."

Miss Ashton picked up the menu, read it absentmindedly and laid it down again. Then her glance traveled back to the panorama spread beyond the dining car's window. It was the residence district of a pretty village, with yellow and white and gray and white cottages placed at a discreet distance apart, with well kept lawns and budding gardens in between.

Close to the crossing where the train had come to a sudden standstill was the church, painted in pearly white with dark green shutters and imitation colored glass windows. Even at this distance Margaret recognized the material in those windows. They had received samples when she was in the altar guild at St. Paul's.

The waiter arrived with her dessert, and she selected some white grapes with elaborate care. When she looked up again, a boy came scampering down the drive which divided two of the cottage homes. He swung a baseball bat in signal to another youngster emerging from another yard. Both homes had barns and chicken yards in the rear, and the boys wore sweaters.

"They have had their tea and have done their chores," thought Miss Ashton, stirring her coffee slowly, "and by and by some one will call them both in and pull down the shades."

A woman ran across the back yard of the house nearest the tracks, carrying something under her apron. She disappeared in the kitchen doorway of the next house, then reappeared empty handed and ran back to her own home.

"She had borrowed something, no doubt," said Miss Ashton to herself. "Perhaps she had a little tea this afternoon. We always borrowed things from the Marsdens when we had teas."

She pushed aside her coffee cup, laid a bill on the silver tray which the waiter offered and left the car. Her chair was in the drawing room car forward. She found herself looking straight into the side yard of a trim little cottage. A young woman sat on the step of the porch, a "fascinator" thrown over her shoulders. At the foot of the step stood another woman holding a restless baby in her arms. The two women were so earnestly engaged in conversation that they did not notice how the baby was stripping young buds off the porch vine.

"Gossiping," murmured Miss Ashton.

She knew the narrow life only too well. She had run away from it years before. She wanted to go where your next door neighbor did not count the skirts and shirt waists on your line, where no one insisted that because a young man had shown you a few ordinary courtesies you were bound to be engaged to him.

She swung her chair impatiently, and her glance fell once more on the church. The sun was setting, and two people were walking up the narrow flagged path. The man pulled out a key, threw open the church door, and they both passed in. He did not look like a minister. He was something of an athlete and had an alert air. A moment later he was opening the window. The girl was not in sight, but Margaret was certain that she was putting flowers in the vase at the pulpit.

"He's a leader in the church, no doubt. A man must always be at the head of something," she thought. "And Miss Demure will be sitting down in the amen corner soon watching him with adoring eyes because the whole congregation looks up to him."

What a narrow set these people in small towns were! Here was a train stalled in their midst bearing men of millions, women who had traveled at home and abroad, interests that might affect the world of trade, and they did not stop so much as to inquire into the trouble. They were so small, so narrow, so self absorbed!

At last the train moved with great, heaving strain on wheels and springs. Margaret gave one more glance at the church. The lights were ablaze, and the young man was standing in front of the congregation, a book in his hand. The girl was at the organ.

Margaret leaned back and closed her eyes. She saw another church, another man—and herself. Then she turned her thoughts resolutely into other channels. She glanced down at her bag. She knew the papers in that bag meant insurance policies for thousands, all written by herself. She had stepped in where other agents feared to tread and had secured business. She was going back to New York and the approval of her superiors. She would be glad to shut herself in her private office and take up her accumulated correspondence. She must have a new cabinet ordered for that empty corner of her office. The papers to be filed in her department were increasing.

* * * * * * * *

She gave her number to the cabman and was whisked off into the glare of Broadway's lights. By and by they turned into a quiet side street. She mounted the steps leading to a dim brownstone apartment house, shook out her keys and hurried to her room.

There were no matches, and she rang the bell impatiently. The maid apologized and brought in clean towels.

"We weren't expecting you till tomorrow, Miss Ashton," she remarked, with a furtive flirt of her towel across the dusty table.

Margaret lighted every gas jet in the room and in the dressing room adjoining, to say nothing of the gas log in the grate, but still the room seemed dank and dull. She wished that it were morning and she might bury herself in office work.

The maid returned with a package which had arrived in Margaret's absence, and the latter inquired:

"Is Miss Harding in this evening? If she is, I wish you would ask her to come in and have a cup of tea with me."

Miss Harding had the room at the end of the hall.

The maid paused in the doorway and looked in in startled fashion.

"Why, didn't you know? Miss Harding died while you were gone."

"Died!"

"Yes; pneumonia; awful sudden too. None of her folks was here. They live way up state somewhere, and the undertaker shipped the body."

Margaret sat staring at the even flame of the gas log. "None of her folks was here; they shipped"—

The life had died out of the great city and the clock struck 2 when Margaret Ashton laid down her pen. She bent low to kiss the letter as she sealed it, and again there came to her the vision of the man and the girl walking up the narrow, flagged pathway to the church.

* * * * * * * *

Ten days later a man who wore gold glasses and looked at her above them called her into his private office. She had only been in that office twice before, and they had been red letter events in her business career.

"Miss Ashton, we have been going over the results of that last trip you made. They are remarkable for a woman. And we have decided to make you superintendent of the Troy offices."

He paused for an expression of surprise or appreciation. Miss Ashton was studying the carpet. The great man coughed.

"Your salary, of course"—

"Thank you," she said, still without looking up, "but I have accepted—another position."

The great man fairly jumped.

"But, my dear young woman, you should consider"—

"I have considered, and this is for life."

This time she looked up, straight into the eyes of the great man. Something he read there made him rise and extend his hand cordially.

"My dear Miss Ashton, I trust you will be very happy. And I congratulate the young man with all my heart."

FIBROID TUMORS CURED.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes' Second Letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) MRS. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

— $5000 forfeit if original of above letters proving genuineness cannot be produced

He Spoke Japanese.

They told this on a Pittsburger who is dead now and therefore shall be nameless, but the story is still told about Washington when a crowd of newspaper men foregather and talk over old times and happenings. It was during the Harrison administration, and the Pittsburger was hot on the trail of a consulship. Several were suggested and rejected by the applicant, who didn't want a government sit at Dahomey or some other out of the world place, but a first class charge.

Finally he picked on Yokohama as the place where he would like to represent Uncle Sam and secured an audience with President Harrison.

"But do you understand the importance of this position?" asked the president. "Can you speak Japanese?"

Oh, yes, the applicant understood the importance of the position; also he could speak the language.

"Well," said the president, "let me hear you speak it."

"All right! Ask me something in Japanese."

There was a laugh all round, but the Pittsburg man did not get the position.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Pina Gauze.

Pina gauze, made by the women of the Philippines from pineapple spikes alone, is as delicate as chiffon and far more durable. They use only the best leaves, and these, tied into bundles, are placed under heavy stones in the bed of a running stream. After two or three days of this treatment they are exposed for a time to the action of the sun and air. Each piece is closely inspected to make sure that the process of decomposition was thorough, and if it was not the leaves are subjected a second time to the operation. The fibrous threads are at last wholly separate from the cellulose and lignose particles and cleaned from the sap and gummy substance. The whole is then beaten with a wooden mallet grooved on the face like a fluting machine. The threads are kept moist while this beating is in progress, and the separate threads are thus blended into one mass. In color the fibers vary from cream and light gray to pure white. After the "pineapple cloth" is finished figures are stamped on it with blocks and afterward worked or embroidered by hand.—Chicago News.

His Latest Request.

There is a clever lad who will get his living in this world. For playing truant maternal authority cut off his supper. Casting one fond look at the authoress of his existence, he paused at the door to say:

"Mother, I am going to die, and when I am no more I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach."

The maternal heart was filled with awful forebodings, and the maternal voice asked what he meant.

"I wish it to be known," he answered, "that I died of starvation."

This was enough. The small boy was triumphant and retired to his little bed gorged to repletion.

One can stop when he ascends, but not when he descends.—Napoleon.

EAT WHILE THEY MOVE.

Chef Tells of a Peculiarity of Patrons of Dining Cars.

The chef on one of the Pennsylvania dining cars was particularly talkative the other day. The train was waiting for its Philadelphia passengers, and every table in the diner was occupied. The second call of Baltimore passengers were standing around the aisles waiting for vacant places. There was no little amount of dissension among those whose appetites had not yet been appeased. The diners seemed to be eating in a most leisurely fashion, with no apparent concern for those who were less fortunate.

"It's always the way," said the dark complexioned cook, glancing through the car. "When the train is running along those people will eat about twice as fast as they do ordinarily. But when she comes to a stop they start to talk and hardly touch a bite. It's the motion of the moving train that does it. Now, you just watch them and see if I'm not right."

Just then the train pulled out, and the observer saw a sight which firmly convinced him that his informant had spoken truthfully. Plates, knives and forks began to rattle industriously. Every one began to eat as if his life depended upon the next mouthful.

"Didn't I tell you so!" called out the grinning philosopher.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS.

A Subject About Which We Know Absolutely Nothing.

Upon the question whether life bearing planets can exist in other solar systems than our own the answer of science is clear and distinct. It is precisely the same which Professor Newcomb gave concerning the possible inhabitants of Mars, "The reader knows just as much of the subject as I do, and that is nothing at all." Within our solar system we can indeed form some crude estimate of probabilities; beyond it, nothing. All the amazing progress of modern science, all the revelations made by the spectroscope or by photography, all the advance in biology, have not brought us one step nearer an answer to the question, "Is this the only inhabited world?" We stand essentially where Whewell and Brewster did in the middle of the nineteenth century, or we might indeed say where Galilei and Capoano were 300 years ago. We can indeed spin out the discussion at greater length than our predecessors and can introduce a far larger number of more or less irrelevant facts, but of serious argument, either for or against, we are entirely destitute.—Professor Maunder in Knowledge.

A SEA GIRT TOMB.

Francois Rene Was Buried on a Rock In the Atlantic.

Francois Rene, vicomte de Chateaubriand, some twenty years before his death, writing to the mayor of St. Malo, his native town, made the request that the town would grant him on the west point of the rock of Grand bay a space sufficient for his burial. To this island rock, accessible only at low tide, the body of the great French litterateur was brought at his death.

A granite cross marks the spot. At high tide the rock becomes an island, and the waves of the Atlantic beat against this lonely grave. The fiftieth anniversary of the funeral was celebrated by a pilgrimage to the Grand bay, each person being requested to take some floral tribute.

After solemn mass in the cathedral a procession, headed by the mayor and two members of the French academy, crossed the sands and mounted the rocky slopes, and with the sound of music and the firing of salutes the floral homage was made. Poems composed for the occasion were recited, an oration was pronounced by M. le Vicomte de Vogue, and at night the Grand bay displayed green funeral lights.

Mourning In Korea.

Koreans wear full mourning for their fathers. The dress is of hemp cloth, with a hempen girdle. A face shield is used to show that the wearer is a sinner and must not speak to any one unless addressed. The costume is retained for three years, the shield for three months. This is worn for a father only. Secondary mourning is worn for a mother and no mourning at all for a wife. The hat is of wicker. During the China-Japanese war the United States minister ordered every American citizen to have in readiness a dress of this sort for disguise in case of flight.

His Standard of Measurement.

"I thought you claimed this was a good restaurant," he grumbled as they passed from the room of the big dry goods store.

"Well, isn't it?"

"Bah! I know of a place over on Madison street where you can get three times as much as we've had for a quarter."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not a Bit Accommodating.

"Meanest folks I ever saw in the city," growled the man from the wayback district. "Why, when you find a feller goin' right your way with one o' them big cars he won't give you a lift without chargin' you a nickel for it."—Exchange.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

A Tough Rawhide Story.

A Hopkins man in an early day, relates that most veracious of all Missouri newspapers, the Hopkins Journal, hauled lots of cord wood and used rawhide harness on his teams. Rawhide, we all know, expands when wet and contracts on drying out. Well, this man was hauling an exceptionally big load one day when a thunderstorm overtook him just as he reached a long hill leading to his home. He was walking beside his team that he might pay close attention to them and did not notice what the rain was doing for his rawhide harness until the top of the long hill was reached, when to his utter amazement the wagon stood at the bottom of the hill, the rawhide tugs being fairly stretched into fiddle strings. He was puzzled for a moment, but just then the sun came out, and a happy idea found lodgment in his fertile brain. He unhitched the team, fastened the tugs securely around a big tree and went in to dinner. When he returned the sun had caused the rawhide to contract sufficiently to bring the wagon up that steep hill with a momentum that smashed both front wheels when it came in contact with the tree around which the tugs had been fastened.

How Cigar Dealers Lose Custom.

"This may be a good cigar," said a man as he puffed at it, standing for a moment in the shop, "but I don't seem to relish it. Guess my stomach's a trifle off."

"That's just the way it is," remarked the philosophic tobacconist. "About 200 persons come into this store every day. Some of them spend $10 a week with me for cigars, and others don't spend $2. I lose a certain amount of this trade every week not because I keep inferior goods, but when smokers get a bit out of condition and the cigars don't taste as good as usual they will blame the cigars, and off they go to another shop.

"But it works about the same way with all. My dissatisfied customers go to some other man's store, and other men's dissatisfied customers come to me. So it evens up in the end. Out of every ten strangers who drop in here for the first time to buy a cigar I know by experience that I can count on one or two of them becoming regulars."—New York Press.

To Lose Flesh.

To reduce the flesh one must have the fortitude to give up a number of the pleasant things of life, for a time at least, and many of them for good and all. One must, first of all, become an early riser and not sleep longer than seven hours. Before finishing the morning toilet exercise for twenty minutes with Indian clubs, dumbbells or wands. For breakfast take no cereal, coffee or milk, but tea, not too strong, fruit and toast. Sugar is a fat producer; so also are bread and all farinaceous dishes. Not more than half a glass of liquid should be taken at any meal. For luncheon partake of stewed or raw fruit, a salad dressed with vinegar and oil, green vegetables and a chop. For dinner the bill of fare can comprise fish, mutton, lamb, lean beef, vegetables, especially tomatoes and beans, stale bread and a light dessert.

A Real London Fog.

A recent example of London fog was the cause of some queer blunders. A Bayswater bus got nearly as far as Camden Town when the driver thought he was headed for Portland Station. Horses knew their way better.

A wagon drawn by two horses belonging to a firm of grocers in Coventry was left by the man in charge just outside Rugby, ten miles from their destination. The animals started off and were quickly lost to sight in the fog. They reached home without mishap, although the fog was so thick that objects could not be distinguished a few yards away. The driver, who had to find his way on foot, did not arrive until five hours later.

That Terrible Child.

The small son of a certain university professor, whose parents are deservedly popular for their tact and courteous speech, appeared at the home of a fellow professor and hesitatingly asked Mrs. —— if he might look at the parlor rug. Permission was of course granted, and Mrs. —— felt some surprise to see the little fellow stoop over the rug and stare silently for some half minute. He straightened himself up and, meeting her wondering expression, said triumphantly:

"It doesn't make me sick!"—Life.

The Way of Whistler.

His manservant entered the studio. "Well?" said Whistler. "Lady Somebody, sir," said the servant (she was one of the great ladies of the British peerage). "Where is she?" "In her carriage at the door, sir." Whistler took no further notice of his servitor, but resumed the reading of his proof sheets to me, and the puzzled footman, who was standing behind his master's back and facing me, shook his head slowly up and down and, like Longfellow's Arabs, "silently stole away." Thus the reading went on for quite ten minutes longer, and the reader's sole auditor fidgeted more and more till, realizing how deadly cold it was on that March day, I called out to him, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Whistler, but I think I overheard your servant telling you that a lady was waiting to see you." "Oh," said he, "let her wait; let her wait! I'm mobbed with these people!" Then he went on reading for fully fifteen minutes more, and after that (his voice was getting tired, I dare say) he condescended to go downstairs and receive her shivering ladyship.—F. Keppel in The Reader.

Shorty Long's Escape.

"There used to be a cigar store round the corner of Fifth avenue and Wood street," said an old timer, "where they had a wooden Indian which stood on a platform during the day, but was always taken in at night to save it from mutilation by the boys about the neighborhood. Shorty Long was one of the well known characters of the town, an all round good fellow, who was always out for fun. On one occasion he started a hurrah on Fifth avenue near Smithfield street and was pursued by the police, who gave him a hot chase down the avenue and were in a fair way to overhaul him when he rounded the corner and sprang on the box where the Indian was to be found during the day. There he took a position as much like that of the wooden chief as possible, and as he posed with outstretched arm the bluecoated guardian of the peace galloped past and disappeared down Diamond alley, while the cause of all the trouble left his pedestal and started out for some fresh amusement."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

When a man knows how to give the baby a bath his wife doesn't know whether to rejoice because he is so smart or to weep because he is so little like a man.—New York Press.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 17.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. iii, 13-iv, 11—Memory Verses, 3, 4—Golden Text, Matt. iii, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

The fullness of time had come for Jesus to enter upon His public ministry. He was about thirty years of age, and doubtless the same voice that came to John in the wilderness came to Him also at Nazareth (Luke iii, 2, 23), for He was ever under the complete control of the Father, both as to the words He spoke and the works which He did. He never pleased Himself, and it was His meat to do the Father's will (Rom. xv, 3; John iv, 34). John, the sinful (for he was like other saints, a sinner saved by grace), might well shrink from baptizing the sinless one who now stood before him, but the answer of Jesus, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness" (verse 15), settled it, and John baptized Him.

We have in this second recorded utterance of our Lord another great word covering all the life of a believer. Being made righteous in Christ, we are to manifest righteousness in our daily life, and a large part of many lives consists of suffering things to be so now which seem wholly unnecessary. It is another phase of His first word, "I must be about My Father's business," for in His life, as in ours, all is from God, all is prepared for us, all is for our sake and for our good, but it requires constant and persistent self renunciation on our part to meekly accept it thus and not see people or circumstances (Acts iv, 28; Eph. ii, 10; II Cor. iv, 15; Rom. viii, 28, 36, 37). Just seven times in Scripture do we find the phrase "heaven opened" or "the heavens opened," and it always reveals Christ or His people associated with Him.

Here we have the testimony of the Father and the Spirit of the Son who came to fulfill all righteousness. How can mortals dare to criticise or speak lightly of Him of whom the Father thus speaks? And not only here, but also at His transfiguration (xvii, 5). The Spirit of God sought in vain since Adam sinned for one such as this, in whom He could fully dwell, but now He has found the true ark where only He can perfectly rest. Luke tells us that both here and at His transfiguration Jesus prayed (Luke iii, 21; ix, 29).

Having been specially proclaimed by the Father as His Beloved Son and anointed by the Spirit, He is now led by the Spirit to face the devil, who in Eden brought ruin to our race through Adam and Eve, and the same temptations are presented to Him as were presented to Eve; but, as Steir says, His obedience approves itself in the renunciation of all enjoyment, of all honor, of all possession, in opposition to the prince of this world. His threefold reply to the tempter Steir calls His third first word, His first embracing His whole inner life (Luke ii, 49), His second embracing the entire work of His active and passive obedience for us (Matt. iii, 15), and now in His threefold word to the devil He maintains and asserts the fulfillment of all righteousness in its three great branches against the tempter to unrighteousness. He Himself in His humility—submitting to be tempted in order to conquer—is that living answer of God to Satan which in holy right resists and casts out Satan's right to humanity.

His fasting forty days and forty nights makes us think of the other two, the only two, who fasted forty days and who afterward appeared with Him on the Mount of Transfiguration. We wonder what the full significance of those four forty day fasts can be, but we shall know hereafter if necessary. Mark says that He was with the wild beasts (Mark i, 13), and here again we wait for more light, but remember that David, before he slew Goliath, had a conflict with a lion and a bear. God had just said, "This is My Beloved Son." The tempter said twice, "If Thou be the Son of God" (verses 3, 6), reminding us of his first recorded utterance to Eve, "Yea, hath God said?" All who question the word of God must, without a doubt, be for the time being serving the devil, for no true child of God can be in fellowship with God and question His word. The first temptation was to distrust God and do an unauthorized thing to sustain life. The second was to do a wrong thing to secure a good thing. The third was to presume on God's care while doing a reckless thing. (So says F. T. Brown.)

Dr. Weston says that the first yielded to would have made a Gethsemane and Calvary impossible, the second would obtain the world for Christ by bowing down to Satan, the third would challenge peculiar risks because we are Christians. It is not necessary that we should continue to live on the earth, but it is necessary to believe every word of God. Those who thus believe and dwell in God will not do reckless things, neither will they accept favors from the world or the devil.

There is no way to resist the devil and overcome him but by the word of God and the sacrifice of Calvary (Rev. xii, 11), but, having the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit, we need never be overcome by him (Eph. vi, 11-18). Both Matthew and Mark conclude the story of the temptation by telling us that angels ministered unto Him. There is much comfort in Heb. i, 14; Ps. xxxiv, 7; ciii, 20, 21, and the study of angelic ministry as recorded in Scripture is most helpful. With God for us, Christ for us and the Spirit for us (Rom. viii, 26, 31, 34) and all the hosts of ministering angels, we ought to cry, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory!"

In Nature's Kitchen.

A woman who teaches in a college for girls vouches for the truth of this story. She presides over one of the college dining tables at which sit a dozen students:

One day some curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it and exclaimed: "How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! How does she do it?"

Easily Settled.

Long Haired Visitor (entering timidly)—I have here a little poem written on snow and—

Editor (interrupting hastily)—Written on snow! We can't use anything that isn't written on paper. Sorry. Turn the knob to the right. That's it. Good morning.

A Sharp Dig.

Mrs. Buxom—That hateful Mrs. Knox made a very mean comment upon my age today.

Mr. Buxom—Did she say you were getting old?

Mrs. Buxom—No, indeed! She said I "still looked quite young."—Exchange.

THE GOOD OLD CLOCK.

Its Mellow, Friendly Tick an Antidote For Lonesomeness.

"Give me the clock for company," said the observant man, "and you may have all the balance of the inanimate things under the sun, or over it, and I will throw a few of the animals in for good measure. I can conceive of nothing more friendly, more unspeakably comforting, than the mellow tick of the old family clock which towers high on the old fashioned mantel, above the good old open faced fireplace where the embers are dying down and deepening into a bluish melancholy gray late of winter nights. One never feels quite alone as long as one may hear the mellow tick tack of the old family clock, the same sweet mellow cadences which have rung in one's ear from earliest infancy, through all the changes and upheavals of time, down to the present. Other sounds may fall and deepen into the sadder silence of the night's heavy stillness, but the old clock continues to mark the flight of time, and no second may escape without hearing its passing called out dreamily by the faithful clock whose hands have measured already so many days—some bright and full of light and life and promise and sweet bodings of the future and others echoing back sepulchrally from the years already counted. Ah, the clock! But give me the clock with its ticking all through the night, and its silvery chiming on the hour, and you may have the other things, and the dog to boot. I'll take the clock in mine every time when it comes to keeping off that feeling of lonesomeness which creeps upon us now and then."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NUMBER ON PAPER MONEY.

How to Tell Without Seeing the Figures if It Is Odd or Even.

"If any one comes up to you and wants to bet you that he can tell whether the number of any of Uncle Sam's paper money is odd or even by looking at that part of the bill on which the number does not appear, shun him as you would the plague," said a guest at the Hotel McKay the other night.

"Why? What is the joke?" asked another guest.

"Only this," replied the first: "I was out this afternoon with a number of men with whom I have business dealings. We ate lunch, and then one man wanted to bet me that he could call the even or odd on the number of any bill I had, the loser to pay for the lunch. I took a bill from my pocket, folded it so that the number did not show, and after he had looked at it he said, 'Even.'

"It was even. Soon afterward I got stuck for the cigars the same way. After I had been done four or five times they explained to me that all of the bills marked 'A' and 'C' were odd, while those marked 'B' and 'D' were even. It cost about $6 to find it out, but I guess it was a good investment at that. It is the same on all bills. Be careful when attempting to do the work not to take the series letter in front of the number, but hunt for a small letter on the left hand side of the bill."—Duluth Herald.

Poet Riley on His Native Heath.

Several years ago James Whitcomb Riley returned to his native town, Greenfield, Ind., for the purpose of giving a reading, the proceeds of which were for some charitable purpose. It had been many years since he had visited the old town, and as the affair had been well advertised people poured in from all sections of the county. Riley arrived on an evening train. The "old band" was at the station to meet him. The poet was put in a low necked carriage with a reception committee, and, headed by the band, a procession was formed of citizens, and they paraded the business streets. A very old man leaned up against the Gymond House, a hotel of Riley's day, and as the carriage passed he squinted one eye and out of the opposite corner of his mouth said, "I've seen the time in this here burg when they would have got a brass band to git Jimmie Riley out of town."—Cleveland Leader.

An Arithmetical Wonder.

If twelve persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never sit exactly in the same order around the table, it would take them 13,000,000 years at the rate of one dinner a day, and they would have to eat more than 479,000,000 dinners before they could get through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves. A has only 1 change; A, B, 2; A, B, C, 6; four letters, 24; five, 120; six, 720; seven, 5,040; eight, 40,320; nine, 362,800; ten, 3,628,800; eleven, 39,916,800; twelve, 479,001,600.

A Mean Dig.

Mrs. Bragg—I gave quite a nice little luncheon the other day. Didn't Mrs. Jenkins tell you?

Mrs. Sly—No.

Mrs. Bragg—Strange! Why, she was one of my guests.

Mrs. Sly—Yes, she told me that.

Accurate Painters.

The famous Tintoretto, in a painting of the Israelites gathering manna, showed them armed with guns, and a latter day Neapolitan artist has depicted the holy family crossing the Nile, in their flight into Egypt, in a magnificently ornamented barge.

The Doctor's Expectation.

Friend—I'm glad to see you so much better, old man. Does the doctor expect you to be out soon?

Invalid—Well, I think he expects me soon to be out the amount of his bill. He sent it in today.—Exchange.

When a clumsy man has stepped on a lady's trailing skirt, before he begins to apologize he should always get off the skirt.

Myrtle.

The creeping plant we call myrtle is not a myrtle at all, but should be called by its proper name, periwinkle. Botanically it is Vinca minor. Long ago it used to be called "the ivy of the ground." Chaucer mentions it as "fresh pervincke, rich of hew." The large blue flowers are very pretty. In Tuscany it is known as "the death flower" on account of its being so often planted upon graves, a custom which is beginning to prevail in this country. There is a pretty variegated leaved variety and also a sport with white flowers not so pretty as the blue.

A Poser.

A verbatim fragment from the law courts:

King's Counsel (examining witness)—Did you—I know you did not, but I am bound to put it to you—on the 25th—it was not the 25th really; it was the 24th; it is a mistake in my brief—see the defendant—he is not the defendant really; he is the plaintiff—there is a counter claim, but you would not understand that—yes or no?

Witness—What!—St. James Gazette.

ART OF CONVERSATION.

It Should Be Fostered and Studied With Seriousness.

Caroline Hazard in her "Education of Women" says, "How few of us study to put things persuasively, to reach a proper climax, to retire gracefully from a subject." It is a common saying that the art of conversation has disappeared from among us, and yet it is an art held in honor by all men. Telegraphic speech has taken the place of the more careful and elaborate forms of conference. But it is an art which should be presented to all young people and which they should study with seriousness and attention. Nothing really inspires, nothing really creates enthusiasm but the perception of an ultimate ideal, whether it be in art or music or in any other of the realms of spiritual thought. This ideal of beauty has to come to the aid of every form of expression, lifting and raising it into its own kingdom. The student who has even begun on such a course of training, who can see beauty in everything in the created world and in the realm of thought, has certainly begun to be beautiful in himself. For beauty most truly passes into the person who studies the beautiful. No one can give out what he does not have to give. He must first absorb beauty at the great natural reservoirs and fountains of the beautiful before he himself can become truly beautiful in life and character and so able to transmit beauty to all around him.

ANCIENT BABYLON.

Its Great Wall Was One of the Wonders of Those Days.

According to Herodotus, the ancient city of Babylon stood on a broad, level plain and was an exact square of fourteen miles each way, making the entire circuit of the city fifty-six miles. It was protected both by a wall and a moat, the latter being broad and deep and kept constantly filled with water. But the wall was the wonder of wonders, being 93 1-3 feet in width and an even 200 feet in height. This monster barrier was provided with 100 gates, all of solid brass, the lintels and side pieces being in bronze. Cross walls ran along the banks of the Euphrates, each provided with twenty-five gates, which corresponded to the number of streets running in each direction from the river.

The most remarkable edifice inside the wall was the temple of Bel, a pyramid of eight square stadia. On the summit of this pyramid stood a pure gold image of Bel forty feet high, two other smaller figures of the same precious metal and a golden table forty feet long and fifteen feet wide. This wonderful city first came prominently into the history of the world in the year 747 B. C., but since the time of Alexander the Great it has been a ruin, the site having at one time been entirely lost.

THE GREAT CONDOR.

It Is the Most Difficult Bird In the World to Trap.

Probably the great condor is the most difficult bird in the world to trap. One of the great vultures, it inhabits lofty peaks of the Andes, hardly accessible to man. It builds its nest among the topmost crags, often on a ledge of some precipice with an almost perpendicular drop of many hundred feet.

An extremely wary bird, it shares with its congeners the proverbial "eagle eye" and is thus able to see immense distances while yet unseen by man. Its wings have a spread of twelve feet, and, though its flight is heavy, it can sustain itself for long periods in the air.

To trap it men ascend to its haunts and shoot some animal of considerable size. This is skinned, and a man lies down by the body under the skin and waits, perhaps for hours. Soon condors come flocking round until one settles on the skin, when the man below grips its legs, flings the skin over it and stabs it to death.

The strength of these birds is enormous, and the condor hunters often have their arms broken by strokes from their powerful wings.

The Offending Handkerchief.

It is in fact a grave sanitary question whether the handkerchief does not do more harm than good as it is ordinarily used. When we assume that the nose does not need to be wiped, we face a reasonably broad proposition as to the danger of the handkerchief as a disease propagator. Most nasal catarrhs are of an infectious character, notably those of grip origin.

Contrary to a general law of asepsis, the handkerchief saturated with disease germs, instead of being promptly washed, is stowed for hours in the pocket, with a result that can be easily imagined. Is it any wonder then that catarrh is constantly fostered by a system of auto infection?—Medical Record.

Would Win Either Way.

"Would you still want me to be your wife if my father was a poor man?" asked the beautiful heiress.

"Yes," the duke replied after a little pause. "In that case I would be enough of a curiosity to get rich exhibiting myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Probably There Now.

Bobby—Pa, did you ever see an arm of the sea?

Father—Yes.

"Where was it?"

"It was hugging the shore the last I saw of it."—Smart Set.

An Appeal.

The Owner—See here! That trunk never did you any harm, did it?

The Porter—Any harm? Of course not.

The Owner—Well, then, don't treat it as if it did.—Brooklyn Life.

Henpecked.

"Hi Peck hed ter git out o' bed 'n' mail a letter fer thet sharp tongued wife o' hisn."

"Pore feller! Driv from piller ter post!"—Princeton Tiger.

Up at Night.

Parke—Does your baby keep you up nights?

Lane—I should say so. Why, I haven't been home before midnight for a month.—Life.

Fitting.

"What's your idea in beginning with pie and eating your dinner backward?"

"My stomach's upset."—Cornell Widow.

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.—Ben Jonson.

Not Until Then.

"When may a woman be said to be happily married?"

"Not until she has had the pleasure of refusing several men."—Detroit Free Press.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan, Anchor, Cunard, Dominion, Leyland, White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

Knife Fork and Spoon Experience

Over half a century of it is one of the reasons why goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

the product of this long experience are best. They are sold by leading dealers. For catalogue No. 6, explaining points of interest to buyers, address the makers

International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute. Remember "1847."

Flat Wheels.

"Flat wheel," growled the old retired conductor as the trolley car in which he sat went thumping along at twelve miles an hour, shaking the passengers uncomfortably at every revolution of the wheels.

"What makes flat wheels?" asked the man sitting next to the conductor.

"Fools," said the conductor. "It's this way: If a man doesn't know how to stop his car he makes a flat wheel. On the steam roads some brakemen flatten a wheel every time they put on a brake. When the wheel suddenly stops revolving and the momentum of the train carries it along the wheel slides along the track, and a flat is started. Next stop makes it worse, and so it goes until the wheel is no good. If a brakeman knows his business he need never make a flat wheel unless he has to suddenly avoid an accident. If he keeps his wheels turning slowly they don't flatten. Now, these fellows on the trolleys take no care at all, and every other car in some places has a flat wheel."—Washington Star.

The Khyengs' First Woman.

The Khyengs of Burma are probably the only race or tribe of people that have any tradition of the origin of the human race that do not have a man or male human being in some way connected with that important event. The Khyeng genesis opens in this wise: "In the beginning of the world, after the sun, moon and stars had appeared, the earth by its own inherent power of productiveness brought forth a female creature, which was called Hleeneu. She laid 100 eggs and hatched them in cotton wool, and from them sprang 100 human beings, the progenitors of the different races." The least that can be said of this curious belief is that it is a fine illustration of the multiple theory as applied to the origin of the human race.

Tools of the Ancients.

An investigator who lived during two years in a tomb at Gizeh collected evidence to prove that the tools used in working stone 4,000 years ago had jeweled cutting edges like modern tools. He says that the builders of the pyramids used solid and tubular tools, straight and circular saws and many other tools supposed to be modern. In some specimens of granite a drill had sunk one-tenth of an inch at each revolution, indicating that the pressure was at least two tons. Nothing is known of the material of the tools. As the diamond was scarce then, it is probable that corundum was used.

Two Expensive Banquets.

The costliest meal ever served, according to history, was a supper given by Ælius Verus, one of the most lavish of all the Romans of the latter days, to a dozen guests. The cost was 6,000 sestertia, which would amount to $242,500. A celebrated feast given by Vitellius, a Roman emperor of those days, to his brother Lucius cost a little more than $200,000. Suetonius says that the banquet consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish and 7,000 different fowls besides other courses.

Shifting Eyes.

No matter of what color, beware of the eyes that have no desire to look you full in the face. There is something wrong behind the shifting, uneasy glance, and the owner of such optics will prove to be unworthy of trust. Read well the signs, for if actions speak louder than words eyes speak even louder than actions, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Reversing the Adage.

They found the bride in tears.

"I cook pies and things that are something fierce, but George will not eat them," she sobbed miserably.

"Ah, you must first make him love you. The way to a man's stomach is through his heart," they said, for they were worldly wise.—Puck.

Be Cheerful.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find that half the battle is gained if you will never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

Getting Back at Him.

"I'm afraid," said the actor when a cabbage came within an inch of his nose, "that somebody in the audience has lost his head."—Boston Transcript.

The selfish, loving only themselves, are loved by no one, so selfishness is moral suicide.—De Gaston.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1904. NO. 8.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division

Winter Arrangement. In effect Oct. 12, 1903

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 5.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.48 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson)
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3.
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director.
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward

450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

UNDER THE COPPER MOON

By CHARLES SLOAN REID

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

The hot, spiritless night was lighted by a copper moon whose rays were filled with uncanny figures of miasma arising over the swamp that stretched away southward from a cabin on a knoll. From the muffled distance came the sound of the pile drivers sinking timber on top of timber into the marshy soil of the swamp. It was the night shift at work. The construction of the railroad was being pushed as rapidly as the situation would allow, and men there were yielding up their lives every day to the insinuating grasp of malaria.

On the steps of the cabin sat a young woman, gazing with hollow eyes toward the moon, while from beyond in the deeper darkness of the cabin's interior came sonorous sounds from the nostrils of a man in drunken sleep.

At last the young woman arose and walked across the yard to the dense shadow of a palm, and she limped with pain. At the roots of the palm she sat down and rested her chin in her small hands. The sound of a light footstep reached her ear a moment later, but she did not raise her head until her name was called close to her ear.

"Gus," she murmured, "I've been hopin' ye'd come, though I don't reckon it's hardly right to do it. But how can a body help it, Gus, when he does the way he does?"

"Can't, Mag, an' I'm proud ye can't. I reckon it's selfishness in me, an' it may not be right for me to be steppin' in between a man an' his wife an' showin' ye my love the way I do, but ye warn't mated right, Mag, an' Jim knows it as well as you do. But, little un, what I'm thinkin' about is where's the help."

"That's so, Gus. Where's the help? I took Jim for better or for worse, an' if it's worse I reckon it ain't for me to complain—that is, to anybody but ye, Gus."

"I notice ye're limpin', Mag. More of Jim's meanness, I reckon?"

"Nothin' much, Gus. I—I"—

"I reckon ye'd as well tell it, Mag—to me."

"Yes, I know. But Jim didn't know what he was doin' hardly, an' the table was rickety anyhow."

"Jest about made ye run over the table, I guess. But, Mag, I been wonderin' if ye had any rations. I know Jim ain't struck a lick since—I mean in the last two weeks."

"I know what ye mean, Gus. Ye mean since ye give me the last money. An'—an' I'm obliged to say it's so. I don't know how, but somehow he found out I had the money, an' he wanted to borrow it, an' I didn't see any way to refuse him."

"I reckon not. He always gets enough to get drunk on. But what I want to know is how long ye've been without anything to eat?"

Mag gazed for a moment toward the copper moon in the heavens and was silent, the muscles of her gaunt face twitching slightly at a suggestion of the hunger she felt.

"Mag, I reckon ye'd jest as well tell me."

"I know, Gus, I know—but"— Mag dropped her face into the crook of her arm and began to cry.

Gus sat on the ground a few feet away, gazing upon the woman, with all the love and yearning of his soul in his eyes, and allowed her to cry in silence. But at last he spoke again.

"I know it's been long enough," he said, fingering a gold piece he had taken from his pocket.

Mag looked toward him. "Since yesterday mornin', Gus, an' I reckoned I'd die this time. An', though ye'd hardly like to hear it, I was kind of hopin' I would."

"Mag!" Gus was on his knees and had seized the girl's hands. "I was afraid it was comin' to this again, an' I tried to get back sooner, an' I know now I should have sent Tom Bolus in my place."

"No, ye shouldn't, Gus. What right had ye to be sendin' any one in yer place to earn yer money, jest so ye could be here on my account? Sometimes I most forget, Gus." Mag nodded toward the house and slowly withdrew her hands from the man's grasp.

But Gus caught one of them again and pressed its slender finger down upon the piece of money he had drawn from his pocket.

"Mag," he said, "it don't look like it would be wrong for me to take ye in my arms an' kiss ye jest once. But, then, I reckon it would be, since ye're Jim's by the law an' the gospel, sich as it was."

There was silence for a few moments after this speech; then Mag reached out and laid her hand on Gus' arm.

"When I'm dead, Gus," she said, "won't ye come an' kiss me when nobody's lookin'? There'll be no harm then."

"Mag, Mag!" Gus had seized her by the shoulders in a frenzied grasp. "Don't ye talk about dyin' or I'll kiss ye to death right here now in spite o' Jim an' the law an' the gospel."

Mag drew quickly away from him, and he, too, shrank back and arose. Both realized how insurmountable was the barrier between them, and Mag retreated slowly toward the cabin just as a man staggered to the doorway from the dark interior and called her name gruffly.

The next day Gus exchanged places with Tom Bolus. Tom had been setting poles for one of the pile drivers, and Gus had been captain of the team gangs hauling supplies from the coast.

Among the supplies of the commissary was an abundance of red liquor and it was this which kept Jim from working as long as he could obtain a cent otherwise with which to buy whisky. And Gus was surprised on entering the commissary at noon to see Jim in the act of throwing upon the counter the gold coin which he had pressed into Mag's hand the night before.

Gus turned on his heel and, taking up his unopened dinner pail, carried it to Jim's cabin and thrust it inside the door to Mag. Returning, Gus met Jim, and the latter flourished a long black bottle before his face.

It was three days before Jim showed himself about the works again. Then he came lounging about the machine where Gus was working. There was a leer in Jim's eye, which made Gus a little nervous. He did not feel altogether innocent, and once or twice he felt like telling Jim plainly that he loved his wife and that one or the other of them must die. But as each thought of this kind arose Gus inwardly cursed himself and clinched his teeth with determination. But Jim remained, apparently only watching the work of the pile driver which Gus was operating.

The afternoon was growing gray in the swamp, and the time of the day shift was drawing to a close. Still, Jim stood on one side of the great pile driver and Gus on the other. His thoughts took a new turn as the day's end drew nearer. Mag was irrevocably tied to that clod of earth before him, and she could never be nearer to him than now unless—Jim died.

Gus throttled the thought of possible murder that, unbidden, seemed to arise for a moment in his heart. He glanced quickly up at the rising follow block, that great, square lump of steel weighing two tons or more, and a new thought came to him.

There was a moment of fascination, and, as the block started on its return, its swift and powerful descent, Gus purposely tripped himself and pitched forward between the grooves, directly in the path of the block. But at the same instant there was a sudden movement on the part of Jim. His lank body shot forward, with outstretched arms and hands catching against the breast of Gus and shoving him far back from the path of the descending block.

There was a muffled thud when the follow block struck, and the trunk of Jim's body was a mass of crushed flesh and bone. Gus regained his feet and sprang forward in time to catch Jim's drooping head in his hands.

"Gus, ye're all right," murmured the lips of the dying man. "Ye're fittin' for Mag, an' I ain't. Tell her I said for ye to marry tomorrow. No use of waitin'—for—for I reckon Mag's hungry now."

Jim's eyes glazed, and his jaws became set. And Gus held his head in silence while the crowd gathered around.

But Jim had lain in his grave on the hillside a full year before Gus delivered his message to Mag.

When You "See Stars."

The man who, when struck violently on the head, says he "saw stars" is not far from telling the truth.

The fact is that there is a phosphorescent power in the eye which does not attract a person's attention under ordinary conditions, but which is distributed and reveals itself whenever the head gets a sudden shock, and sometimes even in the act of sneezing.

A blow on the head results in a pressure of the blood vessels upon the retina, causing either total darkness or a faint blue light which floats before the eyes, and it is in this faint blue light the imagination discerns the thousands of fantastic forms and figures that by general acceptance are termed stars; hence, while the astronomical display so frequently mentioned may be said to be entirely a creature of the imagination, there is at least some foundation for the idea.

The true nature of the sensation is never very apparent, even to the victim, for the simple reason that it is invariably experienced under circumstances which render a searching introspective investigation out of the question.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

What Is Sky Blue?

The blue color of the sky on a bright, clear day has been constantly noticed by the individual from childhood. To the primitive lay mind the azure tint of the firmament is simply its natural color. But our daily experience shows that the visible dome of the heavens is only an appearance, and science teaches us to inquire critically into the nature of things. The cause of this color, viewed from a scientific standpoint, has been almost as illusive as the fabled philosopher's stone, which during the middle ages was for centuries an object of profound research. The same may be said of the familiar color of the deep blue sea, which has elicited the admiration of dwellers on the ocean shores from the earliest ages of mankind, and yet probably no great number of individuals have inquired into the cause of this color.—T. J. J. See in Atlantic.

The Best Style Is the Clearest.

Obscurity of manner has diverse origins. It may appear in the writer who is overnice no less than in the writer who is careless. In spite of Browning and a few others we shall be safe if we stand by the aphorism of the French critic and believe that clarity of language and clarity of thought are never dissociated. After all, there is no need for anxiety if we cannot endure the rack of introspection to which the cleverness of very modern writers would condemn us. Great genius has nearly always united profound ideas with very simple speech. Even in that most difficult art, the analysis of human character, the highest achievements stand out in a frame of pellucid utterance.—London Spectator.

Ainu Women.

When Ainu, especially Ainu women, meet after a separation that has lasted some time they have a pretty way of telling each other their experiences in a sort of chant, and in the pleasant sound of their singularly sweet voices one forgets their wild and unkempt looks. The Japanese women are equally remarkable for the sweetness of their voices, but have the advantage over their Ainu sisters of delicate and dainty ways, the charm of which the most stolid globe trotter is constrained to own. If the women of Ainu-moshiri, as the Ainu call their land, are the drudges of the men in their youth and middle age their opportunity for revenge comes with the lapse of years.

The curses of an angry old woman excite the utmost terror in the bravest bear hunter. He flies, panic struck, from such names as shunumaash (mangy deer), tontoneppo (bald pated boar) or, worst of all, rai-guru (corpse) or inao-sak-guru (godless fellow). After death her ghost is regarded with even deeper dread.

A Bird Friendship.

The rector of Woolstone, Mr. Gilbert Coventry, told me of a wild rock dove which one of his stable boys had reared from the nest. It slept in the open, however, and had full liberty. Soon the good things on the rector's table attracted it, and it would appear through the open window at mealtimes, take hot soup with much zest and even sip sherry from a wineglass. At night it often slipped in and slept in the rector's bed on its back under the coverlet. One Sunday morning during the reading of the lesson the dove flew swiftly through an open window into the church and settled on the rector's head. Broad smiles spread over the faces of the elders and audible titters came from the youngsters. A gentle touch sent the bird down to the edge of the clerk's desk below, where it sat undisturbed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Art of Making Hay.

How and when men first learned to make hay will probably never be known, for haymaking is a "process," and the product is not simply sun dried grass, but grass which has been partly fermented, and is as much the work of men's hands as flour or cider. Probably its discovery was due to accident, but possibly man learned it from the pikas, the "calling hares" of the steppes, which cut and stack hay for the winter. That idea would fit in nicely with the theory that central Asia was the "home of the Aryan race" if we were still allowed to believe it, and haymaking is certainly an art mainly practiced in cold countries for winter forage.—London Spectator.

The Great Secret.

Towne—You say it's impossible for a woman to keep a secret?

Browne—Yes.

Towne—How about her age?

Browne—She doesn't keep that a secret. She merely tries to.—Philadelphia Press.

A Kick on Unions.

Clerk—I want more salary, sir, because I am going to be married.

Employer—But I don't believe in "unions" raising the price of labor.—Puck.

Just Too Late.

The world is overloaded with people who were just going to do something when somebody else got in ahead of them.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE SLED BOAT.

Ingenious Combination Devised by the Fire Island Life Savers.

The life savers attached to Uncle Sam's stations on Fire island encountered great difficulties and dangers in crossing the Great South bay to the Long Island shore, either by water craft or ice craft. Still, naturally enough, they had a longing to visit family and friends when the great island sea was choked with drift ice or partly frozen over. These ingenious people long ago realized the needs of a vehicle capable of traveling on either ice or water safely, and years ago they launched the first "scooter," a boat constructed to travel on both ice and in water. It was a small boat, made fast to a sled, which was pushed on the ice and rowed on the water. This crude mode of travel, with the wind against or across the boat, made the trip one of tremendous exertion. In the course of time a sail was tried, at first square rigged and very small, but it was used only when the wind was fair. Then a special boat was built which was partially decked, and the sled was made lighter until at last the scooter of the present day came about, with nothing left of the sled but the bottom of the runners, shod with iron, or, better still, as experience has shown, with brass. And so has developed the wonderful scooter of the Long Island lakes and bays, a swift iceboat that will sail in the water and from one element to the other quickly without a jar.—Exchange.

GOLD NUGGETS.

The Process In Nature by Which They Are Formed.

That gold is formed from solution is generally recognized. The miner receives the theory because it explains the making of gold to him, but he often wonders how it is done, so here is what has been seen: Daintree once prepared a solution of gold and left in it a small piece of metallic gold. Accidentally a small piece of wood fell into the solution. The solution decomposed, the gold assumed a metallic state and collected and held to the small piece of undissolved gold, which increased in size. Another investigator heard of this and made a dilute gold solution, in which he immersed a piece of iron pyrites and left it there a month. He added also organic matter, and at the month's end the pyrites were covered with a film of metallic gold. Pyrites and galena were next tried, and each was covered with gold. Gold, copper pyrites, arsenical pyrites, galena and wolfram were also tried, with similar results. Metallic precipitates were tried, and while they threw down the gold as a metallic powder they did not cause it to cohere nor to plate any of the substances tried. Organic matter thus seemed the necessary chemical agent. Through the wood used in these experiments gold was disseminated in fine particles. Imagine these experiments conducted by nature through ages and the result could be a nugget.—Mines and Minerals.

The Cook Approved.

Out in Columbia road lives a gentlewoman of ample means, who recently advertised for a cook. The establishment is entirely in accord with an excellent social position, but is by no means pretentious, so when a well recommended cook called and mentioned her price as $40 a month the lady of the house answered that a wage of that figure was quite out of the question.

The cook dwelt a little on her superior ability in the matter of getting up smart luncheons and dinners, but the mistress of the house answered that she wouldn't think for a moment of paying $40 for a cook. The chef-lady rose to depart. She was perfectly affable, and the gentlewoman's determination evidently impressed her as most commendable.

"I see how it is," she said approvingly. "You are trying to live within your income."

And she departed, doubtless to find somebody who isn't making that effort.—Washington Post.

Kean and Macready.

When Edmund Kean and Macready, intense rivals, played in the same pieces at Drury Lane it was usual to consult them in the course of the evening as to what they would appear in next. One night when the prompter was sent to ask Mr. Macready what he would play with Mr. Kean the great tragedian frowned upon him till he blushed. "Sir," he roared, "how should I know what the man would like to play?" The prompter retired to seek the desired information from Mr. Kean. "Sir," said Mr. Kean sharply, "how should I know what the fellow can play?"

The Yankee Twist.

The beginning of an international misunderstanding or the continuation of an old one is contained in this dialogue from the Philadelphia Ledger:

"You can always tell an Englishman," said the Briton proudly.

"Of course you can," replied the Yankee, "but it doesn't do any good."

Historic Race Course.

The vicinity of Belmont park, Long Island, was the early scenes of more racing activity than any other spot on this continent. Here it was that the Newmarket course was constructed in 1669, by the sanction of Colonial Governor Lovelace. This course continued to be the theater of action in racing sports until 1821. It was in this vicinity also that the old Centerville course was constructed, which for many years was one of the most famous of American race tracks. In 1821 the legislature passed an act allowing the speeding of horses in Queens county during the months of May and October of each year, and by virtue of this law the Union course was constructed the same year. This course was located in what was then the village of Jamaica, but the territory it occupied now forms a part of the borough of Queens. From the time of its construction until 1872 the Union course was the scene of nearly all the great racing events of the country.

It was over this course that American Eclipse and Sir Henry, in 1823, thrilled the hearts of the sporting world in one of the greatest turf battles ever witnessed in the annals of racing.—Illustrated Sporting News.

The Mischievous Magpie.

Here is an anecdote illustrative of the magpie's love of mischief and of sport: There was a field wherein clothes were often hung out to dry on posts which were let down into deep wooden sockets buried in the ground and were carried away and put under cover when they were not in use. A gravel path ran round the field, and a tame magpie, which had the run of it, was observed to walk repeatedly and demurely from the path to a particular point in the field, conveying each time a stone in her bill and then returning without it. A magpie seldom continues at any one amusement for any length of time, but this amusement went on so long that the curiosity of the owner was aroused. There must be something unusually novel or piquant about it. He went to the spot and found that a large toad had fallen into one of the wooden sockets and that the magpie was amusing herself by deliberately stoning it! As each shot told, the toad gave a little hop of distress in the hole deep below, which the magpie capped by a big hop of satisfaction and an irresistible "currack" of delight above.—R. Bosworth Smith in Nineteenth Century.

The Goose and Gridiron.

There existed in London long before the great fire in St. Paul's churchyard a very popular music house called the Miter. Here concerts were held, and the music at these performances had at least the merit of volume and joyousness. But the great fire laid the building in ruins and banished the music. When the place was rebuilt, the new tenant, wishing to ridicule the character of the former business, chose as his sign a goose stroking the bars of a gridiron with her foot and wrote below, "The Swan and Harp." At the Goose and Gridiron Sir Christopher Wren presided over the St. Paul's lodge of Freemasons for over eighteen years, and he presented to the lodge the trowel and mallet with which he laid the first stone of the cathedral. The goose is still preserved with her unmusical "harp" in Guildhall.—Julian King Colford in St. Nicholas.

Colombian Natives.

In Colombia the huts of the poor are of logs, with bamboo plaited sides and mud filled chinks. The windows have wooden shutters, but no glass. Sleeping places are bamboo benches with hide thrown over them, or hammocks woven by the women. Gourds of various shapes and sizes do duty for dishes, spoons and knives. Chairs and benches are hollowed logs of wood. But the peons get their living easily and enjoy life well. They delight in music and dancing, and women as well as men are smokers. Cockfighting is a favorite amusement.

The peasant women are usually barefooted and bareheaded, with mantillas for special occasions. Their dress is a short skirt and bodice or an ample frilled low necked garment called a pollera. Even the poorer classes are bedecked with jewelry.

Wooden Shoes.

Wooden shoes in France are produced to the extent of about 4,000,000 pairs yearly. They are made in Alsace and Barriers by machinery and in Lozere by hand. In the last named province 1,700 persons are engaged in this manufacture, and the yearly product is more than half a million pairs. The best are made of maple. In the provinces nearly every lady possesses a pair of the finer sabots for wearing out in damp weather. These have monograms and other designs carved on the vamps, and they are kept on the foot by ornamented leather pieces over the instep. The manufacture of these pieces of leather is a regular business in France.

How She Got New Clothes.

The lawyers at Iola were swapping yarns the other day during a recess in the district court. A lawyer whose wife is marked for her good dressing told how he had come to be such a good provider. Soon after he was married his wife met a girlhood friend. The friend said to her that she wasn't as well dressed as she used to be before marriage. "Oh, you are mistaken," said the wife. "I am wearing the same clothes I did then."—Kansas City Journal.

Suitable Text.

"Dr. Thirdly is certainly an up to date clergyman," said Fosdick.

"So?" said Keedick.

"Yes, sir. One of his parishioners was killed by the explosion of his automobile, and the doctor took for the text of his funeral sermon the Biblical account of Elijah going to heaven in a chariot of fire."—Smart Set.

A Traitor.

Ethel (aged six)—Oh, gracious! She's just a horrid person. She's forever wishing she was a boy.

Minnie (also six)—Well, I'm sure I wish I was too.

Ethel—Of course, but she wishes it out loud so the boys can hear her.—Philadelphia Press.

Ayer's

Falling hair means weak hair. Then strengthen your hair; feed it with the only hair food, Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, makes the hair

Hair Vigor

grow, completely cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair, all the rich, dark color of early life.

"My hair was falling out badly and I was afraid I would lose it all. Then I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. It quickly stopped the falling and made my hair all I could wish it to be."
REBECCA E. ALLEN, Elizabeth, N. J.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Falling Hair

VEGETABLE PORCUPINE.

Wild Cattle Eat Its Sharp Spines as With Ironclad Mouths.

The best hated cactus in America is the cholla. The Mexicans say that if you go near a cholla joint it will jump at you. Certainly if you touch one it will stick, and when you try to free yourself it will pierce your other hand as well. Each pendent joint seems to reach out for the passerby, and the ground beneath the broad cholla trees is strewn with fallen fragments, many of which take root and grow.

After one has felt the sharp spines through heavy boots and seen their needle points it is a source of continual wonder to see the wild cattle of Arizona quietly browsing on chollas. The phrase "cactus fed" as applied to Arizona is not a figure of speech. During the years of drought thousands of cattle carry themselves over until the next grass by eating chollas. With their leathery tongues and lips they strip the spiny joints from the trunk and leave the wide spreading cactus a bare and woody skeleton. It is only the range cattle, whose mouths have been hardened on the thorny mesquite and ironwood browse, that will undertake to eat cactus, and cattlemen therefore often burn the thorns from chollas and nopals in order to tempt their more fastidious animals to eat.—Country Life In America.

MYSTERIES OF SAP.

How the Circulation From Roots to Leaves Is Maintained.

To illustrate the modern view of sap circulation, which is not thoroughly understood, it is necessary to explain that the chief food of the plants, consisting of inorganic salts dissolved in water, is absorbed from the soil by the roots. The root consists of a hollow tube or cylinder lined with several cells, the outer layer of which contains certain hairlike processes.

The water in the soil, containing the salts in solution, is absorbed by these root hairs and passes by filtration into the cells and capillary vessels. The activity of these root hairs and the concentration of fluid in the adjacent cells create what is called "root pressure," and this forces the sap into the general vascular system of the plant and up to its furthest extremities, or leaves.

This "root pressure" is further supplemented by "transpiration," or loss of vapor from the leaves under the influence of heat and light. Plants may be said to breathe or respire by their leaves, and this abstraction of water by transpiration creates a fresh demand for the vital fluid supplied by the roots. In this way the circulation, or "rising of the sap" from root to leaves, is maintained.—Pearson's.

YULETIDE IN SERVIA.

The Poor Save For Months to Buy Their Christmas Pig.

In Servia they keep Christmas eve in a somewhat peculiar way. The father of the family goes into the wood and cuts down a straight young oak, choosing the most perfect that he can find. He brings it in, saying, "Good evening and a happy Christmas," to which those present reply, "May God grant both to thee and mayest thou have riches and honor." Then they throw over him grains of corn. Presently the young tree is planted upon the coals, where it remains until Christmas morning, which they salute by repeated firings of a pistol.

The national dish in Servia is pork. The poorest family in Servia will pinch themselves all through the year so as to have money enough to buy a pig at Christmas. Skewered to a long piece of wood, the pig is turned over a blazing fire until cooked, the guests watching the process with increasing interest. After dinner stories are told and songs sung. Santa Claus, who, in the person of an honored guest, is present to receive instead of to give presents, departs after the feast, decorated with a long ring of cakes around his neck and laden with such gifts as his friends can bestow.

A French Deputy's Pay.

A French deputy receives a salary of 9,000 francs ($1,800). He also receives free railway transportation and free luncheons at the bar of the Palais Bourbon, where many a lawmaker spends more time than he does in the Salle des Seances. Some are accused of taking all their meals at the free lunch counter. A deputy even gets, at reduced rates, a special brand of cigars which is called "cigare de deputes." With these cigars he treats his influential constituents. In spite of all these privileges, there have been many complaints that, unless he has a large personal income, a deputy cannot live decently. Therefore many members of parliament when they are not well to do have to make up for the insufficiency of their pay by contributing to newspapers or pleading in the courts.—Century.

Look Higher.

Never cultivate second or third rate folk except for artistic purposes. Meet them, if you must; leave them when you can. You need expect nothing from them that they can conscientiously withhold, for they are after your goods while keeping a strict and jealous watch upon their own. All you can get from them is material, never any spiritual, intellectual, wise, sane or moral or helpful messages.

Just Like a Woman.

"She's running a correspondence school; teaches the secret of success."

"Just like a woman to tell secrets."—Detroit Free Press.

You might shed your blood for some fellows, but they would never understand the sacrifice.—Schoolmaster.

Theory and Practice.

Professor of Rhetoric — Here is an item of news I would like in the paper.

City Editor (to office boy)—Here, Bennie, rewrite this. Fix it up to print.—Cleveland Leader.

Where She Failed.

Maybell—Can you keep a secret?

Elizabeth—Yes, easily. But I can't help any one else keep one.—Judge.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN 22, 1904

MORE INFORMATION.

In continuance of a subject which is arousing general public interest throughout Woburn, namely, the project for new houses at Woburn Highlands, the JOURNAL learns the following additional facts:

Projected improvements at Woburn Highlands involve not only the group of pretty houses, but also improvements at Woburn Highlands Station Movement for a new station and for general improvement in that vicinity is contemplated.

The new cottages are to be located in what will be known as Cummings Park, so named in honor of one of our well-known families. A portion of the tract on Garfield Avenue will be kept open as a cultivated park, thus preserving the fine spring of pure water flowing from near the roots of two noble elm trees, all of which are familiar features of the scenery there.

The whole enterprise will be undertaken with a view of making the most of the natural beauties of the region, and in a manner which will add to the attractiveness of our city, while at the same time satisfying requirements of legitimate business transaction. It is in just this spirit that our neighboring municipalities, Winchester, Medford, Arlington and Malden have been built up, with due regard not only to the home requirements and true welfare of the people dependent upon local enterprises for a livelihood, but also of those whose scene of business is in Boston.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co., which is about including Woburn in its system, already shows marked interest in this Cummings Park development, as indicating that Woburn is a live city. The Company is proceeding to study conditions in Woburn with a view to providing economically a thorough system of street and house lighting, affecting not only this particular district, but the city in general.

With Woburn's other features of extending sewerage, splendid water supply, and gas lighting system; its churches, schools, and noble Public Library, our city can make a strong bid to be counted the next in order in the range of beautiful suburbs which are developing around Boston city to constitute Greater Boston.

DISTRICT NURSE ASSOCIATION.

Inquiry fails to shed light on the progress, if any, that this recently organized society is making towards getting its machinery into working order and proving its utility by the production of good fruits. It is certainly high time that the system of District Nurses was in operation here, if it is ever to be, and why so little headway is being made is a matter that some of our citizens would like to be more fully informed concerning.

It is one of the best and most praiseworthy undertakings for supplying aid and professional attendance for all classes of sick people that has ever been inaugurated in this city, and with the popular interest taken in it that it deserves would prove a great and gratifying success.

The apparent delay in getting the wheels started is probably due to the failure of the Association to obtain sufficient financial aid and encouragement to warrant a forward move, which, if true, is not creditable to the city. The Woman's Club, with whom the enterprise originated, are still hopeful of success, and if the people who are able and want to be thought of as philanthropists and friends of humanity would step to the front, put their shoulders to the wheel and lift, the District Nurse system would soon become permanently established here and prosperous.

THE TRUE REMEDY.

Last November the City Council of Medford, Mass., requested City Solicitor James M. Hallowell, Esq., to examine into the then present condition of that city in respect to the existence of the gypsy caterpillar and report such action thereon as he might think advisable. After a thorough examination of the matter he made his report to Mayor Baxter on Dec. 3, 1903.

In a nutshell Solicitor Hallowell submits the only effectual remedy that has yet been suggested for the extermination of the pest, and it does not require a State Commission to operate it, either. It simply compels those who dance to pay the fiddler. After setting forth the moth condition in Medford Mr. Hallowell's report says:

"As to the remedy, I believe that the most effectual method is to treat the matter as any other public nuisance is treated. Make the owner of each piece of property responsible for its condition. If a nuisance is found to exist on his land, order him to abate it, and, if he declines to do so, after a reasonable time cause it to be abated by the proper officials; at the same time charging the expense of the same to the owner of the property."

REPRESENTATIVE RILEY.

Last Monday the Committee on Elections of the Massachusetts Legislature voted unanimously to report in favor giving the seat in the House held by Mr. Henry M. Aldrich, the Democratic incumbent from this District, to Mr Herbert S. Riley, the Woburn Republican candidate at the last election. Mr. Aldrich had held the seat since the opening of the Legislature, but without legal warrant, for the Committee found, by a careful recount of the ballots, that, at the November election, there were cast for him only 1384 votes to 1386 for Riley.

The report, of course, settled the controversy, and Herbert S. Riley, Esq., and not Henry M. Aldrich, Esq., is Representative Nowell's colleague in the House.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

Mr. Horace N. Hastings, President of the Hastings & Sons Publishing Company of Lynn, owners of the *Item* of that city, died at home there last Tuesday, Jan. 19, 1904, of pneumonia, aged 75 years. He was widely known as a newspaper man, and highly esteemed by everybody.

In 1851, on the establishment of the WOBURN JOURNAL, Mr. Hastings was made Foreman of the office and did good work in that capacity. Subsequently he founded and published the *Guide Post* here. He served in the Civil War and had many comrades and friends in Woburn.

☞ In its column headed "Under the Gilded Dome" the Boston *Journal* had this to say of Representative Aldrich last Tuesday morning:

"The members of the House expressed genuine and honest regret at losing Aldrich of Woburn, who has lost his seat to Herbert Riley."

For two years past Mr. Henry M. Aldrich has been one of the Representatives in the Legislature from this District, and came within three votes of being elected last November for a third term. He proved himself a faithful and intelligent public servant and a credit to the District.

☞ Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., is at the National Capital this week as representative of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, of which he is Secretary, and looking after Boston's commercial interests.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

O. Gillette—Auction.
H. T. A. W.—Meeting.
J. W. T. Co.—Ivers & Pond.

— The days have increased in length 32 minutes.

— There will be no excuse for an ice famine here next summer.

— The annual meeting of the H. F. A. W. corporation is to be held on Feb. 2.

— The United order of Golden Cross officers were installed Tuesday evening.

— The military whist party was repeated last Wednesday evening with great success.

— Capt. John Gilcreast, Supt. Woburn Gaslight Co., is recovering from an attack of grip.

— The S. of V. and S. of V. Club are going to put on the local stage a War drama in April.

— C. M. Strout & Co. are selling out parlor stoves at less than cost rather than summer them over.

— Mrs. M. E. Ashbrand of Boston will be the soloist at the Unitarian church on Sunday, Jan. 24.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Mr. Fred Bowser, who has been a tenant of the Dow Farm for years, has engaged the Baldwin Farm, N. W.

— Persons can buy clothing and gentlemen's furnishing goods remarkably cheap at Hammond & Son's just now.

— The Manchester Lodge, I. O. O. F., was instituted last Wednesday evening with a large charter membership.

— Remember that Jan. 29 is the date of the St. Charles grand ball. So reads the banner that floats from their headquarters.

— Rev. S. P. Cadmer will give the next lecture in the Burbeen Course next Tuesday evening, Jan. 26: topic, "Life in London."

— An architect was expected out last week to view the Dow Farm, studying its possibilities as a site for High School building.

— The Kings Daughters of First Congregational church held their meeting Monday evening with Miss Bertha Cutler, Plympton street.

— The Social Benevolent Society of First Congregational church elected officers last week Thursday, Mr. Frank Clark being elected as President.

— It is this evening that the Sons of Veterans Camp and Club give their social. No doubt a plenty of people will be there and enjoy a fine time.

— Angelo Crovo's oranges are popular all over the city because they are the largest, juiciest, and best. It is just the same with all his other fruit.

— The *Times* has revived the subject of a Federal building in Woburn. Evidently it has but little faith in a F. B. being built here this coming summer.

— Whitcher's "Woburn Souvenirs" find ready and steady sale. They comprise views of some 20 Woburn scenes, and make a good advertisement for the city.

— The Woburn L. H. & P. Co. are putting in metres for the measurement of electricity consumed in all places where more than 15 lights are burned.

— There is to be a candlelight service at St. John's Baptist church on Feb. 15, St. Valentine's Day. It will be a ceremony that has never been seen in this city.

— The grand annual ball of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. is to be given on Friday night, Jan. 29. Great preparations are being made for it. A large attendance is expected.

— Alva J. Foster has been appointed a member of Hook and Ladder Company 1 to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Ald. Chester L. Fish from the Fire Department.

— William Waters was quite seriously injured by an icepick in the hands of a fellow workman on Lake Mishawum last Saturday. His face was badly cut and one eye bruised.

— John K. Murdock and family, now of Olean, N. Y., will return to Massachusetts to reside next spring, and many of their friends hope they will finally settle down in Woburn.

— Our thanks are hereby tendered to Mr. J. W. Wood of Sweetland, California, for a mammouth copy of the New Year issue of the San Francisco *Chronicle* profusely illustrated.

— Beggs & Cobb, the largest leather producing firm in New England, if not in the country, are doing more business at present than ever before. They are forced to run their big factory overtime to keep up the demand for leather.

— An observing individual down the street declares that our official highwaymen seem to regard sand as more precious than gold, for only the smallest kind of thimblesful are used on the icy and dangerous sidewalks where bushels are needed.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St. BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

HOLIDAYS

Are made happier by an OVERCOAT and SUIT OF CLOTHES from

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

We Call Your Attention

To the display in our window of crude rubber, and the odd finished goods made from it. Our prices on all rubber goods speak for themselves.

Don't forget that we deliver by messenger free of charge to any part of the city.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The Price Breakers. Green Stamps.

— The North Woburn A. A. Basket Ball team have won 8 games out of 9.

— Please give particular heed to the card of Miss Stella M. Haynes in this paper.

— The Silent Four held a very successfull sleighing party last Thurday evening.

— There will be a Valentine party given in aid of the Catholic Parish Fair Monday night, Feb. 15.

— Mr. Isaac Wilkes of the Racket Store died suddenly last Tuesday evening from an overdose of morphine.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— The E. Cummings Leather Company is the name of a recently organized manufacturing concern in this city, of which Mr. Eustace Cummings is President; John S. Jaquith, Treasurer; Edward H. Cummings, Secretary. The capital is $75,000.

— There has been more zero weather here this winter than has been known for many years past. Old people say that it has been an exceptionally cold season. Last Monday morning it was 2 below zero at Callahan's, and lower than that at other localities.

— George W. Stetson of this city was a witness in the official investigation of the Iroquois theatre fire held in Chicago last week. His testimony was in relation to the asbestos stage curtain which was furnished by the Boston Company with which he is connected.

— Last Tuesday afternoon the Chestnut A. C. worsted the Church streets in a smart game of polo 3 to 2. The feature of the contest was the work of Hennessey and the Bryanton brothers. Two goals were made by Howatt, 2 by H. Bryanton, and 1 by E. Bryanton.

— Mr. William Menard, who has been seriously ill, has recovered his health and went to Montreal before Christmas with his daughters. Mr Menard will reside permanently in Montreal with his daughter Gertrude; and Miss Belle, who teaches in Cambridge, will reside there and spend her vacations in Montreal.

— In the West the Congregational churches observe Jan. 28 as a day of prayer for Colleges; but in the East Feb. 14 is the date for it. The *Congregationalist* newspaper in Boston, the organ of the denomination, thinks the "Week of Prayer," during the first week in January, has about outlived its usefulness, and possibly that may be true of the "College Day."

— The Rifle Team of Co. G, 5th Regt., are meeting with great success in their series of social dances this year. At the dance last Thursday evening more than 100 couples were present. The next in the series is to be held Thursday evening, Jan 28, and promises to be as great a success. The music by Strachan's orchestra is well worth the price of admission to the dance.

— Mrs. W. F. Kenney was the soloist at St. Cecelia's church, Back Bay, Boston, last Sunday. She sang a "Salve Regina" at the Offertory. Mrs. Kenney has been offered a permanent position as contralto soloist at St. Cecelia's. She has a wonderful alto voice, and sang for years in the Catholic choir at Waltham, but since coming to Woburn has been heard only at private musicales.

— The Trustees of the Thomson Memorial Library are Andrew R Linscott, Daniel W. Bond, and Philip H. O'Brien.

— Mr. Charles H. Kimball had one of his legs seriously injured at the leather factory of B. F. Kimball last Wednesday morning.

— E. Prior, Real Estate dealer, has sold the dwelling 81 Green street to P. O'Brien for a residence. He has other sales on the string.

— Gillette tells an interesting story about his great auction sale in this issue of the JOURNAL. Goods are going mighty cheap there.

— Rev. Ernest C. Bartlett, formerly of this city, brother of Wm. R. Bartlett, was installed as one of the associate pastors of Bethany Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, Penn., Thursday evening, Jan. 7. This is the church of which Hon. John Wanamaker is one of the officials. Mr. Bartlett will make a good record, as he was brought up in Y. M. C. A. work and while in the Theological Seminary was full of missionary spirit.

— This city is at the height of an unusually gay and festive social season. Hardly an evening passes that from one to several society functions are not on the carpet, and it has been that way continuously ever since the winter set in. To attend balls, concerts, parties and entertainments our people are perpetually on the move, and the more of it they have the more they seem to want. From these signs no one would suspect that Woburn ever heard of such a thing as hard times.

— The recognition service of the new pastor of the First Baptist Church, Rev H. C. Williams, will take place Thursday evening, Jan. 28, at 7.45. The programme is: Invocation, Rev. Norman E. Richardson of the M. E Church; sermon, Rev. J. E. Norcross of Amesbury; charge to the Church, Rev. Dr. Cephas B. Crane of Cambridge; charge to the pastor, Rev. C. H. Moss of Malden; address of welcome, Rev. Dr. S. A. Norton of the Congregational Church.

— An Anti saloon Society was organized last Sunday afternoon by the United Societies of Y. P. S. C. E of Woburn. A large number was present, including many of the clergymen, and much enthusiasm was manifested. Officers were elected, consisting of President, three Vice Presidents and a good working committee. It is proposed that the temperance work shall be carried on through the year and enlist all good citizens in the movement to keep Woburn where it ought to be as a no license city.

— An Arctic wave came down from Canada and struck the United States with great severity last Monday producing one of the coldest spells of the season. Not only did New England suffer, but the wave spread over the West, down the Mississippi River to New Orleans, nor did some of the West India Islands escape. Hereabouts on Tuesday morning, Jan. 19, thermometers indicated from 4 to 15 degrees below zero, varying according to location, while the official figures in Boston at the hour when the big dealers went to press set it at from 4 to 10 below. If that was Canadian reciprocity that the politicians are talking about, from all such good Lord deliver us!

— "No School" signal this morning. Big snowstorm.

— Isaac M. Phillips has been promoted by the B & M. R. R. Co a train conductor, and will enter on his duties next Monday morning. He deserved it.

— Mr. Albert G. Richards, son of Mr. and Mrs. D H Richards of Fairmount street, has accepted the position of cashier of a large manufacturing company in St. Louis, Mo., and entered on his duties.

— When Dr. W. A. Reynolds, the Boston dentist, formerly resident of Woburn, visited his summer home at South Weymouth last Sunday, he found it had been burglarized and robbed of silverware and other goods to the value of $500.

— Last Saturday night Stoneham defeated Woburn at Woburn at polo, score 10 to 7. Tuesday night Woburn went down to Lynn and won from them; score 6 to 2; and Wednesday night at Woburn again defeated Lynn, score 13 to 3. Carrigan of the Lowell team played halfback for Woburn in Tom Hardy's place who was layed up with a sore ankle. Lowell leads the race.

— The initial concert of the Highland Orchestra Thursday evening was a success. In spite of the inclement weather a fairly large audience gathered in Lyceam Hall. The personnel of the talent contributing to the pleasing and artistic entertainment was: The Highland Orchestra—Miss Maude H Littlefield, violin; Miss Dora Winn, piano; Mr. John C. Andrews, clarinet; Mr. John J. Hern, cornet—Miss Lillian C. Bearce of Auburn, Maine, soprano; and Mr. Elbert Foland of Boston, reader. The orchestral work was highly creditable and placed these young artists in the front rank. In the two numbers for the two pianofortes Misses Winn and Littlefield gave a brilliant exhibition and former's work as accompanist was excellent. Miss Littlefield's violin solos were instant successes and showed fine execution and delecate phrasing. Miss Bearce was a delight. She has a soprano voice of rare beauty, and her style is finished. Mr. Foland the reader has a drollness all his own, and his renditions were heartily received.

Natick Woman's Club.

The last meeting of the Natick Woman's Club took place as usual on Friday afternoon, Jan 1.

A large number assembled to greet the speaker for the afternoon, Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward of Woburn. Mrs. Hayward was, before her marriage, a resident Natick, and an active member of the Club. She is now President of the Woburn Woman's Club.

Her subject was "The Women of the Renaissance," with a preliminary talk on the usefulnes of the Woman's Club. Her address was most able and interesting, and received with great attention.

Mrs. Hayward received most hearty congratulations from her many friends who had so much enjoyed her talk.

Tea was served, and a very pleasant social hour enjoyed.—*Natick Bulletin.*

Mrs. Hayward is an accomplished woman and entertaining platform speaker; it is natural, therefore, that she should be in demand as a lecturer before Women's Clubs and literary societies.

In the Rockies.

Word was received here a few days ago from Dr. Irving R. Bancroft announcing his safe arrival at Tulleride (not Pandora, as stated last week), Colorado, and his stake-driving there. The mining camp of 2000 men, for which he has been appointed physician by its owners, the Smuggler-Union Mining Company, is located about a mile from his headquarters, and is 2000 feet higher up the mountain.

Although but a mile distant on an air line, on account of the steepness and roughness of the mountain, the Doctor has to ride his pony 5 miles each way on his daily visits to the camp, but enjoys the wild scenery and ozone laden air very much.

Tulleride and the Company's rich mine holdings are in southwest Colorado, 26 hours from Denver, and in a great mining country. The Doctor is favorably impressed with his new home where he will find a plenty of professional employment.

Choral Union Concert.

One of the finest musical entertainments that has been given here this season was the first concert by the Woburn Choral Union, consisting of some 60 members, of which Prof. W. W. Adams is the able Director. A large audience greeted the performers ethusiastically and were delighted with the treat. The special artists were: Dilbent G. Lean, impersonator; Charlotte Calnan, a former Woburn girl, cornetist; Winnifred Page True, organist; Caroline Long, pianist. The following programme was rendered in real artistic style. The impersonations by Prof. Lean were especially fine and satisfactory:

Organ and Piano. Adagio. (From Beethoven's Sextet) — Thomas
Chorus. Gallant Troubadour. — Michael Watson
Cornet Solo. Miss Charlotte Calnan.
Male Chorus. Yachting Glee. — Culbertson
Impersonations. Prof. Delbert G. Lean.
Chorus. (a) The Rhine Raft Song. — Pinsuti
(b) Doan Ye Cry, Ma Honey. — Noll
Cornet Solo. Miss Calnan.
Impersonations. Prof. Lean.
Cantata. The Village Blacksmith. — Chas. F. Noyes

Society would be pleased with another concert by the Union at an early day.

Annual Meetings.

Last Monday evening, Jan. 18, 1904, First Parish held its annual meeting. Hon. Edward E Thompson was elected Treasurer for the 28th consecutive time; C. Willard Smith, Clerk; Frank E. Cotton, Auditor; Arthur B. Wyman, Parish Committee for 3 years.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 20th, 1904, First Church held their annual meeting. Oliver F. Bryant was elected Clerk; Fred P. Brooks, Asst. Clerk; Alfred H. Holland, Treasurer; George F. Bean, S. S. Supt.; O. F. Bryant and Theodore G. Boutelle, Deacons.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of reol estate.

Y. M. C. A.

Jan. 24 is to be observed as Y. M. C. A. Sunday by the Evangelical churches of this city. In the morning, Mr. S B. Carter, of the State Executive Committee, will deliver an address on Association work in the Congregational church, and R. C. Goodwin of the State Committtee, will speak in the Baptist church.

There will be a mass meeting for men in the Baptist church at 3 30 o'clock. Mr. H. M. Moore of Somerville will be the speaker. At 7 o'clock Mr. Moore will address a union service of all the churches in the Congregational church.

Good musical programs, including a local chorus of fifty voices, have been prepared for both the afternoon and evening service. Come and bring your friends.

Unitarian.

The Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School for the election of officers occurred on Sunday, Jan. 10, in the vestry at noon. The following officers were chosen: Superintendent, Mr. Herbert B Dow; Assistant, Miss Helen Cook; Treasurer, Daniel H. Richards for 32d term; Secretary, Miss Edna Johnson; Librarian, Henry P. Harrington; Music Director, Henry M. Aldrich; Directors, Mrs. H. C. Parker, Miss Florence Ferguson, Miss Helen Ramsdell, Mr. Fred E. Leathe, Mr. Edward Johnson.

Board of Public Works.

The Board held a meeting on Monday evening, Jan. 19, at which several matters were talked over with a view to future action.

Commissioner Hayward of the Water Department submitted facts and suggestions respecting present conditions and needs of the Department, some of which, at least, it will be necessary to act on at an early day. He has a clear comprehension of the requirements of his Dept.

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. Their main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred-and-one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step, vigorous and successful in your pursuits. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c; regular bottles, 75c. At all druggists.

City Council.

The Board held a regular meeting on Monday evening, Jan. 18, 1904.

President Aylward announced his list of committees, which the JOURNAL will print next week.

But little other business was transacted.

Boston Theatres.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

On Monday evening next, January 25, Mary Mannering will begin a special engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, which is limited to one week only. Under the management of Frank McKee Miss Mannering is presenting "Harriet's Honeymoon," a new modern comedy in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein. This comedy has scored a most positive success and comes direct from the Garrick Theatre, New York City, where it has been one of the hits of the season. The production is an elaborate one. The scene is placed in a mythical German watering place, and the comedy deals with the tribulations of a young American stock broker and his wife on their honeymoon trip, and who, having lost their letters of credit and money, find themselves penniless. The husband knowing that his wife is an excellent vocalist, proposes that she give a concert, hoping to realize sufficient money to take them to the nearest city where they can obtain funds. The wife consents; impersonating an Italian prima donna, but by a strange fatality the Crown Prince of the principality is reported to have eloped with an Italian singer and the police have been notified. Mistaken identity gets the young Americans into all kinds of difficulties before matters are straightened out. Miss Mannering has a role which suits her delightful personality most admirably, giving her ample opportunity to display her many and varied talents.

Boston Dog Show.

There is every indication that the dog show to be held in Mechanics Building, Boston, on Feb. 22, 23, 24 and 25, will be the most successful event of its kind ever held in New England. The committee in charge of the show consists of Samuel Hammond, J. M. Grosvenor, Jr., William B. Emery, Edward Brooks, Lemuel Hitchcock, Arthur Perrin and Alfred Dorr. These gentlemen have been prominently identified with former bench shows in Boston and this year they have offered unusual inducements to exhibitors. A grand total of $6000. is offered in money prizes in the different classes and the specialty clubs and individuals have offered some valuable pieces of plate in addition to the regular prizes. The entries for the show will close Feb. 6, with the Superintendent Arthur Mulvey, 521 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Intending exhibitors will receive whatever information they desire regarding the show by addressing the superintendent.

The Brownlow Bill.

There is now pending in Congress a bill introduced by the Hon. Walter P Brownlow, of Tennessee, and the Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger, Senator from New Hampshire, appropriating $24,000,000 as National aid for the building of wagon roads. This sum is to be distributed to each State according to its population, except that no State is to receive less than $250,000. The States or counties receiving this money must add a like amount, so that $48,0000,000 will be expended in the building of wagon roads.

Col. Brownlow says that we have over 200,000 miles of the finest railway in the world, more miles of railway than all the rest of the globe put together, yet we have the poorest wagon roads of any civilized country. He believes that no one thing will do this country so much good as the building of wagon roads, as provided for in this bill. As these are to be built in every State of the Union, they will be especially valuable as an object lesson. Experience has shown that wherever good roads exist every one wants more of them.

Massachusetts appropriates annually $490,000 as State aid. The State pays the entire cost of the road, but 25 per cent of the cost is assessed back to the counties. The State has appropriated for the building of roads $4,940,000. The Massachusetts Highway Commission has received some contributions from counties, towns and individuals to assist in building roads which amount to $210,923. They therefore have expended $5,150,923 on roads. The State has built and now has under contract 480 miles of highway and has petitions covering 1,120 miles of road, and is awaiting appropriations to build the same.

A Puzzle Worth Having.

Dr. G. G. Green, of Woodbury, New Jersey, whose advertisement appears in our paper regularly, will mail to any one sending a two-cent stamp to pay postage, one of his new German Syrup and August Flower Puzzles, made of wood and glass. It amuses and perplexes young and old. Although very difficult, it can be mastered. Mention this paper.

AN OLD ENGLISH SWEETMEAT

..CREAM TOFFEE..

—AT—

Whitcher's

YOU FIND IT.
10c. for ¼ lb. BAR.

☞ OTHER SWEETS ALSO.

Gentlemen's Night.

The Woburn Woman's Club's Gentlemen's Night on Friday evening, Jan. 15, 1904, was a brilliant affair. The committees who had it in charge did themselves proud, and were accorded proper praise for the admirable manner in which every feature of it was executed. It was the 21st anniversary of the organization of the Club, and on that account special pains were taken to make it an event not soon to be erased from the memories of those who participated in it. Music Hall, in which the reception was held and entertainment given, was charmingly embellished for the occasion and presented an appearance of rare beauty. It was occupied during the evening by about 300 ladies and gentlemen, all of whom gave unmistakable signs of satisfaction with the exercises from first to last. It was as fine an assembly of people as one often sees, all of them appearing in galaday garbs and spirits, in quantity and quality, to match.

A reception was held by the President of the Club, Mrs. Josephine Hayward, and Miss Grace L. Norris, Vice-President, to whom the visitors were politely introduced by the Entertainment Committee, of which Mrs. Flora Portal is Chairman, and cordially welcomed. Refreshments were served under a committee consisting of Mrs. Susan A. Wood, Chairman; Mrs. Ada C. Kendall, Miss Alice J. Bancroft, Mrs. Martha F. Bond, Miss H. Josephine Ellis, Mrs. Mary E. McIntosh, Mrs. Belle D. Sylvester, Miss Mary C. Woodberry.

The regular Committee was assisted by Mrs. Jennie P. Brown, Mrs. Lizzie C. Stanley, Mrs. Charlotte R. Parker, Mrs. Nellie S. Shaw, Mrs. A. D. Place, Mrs. Blanche Munroe, Miss Grace L. Norris, Miss Marcia Winn.

The following past Presidents attended at the ice cream tables: Mrs. Lucy J. Carswell, Miss Mary A. Frost, Mrs. Abbie W. Watson, Mrs. Frances K. Hill.

In charge of coffee were: Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney and Mrs. Clara W. Aldrich.

Following the reception an excellent musical and literary entertainment was given in the main hall and greatly enjoyed. President Hayward occupied the chair and on taking it spoke a few words fitted to the occasion.

The music was furnished by the Schubert Male Quartet of Boston, the reputation of which is second to none in the country, and only equalled by the popular demand for its services, and Miss Beatrice Phinney, with whose skillful performances on the harp the audience were delighted. As was to be expected, the choice musical programme captivated the large company of listeners and elicited enthusiastic commendation. The readings by Miss Caroline Foye of Boston was full up to high water mark. It is seldom that one hears on the stage such excellent selections so admirably rendered as were Miss Foye's contributions to this superlatively fine concert, and she was rewarded for her splendid work with frequent and generous applause.

The Club women did the handsome thing by the gentlemen of the city, first by inviting them to their "Night," and secondly by the courtesies tendered them at the Hall. Towanda Club, when they give their "Ladies Night," will be obliged to hustle to equal the success of the Woman's Club last Friday evening, by whom a pace was set that will not be easy to keep up with.

Birthday Anniversary.

Last Sunday, Jan. 17, 1904, Mr. F. Chandler Parker, one of the oldest of Woburn's native born citizens, and a gentleman highly esteemed by all who know him, assisted by a son, two daughters, and a grandchild, celebrated the 75th anniversary of his birthday quietly at his pleasant home 46 Arlington Road. He was presented with a fine easychair, and may he live long to enjoy it. He was born and educated in Woburn, and at an early age learned the trade of leather making at the tannery of John Cummings & Co., and has followed that business ever since, being now the oldest man in this city engaged in it. His son, Capt. William C. Parker, is associated with him. He built the first tannery on the Woburn Branch Railroad, which is now the plant occupied by the Cottle Leather Company.

Mr. Parker enjoys excellent health and regularly attends to the business of his factory on Sturgis street, where it has stood many years.

The 75 persons elected by coupons to be the guests of The Boston *Herald* on a luxurious Pullman train excursion 10 days, going to the World's fair at St. Louis and to Niagara Falls, will themselves give away an excursion, larger than those offered by many newspapers. The 25 persons getting the highest votes in The *Herald* popularity contest will give away a 19-day trip to 25 persons of their own selection. The *Herald* is going to pay for transportation, Pullman sleeping cars, dining car service, hotel bills, six day's admissions to the World's fair, carriages, and a trip around the famous Gorge at Niagara for 100 persons. All New England is choosing the most popular railroad men, members of organizations, salesmen and saleswomen, and members of military organizations for the grand trip. Is your district represented?

WINCHESTER.

No municipality in this section has taken better care of snow filled streets and icy sidewalks this winter than Winchester, for which our Superintendent of Streets should have due credit.

The Railroad Commissioners have fixed the rate of speed of electric cars in Winchester streets at not greater than 15 miles an hour, with certain exceptions not necessary to be named.

Our people have good cause to complain of the manner in which the electric cars are run between here and Arlington, for they are subjected to great inconvenience and annoyance. No regard is paid to schedule time and nobody knows when he can start to go somewhere, or when he can get home. The running of the cars is a nuisance.

A largely attended mass meeting was held here last week for the purpose of prevailing on the Legislature to enact a law for the extermination of the gypsy moth. A petiton was drawn up to be presented to the Legislature at an early day, which body was urged to "proclaim this insect a public danger," and act accordingly. Which action was highly meritorious.

On account of poor health Hon. Abijah Thompson has closed his contributions to the "Town History" and will furnish no more. They are of inestimable value as a history of Woburn and Winchester; exhaustive in every department; and should be preserved in substantially bound volumes. Everybody hopes that Mr. Thompson's health may be fully restored.

For a long time our citizens have been sorely exercised over the Boston & Northern St. Railway accommodations at Medford Square and the Northern Station in Boston. They demand all sorts of things of the Companies, but have accomplished nothing to speak of up to date. I am of the opinion that the B & N. and B. & M will conduct their business pretty much to suit themselves, public clamor to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.
The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Clavier System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

For Sale!

Bargehouse and Paintshop

In the rear of Central Stables.

The purchaser will be required to remove the buildings at once. Apply to MRS. SARAH S. H. JONES, Salem St., Woburn.

CLEANLINESS
HEALTH
HAPPINESS

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK. LIQUID CLEANLINESS

is the only perfect GERMICIDAL CLEANER which will produce the first, upon which the other two depend. It is unequalled for removing dirt, filth, and unsanitary conditions; destroying foul, poisonous odors, etc., and everything which makes for disease?

Look for above Trade-Mark. Avoid cheap, inferior (just as good) imitations and substitutes.

Physical Culture.

Miss STELLA M. HAYNES,

Principal of Boston School of Oratory and Dramatic Art, will open classes in

Physical Culture
— AND —
Society Gymnastics

for Ladies, Misses and Children in G. A. R. Hall, MONDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 1.

Those desiring to join the classes are kindly requested to communicate with Miss Haynes before Feb. 1, if possible.

At home Mondays and Thursdays.

64 Pleasant Street.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Home for Aged Women for the Election of Officers and transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held in Room 2, of Savings Bank Building, TUESDAY, February 2d, 1904, at 2.30 P. M.

MARY E. CONN, Secretary.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "How Much is a Man Better Than a Sheep."
Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday after Epiphany.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Mr. S. B. Carter of Boston. Subject: "What the Young Men's Christian Association is doing.
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Union Service at First Church, addressed by Mr. H. M. Moore of Boston.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Intelligence and its Spiritual Equivalent."
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., No Service.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 19, Sarah Geddes, of Nova Scotia aged 78 years.
In this city, Jan. 18, Fannie M. Cummings of Alstead, N. H., aged 68 years, 11 months, 2 days.
In this city, Jan. 17, Bridget McDermott, aged 62 years.
It this city, Jan. 19, Annie T. Began, aged 39 years, 9 months, 3 days.
In this city, Jan. 19, Owen Quigley, aged 68 years.
In this city, Jan 17, Mary Ellen O'Connell, aged 42 years, 3 months, 22 days.
In this city, Jan. 14, Augustus Mary Lombard, aged 65 years.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

A Good Beginning

for the New Year will help to make it one of the most successful of your life.

If you haven't been among our many satisfied customers, we invite you to join them in 1904, and we will try by every fair means to make you glad you have done so.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches.

—OUR—

Tea

—AND—

Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

Address C. H. CADWELL, Woburn, for Free Samples.

Crawford's

Ice Cream, Sherbets and Confectionery

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3903-3.

Removal.

DR. JOSEPH ASPRAY

Is to move from his present residence to 57 PLEASANT street about February 1.

To Let.

House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.

Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms, bath and furnace.

Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

The Best Cough Reliever

Wild Cherry and Tar

COUGH BREAKER.

25 Cents.

PREPARED BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m; also 11 p. m, for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m., and hourly untill 10 30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m, hourly till 11 55 p m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a.m., hourly until 10.45 p. m., Billerica 7.39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

What to Eat With the Fingers.

A man who has forgotten to get married and is consequently obliged to dine about town in various restaurants says that he can readily pick out persons not accustomed to dining away from home from their inexperience in using their fingers. At table d'hote places especially things are served as courses which are expected to be eaten with the fingers. No idea as to what is right can be obtained from the waiters, for it is the custom to put cutlery enough for the entire meal on the table with the soup.

Olives should be eaten with the fingers, though many of the uninitiated try to split them with a fork. Asparagus should be eaten with the fingers. That is why the cook does not throw sauce over the root ends. Green corn should be eaten with the fingers and not scraped from the cob with a knife. Spaghetti should be eaten with a fork and a crust of bread. In Italian restaurants a man who cuts his spaghetti into small pieces with a knife, as he would salad, is looked upon as a rank outsider.—New York Press.

Inebriety.

Inebriety is called a disease, but is a disease of the will. As with the hysteric, the inebriate said, "I cannot;" it looked like "I will not;" it is "I cannot will." Its successful treatment involves the problem of how to rehabilitate a human will.—Exchange.

Left the Worry to the Doctor.

"How about that little bill?" asked the doctor.

"Why, doctor," was the reply, "only a little while before you sent it in you told me not to let anything worry me, and I haven't."—Chicago Post.

He who has neither friend nor enemy is without talents, powers or energy.—Lavater.

Hobson's Choice.

Tom—I've been bidden to her wedding, but I'm not going.

Dick—But your absence will surely be noticed. Do you think you can afford that?

Tom—Well, when you can't afford to have your presents noticed your absence is imperative.—Philadelphia Press.

Where It Should Begin.

"But why do you have your hero marry in the first chapter?" they asked. "Because," replied the author, "it has always seemed absurd to me to end a novel just where a man's troubles really begin. That's where you should begin the story."—Chicago Post.

THE MODERN NOTE.

It Is Not Sentiment, but Bravery With a Dash of Humor.

According to the modern notion, a man should be something of an artist in life. He should at least appear to play his part easily, with dash and gusto, like the acrobat who performs each dangerous feat smiling. This is la panache, the feather in the cap of courage—bravery with humor added. It is the spirit in which Lungtungpen was taken, in which Cyrano composed his ballade while he fought a duel, for Cyrano and Alan Breck, no less than Mulvaney and Sherlock Holmes, are very modern heroes.

Stevenson's whole life was one long devotion to this ideal. He carried his ill health and penury bravely and wittily into far corners of the earth through many strange adventures. As he wrote to William Archer: "The medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents. They do not exist in my prospect."

The melodramatic gloom of Byron, the lachrymose pathos of Dickens and the shallow sentimentality of Thackeray touch the source of our tears less surely than the sheer gay heartedness and courage in the face of disease, difficulty or danger. This is the modern note. A clever woman told me that every young man of her acquaintance when he reached a certain degree of intimacy, quoted these lines of Henley's

Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

—Claude Bragdon in Reader.

THE KANGAROO'S STORY.

Why the Does Throw Their Young Away When Hard Pressed.

"I have heard that men folk in their blindness deem our does to be lacking in the proper instincts of maternity because they have found that a doe kangaroo when hunted will throw away its offspring to save its own skin by hastening its speed. This," says Old Man Jack in the "Autobiography of an Australian Kangaroo" in Pearson's Magazine, "is simply scandalous and foolish.

"Men people are evidently not aware that our youngsters use the mother's pouch almost up to the age of maturity. Would they have our does attempt to fly from dogs and men and horses with youngsters weighing nearly fifty pounds in their pouches? The thing would be impossible.

"Among us a mother is taught to toss her youngsters to a place of safety when she is hard pressed. If she could not throw it to a place far safer in the circumstances than her own pouch she would turn at bay with it and face any odds.

"In the case of my mother, when we were chased, and sure as the hunt became dangerous she would pause, draw me out of her pouch, throw me carefully into long scrub on her right, then turn sharply to her left, pause again until the hounds had seen her and then be off like the wind straight away from me."

WAYS OF THE MAGPIE.

The Bird Is Sociable, Secretive and Full of Mischief.

The magpie has the same sort of sociability, the same secretiveness, the same thirst for education—of a certain kind—the same inherent and ineradicable love of mischief as has that very versatile bird the raven. Not that in intellect and strength of character she is in any way equal to the raven. Fun she has in abundance, but hardly humor. Conscious humor, that high and rare gift of man which interpenetrates and colors everything in life, is, I think, possessed in germ by the raven and the raven alone. You see it in his eye, in the pose of his head, in his walk, in every movement of his body. The eye of the magpie is, like the wit of Dickens, always on the move, nervous, excitable, glittering, scintillating. The eye of the raven is like the humor of Goldsmith. It has a faraway look, it dreams, it thinks, "it bodes and it bodes," it all but smiles. The magpie will pick up many words, or even sentences, and the old superstition that she will only talk or talk well if her tongue is slit with a thin and sharp silver sixpence died a natural death about the time that the coins of the realm had to be "milled" and so were rendered unsuitable for so stupidly cruel an operation.—R. Bosworth Smith in Nineteenth Century.

Servants In Germany.

It is difficult in Germany for a professional rogue to enter a family as a domestic servant. There every servant has a character book, in which the mistress must enter the dates of the coming and leaving of the servant, with her character while in service. This the girl is obliged to take to the nearest police station and have it dated with the official stamp, thus preventing the manufacture of bogus recommendations.

What She Meant.

"Didn't I hear your wife refer to you as the human mince pie?" said the curious person.

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker.

"Is that a compliment"

"Not exactly. She means that I never agree with anybody."—Washington Star.

As Usual.

"When I looked at this picture last week I failed to observe those goats down in the corner."

"Probably they butted in since then."—Kansas City Journal.

The Time to Think.

Clara—I suppose I ought to stop and think before I accept him.

Maud—Oh, no. You'll have plenty of time to do that afterward.—Detroit Free Press.

Ancient Cooking School.

We of the twentieth century are inclined to think of cooking schools as belonging exclusively to our day and generation. Therefore it may be news to many people that as long ago as the reign of good Queen Anne a Mr. Kiddee had a school of cookery in Queen street, Cheapside, and another in Holborn. Here is his advertisement—the original is on good paper, with a neatly engraved border:

To All Young Ladies:

At Edward Kiddee's pastry school, at Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, are taught all kinds of pastry and cookery, Dutch hollow works and butter works on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, in the afternoon, and on the same days in the morning at his school in Norris street, St. James, Haymarket, and at his school at St. Martin's le Grand on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, in the afternoons.

What Dutch hollow works may be none of the cooking schools of today seems to know, but they sound good.

A Little Mixed.

Patient—Look here, doctor. I'm not going to starve to death for the sake of living a little longer.

AUCTION SALE

Every Evening at 7.30 o'clock.

Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock FOR LADIES.

Only a few days more to dispose of these goods. Some 200 Solid Gold and Gold Filled Watches to dispose of yet at some price.

You make your own price on these goods, for they must go.

Osborn Gillette, Jeweler

379 Main St., Woburn.

STOCK-TAKING REDUCTION SALE OF PIANOS

Before stock-taking Feb. 1st reduced prices will be made on every used piano we own; also on all discontinued styles of our own make, uprights returned from rent, samples from our dealers' stores, etc., Steinway, Chickering, Weber, Ivers & Pond and other first-class makes. But small cash payment required. Balance in monthly payments, $3.00, $5.00, $6.00, $8.00 and up.

Specimen Values

Chickering $1.25. Cost $600
Used piano, in good condition, and representing excellent value, only $5 a month.

Fischer Upright $150. Was $350
Cottage size, in good condition, and goes out under our guarantee. $5 a month.

Steinway $1.75. Cost $600
This piano has been carefully renovated at our factory, and almost every trace of use removed, a rare bargain. $6 a month.

Estey Upright $2.00. Was $350
Small size, refined casing, has been put in good condition at our factory. Only $6 a month.

Upright Grand $225. Was $350
Entirely new, mahogany case, latest improvements, sample from a prominent manufacturer, fully guaranteed. $6 a month.

Weber Upright $325. Was $500
Antique mahogany case, richly hand carved. This piano comes from a dealer's surplus stock, and appears to have seen only wareroom use. $10 a month.

Ivers & Pond $335. Was $400.
Cottage size, special art model, exclusive design, entirely new and marked down for this sale only. Splendid value, only $10 a month.

Small Grand $525. Was 600
Ivers & Pond make, new, an advance model, probably the smallest true grand ever built. Only one of these ready and marked down for this sale only. $15 a month.

Write for Full List of Bargains. Mailed Free.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO. No. 114 BOYLSTON STREET BOSTON

Hub Crumbs
better bread crumbs
makes all fried food better;
saves time and work while cooking;
as handy as salt to use;
made of bread from our own ovens;
totally different from other crumbs.
Makes better puddings. better stuffing. better fish-balls.
10¢ Better Digestion. 10¢
At your grocer's or S. S. Pierce Co. Cobb, Bates Yerxa Co.
Mrs. Howard's Cook Book and sample on request. 244 Purchase St. Boston Mass.

Wart Cures.

Vinegar and cooking soda in solution are said to make a capital cure for warts. If the wart is kept moist with it for ten minutes several times a day it will disappear in the course of a week or so in ordinary cases.

Another cure is to touch frequently with acetic acid or nitric acid, but one must be careful not to irritate the surrounding skin by dropping either acid.

Why They Spoke.

"We had known each other slightly," said Miss Evvy Waite, "but never to speak to until one day while out skating I fell down quite near him, and"—

"Ah, yes!" replied Miss Peppery. "That broke the ice, of course."—Philadelphia Press.

Choosing a Minister.

Dean Everett used to say that parish committees had no more ability choosing a minister than a minister showed in buying a horse.—Boston Christian Register.

The man who becomes his own doctor has a fool for a patient as truly as the man who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client.

A Parallel.

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you wait for somethin' to turn up. You might jest as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a meadow with a pail 'twixt your legs and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

Worth Striving For.

She—And you don't think there is a chance in the world of our living through our lives without a quarrel?

He—There is always a fighting chance, dear.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Modesty of Brahms.

At an interesting dinner party given by Joachim, at which were present also his friends, Professor Dorn of Naples and Von Herzogenberg, the composer, an amusingly characteristic scene occurred. Joachim in a few well chosen words was asking us not to lose the opportunity of drinking the health of the greatest composer, when before he could say the name Brahms bounded to his feet, glass in hand, and called out: "Quite right! Here's Mozart's health!" and walked round, clinking glasses with us all. His old hatred of personal eulogy was never more prettily expressed.—Leisure Hour.

Keeping Up Appearances.

Wife—There was a man around today selling big brass burglar alarm bells to put on the front of the house, so I ordered one.

Husband—What! You know we haven't anything worth stealing.

Wife—I know that, but it will make the neighbors think we have.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Little Off.

"Really," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "your little dinner last night was quite recherche."

"Oh, dear," her hostess groaned, "I just knew that new cook would make a botch of it some way!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Essentials.

"Which would you rather marry, Ethel, brains or money?"

"Money, of course. I can get along without the luxuries, but I must have the necessities."—Brooklyn Life.

Ten men have failed from defects in morals where one has failed from defects in intellect.—Mann.

THE COLOMBIANS.

They Are Hospitable People and Like Good Living.

The Colombians are a hospitable people and receive strangers cordially. It is customary for a stranger to send cards to those whose acquaintance he desires, and etiquette demands that the recipients of the cards call within a few days.

The dining tables of the rich are spread with fine linen and set with handsome cut glass and china. Among their beverages, in addition to wines, are cebada, barley water; orchada, which contains almond juice and sugar; agrass, the juice of unripe grapes; naranjada, orangeade and a preparation of chocolate thick as gruel. A dish for invalids is sopa de pan. A raw egg is broken upon a slice of toast, and a beef broth is poured over it. A breakfast often consists of several courses—for instance, fruit, poached eggs, with stewed tomatoes and rice; fish, chops fried in eggs and herbs and a tortilla con seso, brain omelet, sweet potatoes or other vegetable and coffee. Saffron is a favorite flavoring for soup. Chicken or game pies contain a variety of vegetables, hard boiled eggs and other ingredients. A common dish among the poor is a stew called sin coche. Another standby is rice and red beans. Rice cooked in lard, with a little tassado (dried beef) for a relish, is a tidbit among the lower classes. The flesh of the iguana, a species of land lizard, is regarded as a delicacy and is said to resemble chicken. The natives slit the sides of living female iguanas and take from them strings of eggs as large as plums. They hang these eggs in the sun and dry them for future consumption.

ACTING WITHOUT ORDERS.

General Grant's Tribute to General Sheridan's Judgment.

Senator Hoar in his "Reminiscences" says that at a dinner where General Grant and other distinguished men were present Commodore Alden remarked that there was nothing he disliked more than a subordinate who always obeyed orders. "What is that you are saying, commodore?" said President Grant across the table. The commodore repeated what he had said. "There is a good deal of truth in what you say," said General Grant. "One of the virtues of General Sheridan was that he knew when to act without orders. Just before the surrender of Lee, General Sheridan captured some dispatches, from which he learned that Lee had ordered his supplies to a certain place. I was on the other side of the river, where he could get no communication from me until the next morning. General Sheridan pushed on at once without orders, got to the place fifteen minutes before the enemy and captured the supplies. After the surrender was concluded the first thing General Lee asked me for was rations for his men. I issued to them the same provisions which Sheridan had captured. Now, if Sheridan, as most men would have done, had waited for orders from me Lee would have got off." Senator Hoar adds this comment: "I listened with wonder at the generous modesty which, before that brilliant company, could remove one of the brightest laurels from his brow and place it on the brow of Sheridan."

Stars by Daylight.

It is worthy of remark that but for the brightness of the sky the stars could be seen in daylight. Even as matters stand, some of the brighter of them have been seen after sunrise by explorers on high mountains, where the air is very clear and the sky dark blue. If we could go above the atmosphere the sky would appear perfectly black, and stars would be visible right close up to the sun. Astronomers observe bright stars in daytime by using long focus telescopes, the dark tubes of which cut off the side light, and persons in the bottom of deep wells have noticed stars passing overhead, the side light being reduced by the great depths of the wells.—T. J. J. See in Atlantic.

When Two Rainbows Are Seen.

When two rainbows are sometimes seen at once, one outside the other, the inner or primary bow, as it is called, is always the brighter, and the red band of color is always on its outside. The outer or secondary bow is much fainter in color, and the red band is always on its inside. This is because in the primary bow the sun's rays are only reflected once, while in the secondary bow they are reflected twice, which makes them fainter in color and turns them upside down. In one rainbow we see the rays of the sun entering the raindrops at the top and reflected to the eye from the bottom, while in the other we see the rays entering the raindrops at the bottom and reflected from the top, whence they reach the eye.

The Veil In Persia.

J. D. Rees, a lecturer on Persia, says that the veils worn by Persian ladies are more of a privilege than a punishment. Screened behind it woman may walk wherever she pleases, and even her own husband dare not question her movements. Doubtless many Persian ladies make the most of their opportunities. The Persians, as a rule, do not think it right to take wine, but as nearly all their poetry is in praise of the flowing bowl it will be inferred that they frequently do violence to their conscience. Occasionally, however, they are seized with remorse, whereupon they destroy the wine of their Armenian neighbors.

Pawning Wives and Daughters.

They have a curious way of utilizing wives and daughters in some parts of India. If a man wants money he puts these members of his establishment in pawn, and his creditor detains them until the debt is discharged. The custom varies in different localities. In Mellore the Yercalls pledge their daughters to creditors who may either marry them or give them away, and a man who has to go to jail deposits his wife with another family of her tribe until his return. In North Arcot unmarried daughters are frequently mortgaged and become the absolute property of the holder until liquidation.

Easy Reading For Infants.

He proposed, conjointly with his father and brother, to blast the stone as the most expeditious mode of gaining access to her arcana, and this in the open daylight, in order that any tutelary protection she might be disposed to extend to her favorite haunt might, as she was a thing of darkness and night, be effectually countervalled.—Extract From Child's Fairy Book.

Three Men.

There are three sorts of men in the world—three, and no more. And of women only one. There are happy men and there are knaves and fools. Hybrids I don't count. And to my mind knaves and fools are very much alike.—"Love and Mr. Lewisham."

WHY WINE FIRST TO HOST.

In America a Mere Formality, but in Italy a Real Necessity.

The wine was opened dextrously by the waiter, who before serving the guests poured a few drops into the host's glass.

"Why did this waiter give you a little wine before helping the rest of us?" asked a man of curious mind.

"Oh," said the host, "that's always done."

"I know it's always done. That does not answer my question, though. Here, waiter," the man persisted, "you tell me why when you open a bottle of wine you pour a few drops into the host's glass before serving the guests."

The waiter smiled and answered:

"It's a matter of form, sir; an old custom, a politeness. Its origin lies in the fact that after the removal of the cork there might be left in the neck of the bottle a little dust or a few specks of cork. The first drops poured out would in that event contain the dust or the cork, and thus the guest were he served first might get this refuse; hence the host is given the first drops.

"As a matter of fact, if you know how to open wine you have no difficulty in keeping the bottle's neck clean. The custom, therefore, is a formality in America. In Italy, though, it is a real necessity, for over there they pour a little oil in the necks of their bottles of native wine before corking on the ground that this makes the wine air tight. No doubt it does, but it also in some cases gives to the first glass from the bottle a decidedly oily flavor. Therefore the first glass the host gallantly takes."—Philadelphia Record.

HE WON THE AUDIENCE.

The Way Fred Douglass Got the Best of Captain Rynders.

The inexhaustible sense of humor in Frederick Douglass kept him clear of any sense of gloom, as was never better seen than on the once famous occasion when the notorious Isaiah Rynders of New York, at the head of a mob, had interrupted an antislavery meeting, captured the platform, placed himself in the chair and bidden the meeting proceed. Douglass was speaking and, nothing loath, made his speech only keener and keener for the interference, weaving around the would be chairman's head a wreath of delicate sarcasm which carried the audience with it, while the duller wits of the burly despot could hardly follow him. Knowing only in a general way that he was being dissected, Rynders at last exclaimed, "What you abolitionists want to do is to cut all our throats!" "Oh, no," replied Douglass in his most dulcet tones; "we would only cut your hair." And, bending over the shaggy and frowzy head of the Bowery tyrant, he gave a suggestive motion as of scissors to his thumb and forefinger with a professional politeness that instantly brought down the house, friend and foe, while Rynders quitted the chair in wrath and the meeting dissolved itself amid general laughter. It was a more cheerful conclusion perhaps than that stormier one—not unknown in reformatory conventions—with which Shakespeare so often ends his scenes, "Exeunt fighting."—Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Atlantic.

Which Is the Larger Income?

Here is an interesting problem in mathematics: Two clerks are engaged, one at a salary which begins at the rate of $100 a year, with a yearly rise of $20, and the other at a salary commencing at the same rate, but with a half yearly rise of $5. In each case payments are made half yearly. Which of them has the larger income?

Who is not tempted to say the former?

Yet the latter is the correct answer, for in the first year the first clerk receives $100, but the second clerk receives $50 and $55, which amounts to $105 in the year. The first clerk in the second year gets, to be sure, $120, but No. 2 gets $60 for the first half year and $65 for the second, or $125 in all.

Gin In England In the Old Days.

Before intoxicating liquor was made dear by taxes and its sale was regulated by licenses the use of it in England was astonishingly common. Not only were there in London 6,000 or 7,000 regular dramshops, but cheap gin was given by masters to their work people instead of wages, sold by barbers and tobacconists, hawked about the streets on barrows by men and women, openly exposed for sale on every market stall, forced on the maidservants and other purchasers at the chandler's shop, until, as one contemporary writer puts it, "one-half of the town seems set up to furnish poison to the other half."

In the Nursery.

"Mamma, why do landladies object to children?"

Mother—I'm sure I don't know. But go and see what baby is crying about and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street and make George and Kate cease fighting and tell Dick if he doesn't stop blowing that tin trumpet I'll take it away from him.—Tit-Bits.

Their Celebrations.

Hicks—Going to celebrate your wooden wedding, are you?

Wicks—Yes.

Hicks—Well, I guess I'll celebrate my wouldn't wedding. It was just five years ago that that girl from Chicago said she wouldn't marry me.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Properly Diagnosed.

Lushman—I'm troubled with headaches in the morning. It may be on account of my eyes. Perhaps I need stronger glasses.

Dr. Shrude—No; I think you merely need weaker glasses and fewer at night.—Exchange.

A Scotch Sentence.

Lord Braxfield admitted the abilities of a criminal who was undoubtedly an accomplished murderer, for the judge said, "Y're a clever chiel, but y'll be nane the waur of a hanging, my man."—Hard Scotch.

His Disappearing Pulse.

"My!" exclaimed the doctor. "You've hardly any pulse today!"

"Well, don't you remember, doctor," replied the patient, "you took it when you were here yesterday?"—Yonkers Statesman.

He who has no vision of eternity will never get a true hold of time.—Carlyle.

Breaking It Gently.

His Cousin—We sent off the dispatch to stop your model coming. But you had put one word too many, so we struck it out.

Real Artist—Oh, indeed! What word did you strike out?

His Cousin—You had written, "He is not to come, as I have only just discovered I cannot paint today." So we crossed out "today."—Punch.

HOME SAVINGS BANK
(Incorporated 1869)
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles
—AND—
Food Products.
BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, a new and well selected stock of

GROCERIES.

W. J. Buckman
No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 104-7.

Winslow, Rand & Waton's celebrated
High Life Coffee
AND
Winslow Chop Tea
FOR SALE AT
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
We give Green Stamps.
Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn
Telephone 103—2.

..Are..
You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
—AND—
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

I WILL PAY CASH
ABOVE THE MORTGAGE
FOR ANY HOUSE
ANYWHERE

ALLEN, 10 TREMONT ST.,
BOSTON.
TELEPHONE: 4339-3 Main.

J. E. Herrick, Jr
BUILDER.

Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Office: 439 Main St., Woburn
SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.
Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.
Two Modern Flats.

Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent ow.

Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

STERILITY

How shall a mother who is weak and sick with some female trouble bear healthy children? How anxious women ought to be to give their children the blessing of a good constitution! Many women long for a child to bless their home, but because of some debility or displacement of the female organs, they are barren.

Preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** more successfully than by any other medicine, because it gives tone and strength to the parts, curing all displacements and inflammation.

Actual sterility in woman is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile, let her write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., whose advice is given free to all expectant or would-be mothers. The medicine that instantly asserts its curative powers in the ills of women is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Read these Two Remarkable Cures.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—During the early part of my married life I was very delicate in health. I had two miscarriages, and both my husband and I felt very badly as we were anxious to have children. A neighbor who had been using **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** advised me to try it, and I decided to do so. I soon felt that my appetite was increasing, the headaches gradually decreased and finally disappeared, and my general health improved. I felt as if new blood coursed through my veins, the sluggish tired feeling disappeared, and I became strong and well.

"Within a year after I became the mother of a strong healthy child, the joy of our home. You certainly have a splendid remedy, and I wish every mother knew of it. Sincerely yours, MRS. ANNA POTTS, 510 Park Ave., Hot Springs, Ark."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for five years, and gave birth to two premature children. After that I took **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and it changed me from a weak, nervous woman to a strong, happy and healthy wife within seven months. Within two years a lovely little girl was born, which is the pride and joy of our household. If every woman who is cured feels as grateful and happy as I do, you must have a host of friends, for every day I bless you for the light, health and happiness your Vegetable Compound has brought to my home. Sincerely your friend, MRS. MAE P. WHARRY, Flat 31, The Norman, Milwaukee, Wis." Sec. Northshore Oratorical Society.

The Medicine that has Cured the Ills of a Million Women is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

DICKEY'S ATONEMENT

By SARAH B. KENNEDY

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Miss Delaney, who had been to Washington and seen several theatrical "stars," might tilt her nose as she pleased, but the fact remained that the entertainment given by the "Smithville Thespians" was a success. Miss Delaney said the performance was lacking in "artistic finish," but Smithville went and paid its money without regret and laughed as it had not laughed in years. True, the intention of the Thespians was not to make people laugh, for in their self adulation they had essayed a tragedy. But from tragedy to comedy was an easy step with Dickey Holt in the cast. Something was always sure to happen to Dickey.

That which befell him this particular night seemed trivial in its nature, but was far reaching in its consequences. He quite forgot that afternoon to purchase a pair of long hose to wear with the knee breeches of the colonial costume in which he was to enact the heavy villain and at the last moment bribed the maid from the girls' dressing room to surreptitiously borrow a pair for him. These he donned so hurriedly that he failed to notice the owner's name worked in bright silk just below the knee. But there were opera glasses in the house, and soon the audience knew what he did not. The applause accorded him was as unexpected as it was gratifying, and he looked compassionately at John Moore, the "leading man," who thought to reap all the honors. But in the most thrilling scene of the second act, where his villainy was denounced, there came an awful moment.

"You are a penniless impostor!" stormed John, giving the lines as they were. "Why, the very shoes in which you stand are not your own!"

And then before Dickey could make his grandiloquently scornful reply a small boy in the front row rose and cried excitedly:

"And neither is the stockings his, for they've got my sister Belle's name on 'em!"

After that a permanent return to pompous tragedy was impossible. Even John Moore's imposing voice and Jessie Lane's well simulated tears failed to keep the spectators in awe. Dickey's stockings were the "stars of the goodlie companie," and every time he appeared he was greeted with shouts and applause. Though the delighted audience went out into the night regretting no penny spent for tickets, behind the scenes Dickey had the whole troupe about his ears. But the only criticism that hurt him was Jessie Lane's. With Jessie he had long believed himself in love, and it hurt him when she said:

"You quite spoiled most of my part, and you made my poor little sister Belle more miserable than I can tell you."

The next night he called upon her to make his peace and found John Moore in the parlor ahead of him.

"Oh, I have quite forgiven you," laughed Jessie, "but Belle has vowed vengeance against you, and if you are wise you will go out yonder on the porch and pacify her. You used to be quite a hero in her eyes."

So Dickey left John with Jessie and went miserably out to where Belle, aged sixteen, swung in a hammock and pouted. He had known and petted her in days gone by, and he thought soon to smooth her ruffled plumage. Instead he found her obdurate and full of reproaches. However, he must pacify Jessie's sister. So Dickey spent the evening by the hammock. The next time he came it was the same. John sat with Jessie, and he was banished to the porch and Belle. That young lady had framed an elaborate programme of reparation for the humiliation to which she had been subjected. He must bring her bonbons and flowers and sing to her in the summer moonlight to his mandolin. Dickey undertook these things in a spirit of penitence and martyrdom. Night after night he sat on the porch and strove to be amiable while mentally he was fuming against John. He sometimes wondered why nice girls like Jessie had to have small sisters.

During the second week of his enforced reparation he made a discovery. Belle had lengthened her dresses and twisted her braids into a knot on top of her small head, and with these personal changes there had come also a touch of coquetry to her manner that made her the most delightful companion. He found he was fretting less over John's advantages, but now and then the old jealous thoughts would come.

"Are you not almost placated?" he asked laughingly one night.

Belle answered with spirit: "Do you think six boxes of chocolate and three bouquets would atone for all that laughter in the dress circle and those catcalls from the gallery. No, indeed!"

Dickey acknowledged that she was right and went on playing the agreeable, and as he was as much philosopher as martyr he set himself to get all the pleasure possible out of his new role. It was really surprising how quickly time passed in Belle's presence. As she swung in the hammock with her lengthened skirts froufrouing about her she made him tell her all about his hopes in his profession and never doubted but that he would achieve his ambitions. Sometimes she talked of Jessie and wished, with a languishing glance into Dickey's eyes, that she were like her sister, "it would be so lovely to have a man like Dickey in love with her." He, looking close to find the coveted likeness, discovered she was very much more beautiful than Jessie and wondered that he had never known it before.

After six weeks of this sort of thing Belle sighed prettily and said she supposed he had spent quite enough time and money on her to salve her hurt and that he had better resume his attentions to Jessie. Of course she would miss him, she added with drooping lids, but she trusted she was no usurer to claim more than her debt. Dickey went away with an odd sense of something lost tugging at his heart. The next evening he came, intending to go into the parlor and begin his rivalry with John, but somehow the lonely little figure in the hammock drew him aside, and he spent the evening as he had spent the preceding ones—in the moonlight.

"Goodby," he said at parting. "Tomorrow I really must break into John's game and recover my lost ground."

She sighed and then laughed so quickly that Dickey could scarcely separate the two. He stood confused for a moment, and when he recovered himself he found that he was still holding her hand and that she was watching him shyly. He went away with his brain in a whirl. In his efforts to sooth her feelings had he made the child love him? Far into the night he sat smoking and thinking, and in the morning the queer feeling was still in his breast, and Blackstone lay open but unread before him all day. In the afternoon as he left his office there was a commotion at the nearest street corner, and a runaway horse dashed into view, dragging a dogcart in which sat two girls, Jessie and Belle. The quick turn about the corner sent the cart careening on one wheel, and almost as Dickey recognized the occupants they were spilled in the dust. With a cry Dickey rushed forward and, passing one prostrate form, caught the other in his arms with words of solicitous endearment. But the figure drew resolutely away.

"This is not Jessie. This is"—

But Dickey only held her the closer. "Not Jessie, but the girl I love, the only girl I ever really loved! Let John take care of Jessie. Are you hurt, dear?"

There was a contented sigh against his shoulder. "I haven't any pain now, not even in my heart, which has often ached at your indifference."

"John and Jessie are to be married in the winter," she told him later.

"I'm glad of it. We'll dance at their wedding," he laughed. "But, dear, I'm only a poor young lawyer, and"—

"And I'm ages too young to marry, so I'll wait a whole year for you, and if you give up smoking and send me only one box of chocolates a week you can save no end of money."

And so it was arranged, and when Miss Delaney next spoke of the lack of artistic finish to that theatrical performance Dickey stoutly declared the "finish was the finest on earth" and held to his point.

The Early "Loco Motive."

From the diary of Thomas Creevey, who lived in England during the early part of last century, the following is quoted: "Lady Wilton sent over yesterday from Knowsley to say that the loco motive machine was to be upon the railway at such a place at 12 o'clock for the Knowsley party to ride in it they liked and inviting this house to be of the party. So, of course, we were at our post in three carriages and some horsemen at the hour appointed. I had the satisfaction, for I can't call it a pleasure, of taking a trip of five miles in it, which we did in just a quarter of an hour—that is, twenty miles an hour. As accuracy upon this subject was my great object, I held my watch in my hand at starting and all the time, and as it had a second hand I knew I could not be deceived, and it so turned out there was not the difference of a second between the coachee or conductor and myself. But, observe, during these five miles the machine was occasionally made to put itself out or go it, and then we went at the rate of twenty-three miles an hour and just with the same ease as to motion or absence of friction as the other normal pace. But the quickest motion is to me frightful. It is really flying, and it is impossible to divest yourself of the notion of instant death to all upon the least accident happening."

The Welsh Tongue.

The author of "Yorkshire Folk Talk" tells an amusing story of an English bishop's struggles to master the Welsh tongue. He had been appointed to the Welsh see of St. David and on taking up his abode in Wales engaged a native Welsh scholar to give him instruction in the language. The pronunciation and especially the ll bothered the bishop, and the Welshman was almost at his wits' end to explain the lingual process by which the formidable sound was to be uttered.

At last a bright thought struck him, and, being very obsequious in manner, he thus addressed the bishop: "Your lordship must please put your episcopal tongue to the roof of your apostolic mouth and then hiss like a goose."

Water Causes Fires.

That water can cause fire may at first seem a little unlikely, but this is just what happened on the western coast of Ireland only a few years ago. The rocks which the great Atlantic rollers had for centuries been slowly breaking down and piercing with great caverns contained great masses of pyrites and alum in their depths. At last the persistent water penetrated to these, and combustion immediately took place, producing heat fierce enough to set the whole cliff on fire. For weeks the rocks burned like a volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose high in the air. When at last the fire died out masses of lava and clay burned to brick were found in every direction.

When a man tells you that all women are delusions and snares, it's doughnuts to fudge he has been snared by a delusion.—Cooking Club.

The Fierce Caterpillar.

A more harmless, inoffensive creature does not crawl than the common garden caterpillar, yet this small worm will put up an appearance so fierce upon occasion as to frighten its enemies away. Soft and pulpy, with no defensive or offensive weapons, this destroyer of cabbages and lettuces will bluff itself into a veritable armored cruiser and frighten many more formidable insects into ungovernable flight. Its method of procedure is like this: Immediately anything approaches, the slow moving, fat caterpillar raises its hairy body, wags a formidable looking head and looks the essence of strength and defiance, so much so that it requires a bird of a particularly valiant disposition to attack it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

When Doctors Were Slaves.

Romans of means had physicians in their own houses. These men were slaves, for, odd as it seems, many Roman slaves were accomplished in literature, art and science. At one time the selling price of a slave doctor was about the equivalent of $300 in our money.

After the time of Julius Cæsar, who encouraged physicians, the art began to "lift its head" in Rome, and later men of character and position, though generally foreigners, entered the profession. Some of them accumulated large fortunes, and one made the equivalent of at least $500,000 in a few years.

Sarcastic.

In a volume of memoirs it is told that on the first council day after Lord Derby's elevation to the premiership Greville showed his disapproval by not appearing in his place as clerk. Some busybody asked Lord Derby whether he had noticed Greville's absence, and Lord Derby replied, with a face of benevolent apology: "No, really! You know, I am the most inattentive fellow in the world about these things. I never notice, when I ring the bell, whether John or Thomas answers it."

Boon Island.

Probably Boon island would be but little known outside of New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts if it were not for the fact that the island is the terminal of the Cape Ann trial course. Perhaps it would be more proper to call the island the northern terminal, but at any rate Boon island gains a mention in this way every time a new battleship or cruiser is tried off this coast, as all those not built on the Pacific always are.—Boston Globe.

Artists and Poets.

Artists and poets are like stars—they belong to no land. A strictly national painter or a strictly national poet is bound to be parochial, a kind of village pump. And you may write inscriptions all over him and build monuments above him, but he remains a pump by a local spring.—Robert Orange.

His Ideal.

Editor—What do you mean by "a girl of rare intelligence and one who refused to take advantage of alleged advantages offered her?"

Critic—Simply this: She does not dance, sing or play, but she can sharpen a lead pencil, drive a nail and keep a secret.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S ITTLE IVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.
Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

COINS OF THE PAST.

Gold Pieces That Were Once Common, but Are Now Rarely Seen.

Recent mention of the disappearance of the $2.50 gold piece from circulation and the premium this coin commands as a curio has set many to rummaging in old pocketbooks and bottoms of cash boxes and drawers in search of odd or out of date coins. Some have found a $2.50 piece, but not many. The $3 piece, once quite common, but always a sort of curiosity, is oftener found, and many have specimens of the little gold coins representing 25 cents and 50 cents which were not minted by the government and probably have not so much gold in them as they represent. They used to pass as coin, but were never in general circulation, being so easily lost that they soon became scarce. One of the handsomest coin relics seen is a $10 gold piece bearing the mint stamp of 1799. It is larger than the present $10 piece. The owner has it hung in a band and wears it as a charm on his watch chain. The owner says he refused an offer of $150 for this relic. The old octagonal $50 pieces were quite common in California in early days, when gold dust was largely used as a circulating medium. They were made of pure gold, and, while they had not the elegant finish of the gold coins minted by the government in these days, many still remember them as the handsomest coins they ever saw. Many people now would consider them handsome on account of the $50 in them.—New York Tribune.

BURNING THE YULE LOG.

The Custom One of Ancient Origin. The Yule Candle.

The custom of burning a large log of wood which is known as the Yule log is very ancient in its origin. All through the middle ages every farmhouse, cottage and castle in England burned its Yule log upon the hearth, the log being dragged in with much ceremony.

At Yuletide when the great log flamed
In chimneypiece and laugh and jest
went round.

The word "Yule" itself seems to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon "Geol," meaning December. Earlier still the Yule, or midwinter, feast is seen in its most flourishing state among the Norsemen, who commemorated the fiery sun wheel with a mighty feast. They believed that during the twelve nights from Dec. 25 to Jan. 6 they could trace the actual movements of their great Odin, or Odhinn, the god of storms, and other deified beings on the earth. The Yule log, with its cheery blaze, comes to us across the centuries as a dim memory of the fires lit to celebrate the setting out of the sun on his northward journey toward the light and warmth of summer.

A large candle known as the Yule candle used also to light the Christmas eve festivities. It was a bad omen if the candle burned out before the evening was at an end.—Detroit Free Press.

ALWAYS BE SANGUINE.

Keep to the Highways and Shun the Back Alleys of Life.

Keep to the broad highways of hope and cheerfulness. Expect to succeed. Think success, and you will succeed. Keep out of the back alleys of gloom and pessimism. Join the procession of the cheerful, the willing and the hopeful. Be sanguine. Know the pleasures of living. Enjoy the sunshine of hope.

Keep away from the scavengers and ragpickers who infest the back alleys of life. Your pessimist is your scavenger, your ragpicker. He may be a necessary evil, a boil as it were on the body social, but too much of him is fatal. He never gave the world a smile. He never contributed to the good cheer of any human being. He never lifted the gloom from any distressed soul. He is the antithesis of progress. He is the pollywog which in the evolution of life is continually dragging backward toward the slimy past, resisting the progress of development which must go on with or without him.

Beware of the encroachments of the carping, pessimistic spirit. It is a hardy plant. It takes root easily in the mind, and, like the thistle, when once it gains a foothold it is well nigh impossible to uproot it, but it cannot live in an atmosphere of sunshine and cheerfulness.

Therefore, keep to the highways. Keep out of the back alleys.—Exchange.

Children's Weight.

Some curious experiments have been made at one of the royal philanthropic institutions in Copenhagen. For some years back the seventy boys and girls in the place have been carefully weighed every day in groups of fifteen and under. Thereby it is proved that the children gain weight mostly in autumn and in the early part of December. From that time till the end of April there is scarcely any increase in weight. More remarkable still, there is a diminution till the end of summer.

THE ISLE OF NOBLES.

A Famous Historic Site, the Cradle of Saxon Liberty.

The isle of Athelney, or the "isle of nobles," as the name signifies, is one of the most famous of historic sites. A thousand years ago it was a low islet covered with willows and alders and surrounded by fens and overflowing marshes, altogether inaccessible except by boats. There King Alfred sought refuge with a swineherd, and there he lay concealed from the invading Danes for the space of a whole year. The resort of his chieftains to this place caused it to be known as the "isle of nobles," which may be regarded as the cradle and stronghold of Saxon liberty. After Alfred regained the possession of his throne he erected a Benedictine abbey on this spot and "endowed it with all the lands in the isle of Athelney." The monastery has entirely disappeared, but its site is marked by a stone pillar erected in 1801 by the owner of Athelney. The pillar bears this inscription: "King Alfred the Great in the year of our Lord 879, having been defeated by the Danes, fled for refuge to the forest of Athelney, where he lay concealed from his enemies for the spell of a whole year. He soon after regained possession of his throne, and in grateful remembrance of the protection he had received under the favor of heaven he erected a monastery on this spot and endowed it with all the lands contained in the isle of Athelney. To perpetuate the memory of so remarkable an incident in the life of that illustrious prince this edifice was founded by John Slade, Esq., of Maunsell, the proprietor of Athelney, A. D. 1801."—London News.

THE MAN WITH THE ADZ.

Wonderful Accuracy of His Aim at the Butcher's Block.

Outside a butcher shop twenty or thirty persons stood watching a man at work with an adz. He stood on a large oaken block, such as meat is chopped on, which he had taken from its legs and placed on the curb, sloping toward the street. The surface of the block had become scarred and roughened from use. With clean, accurate strokes of the adz the man soon made it as smooth as a mahogany table. It was the wonderful accuracy of his aim that made passersby stop to look at him. He paid no attention to them. A single false blow would have ruined the block. When the job was done, the man helped the butcher mount the block, collected $5 and went off to keep another appointment.

"It has taken me twenty-three years to learn to chop like that," he said to a reporter. "My charge is from $5 to $10, according to the size of the block. A block requires evening off in that way every three or four years. I have customers now that I had when I first began business, twenty-five years ago. In all that time I have spoiled only two blocks, and they were during the two years of my apprenticeship. The butchers can get their chopping blocks put in condition by sending them to the sawmill. But it is more expensive, and they can't spare them so long from the shops. There is enough work of this kind in New York to keep myself and half a dozen others busy."—New York Press.

Korean Men's Hats.

The quaintest feature of the picturesque costumes of the Korean men is their hats. They are mousetrap-like arrangements made from the hair of the wearer's ancestors. This priceless possession is handed down from father to eldest son, who reaches the goal of his ambition at the moment when the family hat is placed upon his head. Another grotesque form of Korean headdress is the mourning hat that is worn in rural districts by the eldest son for three years after the death of either of his parents. This conical shaped affair of rushes or rice straw is as large as a bushel basket and extends to the shoulders.

The Value of Exercise.

The brain that never calls upon itself for work must become dull and stupid, and it is the same way with the muscles of the body. They are filled with blood vessels that should be up and going. The blood has several purposes, and one is to carry away the waste fluids of the body. The lungs are a sort of refinery, and the blood is a distilling agent. If the blood becomes thick and unhealthy and sluggish the body does not keep its youthful state. Eyes grow dull, lips lose their redness, and the complexion is sallow and unlovely. It is an easy and simple matter to make exercise a habit.

Stretching Process.

"The doctor says I must take some massage treatment to limber up the muscles of my neck."

"Massage nothing! Come down to the theater at 5 o'clock and watch the matinee girls come out."—Houston Post.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 24.

Text of the Lesson, Luke iv, 16-30. Memory Verses 18, 19—Golden Text, John i, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

"He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not." "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came into His own and His own received Him not" (Isa. liii, 3; John i, 10, 11). He knew it would be so and yet He came, and became a son of man that we might become sons of God. For us He suffered and died; with Him we must die and suffer if we would reign with Him (Heb. ii, 14-18).

Having met the wild beasts and the devil in the wilderness, and having overcome by the word of God, He returned in the power of the Spirit to Galilee, but not until he returned to where John the Baptist was baptizing and John had pointed Him out as the Lamb of God, and Andrew, Simon, Philip and Nathanael had become His disciples. It is probable also that He changed the water to wine at Cana, went to Jerusalem to the Passover, cleansed the temple, met Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria and healed the nobleman's son at Capernaum before the incidents of our lesson occurred at Nazareth. See John i, 19, to iv, 54.

That He had been brought up at Nazareth would not add to His reputation, judging from John i, 46. Let all such as live at some Nazareth take courage. It is not our environment that mars or makes us, else Adam and Eve would never have fallen. The expression "brought up" is sometimes translated "feed" or "nourish" (Matt. vi, 26; Luke xii, 24; Rev. xii, 6-14) and may suggest in addition to physical growth a nourishing by God with His word and spirit, and a training or education by His providences.

It was His Sabbath day custom always to be in the place of worship on that day, even though the spiritual benefit, apart from that derived from the reading of the Scriptures, may have been very small. If the statement implies that it was also His custom to read the Scriptures, then we are increasingly interested to see Him, as a young man, always taking part in the services. As He unrolled the scroll of the prophet Isaiah He found what we call Isa. lxi, 1, and He must have read, according to Neh. viii, 8, distinctly, giving the sense and causing them to understand the reading. He read a very brief portion, stopped in the midst of a sentence, folded up the roll, or rolled up the scroll, gave it to the minister, sat down and began to say, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears" (verse 21). He evidently had no difficulty in finding the place, but this is a matter which is not easy to a good many believers today. As to the portion He read, is it not a complete summary of the glorious gospel of the blessed God? (I Tim. i, 11.) Glad tidings for the poor, the broken hearted, the captives, the blind, the bruised (Isa. lvii, 15; lxvi, 2; Matt. v, 3; ix, 27; Ps. xxxiv, 18; li, 17; Luke viii, 27; ix, 39; xiii, 10; Rev. iii, 17). The acceptable year is still with us—it is still true that "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation" (II Cor. vi, 2; John v, 25). The glorious truth is worthy of every one's acceptation that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (I Tim. i, 15). As He took His seat all eyes were fastened on Him. Was it because of the way He read, or was it because of what He left unread? Had He read the next sentence He could not have said that it was then fulfilled, for the day of vengeance is not yet. Redemption for Israel and vengeance upon her enemies, so often associated in Scripture, will be at His second coming (Isa. xxxiv, 8; xxxv, 4; lxiii, 4; Luke xxi, 24-28; II Thess. i, 7-10). Only the first words of His discourse are given, but as one has said, "It must have been rich in matter and sweet in manner." He was full of grace and truth, full of the Spirit, and it was the Father who spoke through Him (John i, 14; xii, 49).

He sees the unbelief and enmity in their hearts, and He reminds them that in the days of Elijah and Elisha not many benefited by the teaching or the miraculous powers of God's servants. He knew that Nazareth considered Him Joseph's son and that His townspeople would not receive Him, but it was in the plan that He should thus offer Himself to them.

What great blessing was within the reach of Nazareth that day, but what blindness possessed her! She knew not the time of her visitation. God, the God of Israel, had been in her midst unknown, His glory veiled in human form these many years; and now He reveals Himself as Jesus, their brother, the long foretold Messiah of Israel, but they will not receive Him, for to them He is only "Joseph's son." Oh, how great and all important the question, "What think ye of Christ—whose Son is He?" (Matt. xxii, 42.) They would have killed Him, but His hour to die had not yet come and no man could take His life from Him (John x, 18).

From the time that the devil was told that the seed of the woman would conquer him he ever sought to destroy that seed of the woman, and he has not yet given up the conflict, but "the Lamb shall overcome, for He is Lord of lords and King of kings" (Rev. xvii, 14). He quietly passed through their midst and went down to Capernaum and taught them on the Sabbath days; but while they were astonished at His teaching they did not receive Him (Matt. xi, 23, 24).

The Peanut.

The home of the peanut, or ground pea (also often called pindar and goober), is believed to be Brazil, although it very soon spread to Africa, China, Japan and India and was recognized as a valuable agricultural product in these countries long before it was cultivated on a large scale in its native soil, which was not until the year 1870. In the old world, however, it has always been planted and harvested for the sake of the oil that it yields. This is said to rival olive oil in quality and to be used for the same purposes. The nuts raised in the east are far richer in oil than the American varieties.

The most popular of the American peanuts is the "Virginia running variety." The pod and nut of the Virginia variety are twice as large as those of the North Carolina or African peanut. The Spanish nuts, usually sold only after being shelled and salted, are still smaller, but of excellent flavor. Tennessee has two varieties, called the white and the red, the kernels of the latter having a dark red skin.

Dee's Magic Mirror.

There are several accounts of the manner in which the famous gunpowder plot of 1605 was discovered, but among the students of occult science the belief is that its timely discovery was made by Dr. John Dee by means of a magic mirror. Proof of how general this belief was at one time is given by the fact that in some editions of the Common Prayer Book, published in the eighteenth century, is to be found an engraving inserted before the service for Nov. 5 depicting a circular mirror on a stand in which is the reflection of the houses of parliament by night and a person carrying a dark lantern. On the left side are two men in the costume of the reign of King James looking into the mirror. On the right side at the top the eye of Providence throws a ray on to the mirror. Beneath are legs and hoofs, as if evil spirits were making their exit.

A Good Place to Avoid.

In the northern Shan states, on the border of Burma, there is a tribe called the Wild Was. These people propitiate with human skulls the demons whom they worship. Outside every village in their country there are many posts, all in one line, decked with human skulls. A niche is cut in the back of each post, with a ledge on which the skull can rest and grin through a hole in front of it. Every village has a dozen and some as many as a hundred of these head posts. Fresh skulls are in special request at harvest time and are purchased for large sums, those of distinguished visitors being particularly desired.

She Shut.

A story is told of Count Schouvaloff, a former Russian ambassador to England. He greatly admired Englishwomen and was heartily annoyed when he offended any one of them. While he was in London he learned English, and, having heard one famous English beauty say "Shut up!" to another, he imagined it to be a phrase of polite agreement, such as "Say no more." In this sense he himself addressed it to an illustrious lady the next night at dinner, to the lady's consternation, and his own when later he discovered his mistake.

Played an Organ.

The little daughter of a well known New York musician was much chagrined the other day by the ingenuous remark of a "new friend." Said the little girl proudly:

"My father is an organist."

"And does he have a monkey?" was the prompt rejoinder.

Novelty Excited Curiosity.

Owtlaight—I had an awful time thinking up an excuse to give my wife when I got home from the club last night.

Lushman—Did she demand one?

Owtlaight—Of course. I got home so early that it piqued her curiosity.—Exchange.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on **Mrs. M. JENNINGS** 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

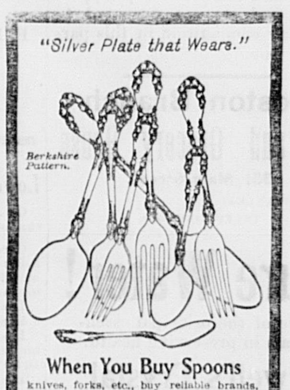
THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

"Silver Plate that Wears."



When You Buy Spoons

knives, forks, etc., buy reliable brands, even if they do cost a little more. They are worth the difference. If "1847" is a part of the stamp it insures genuine Rogers quality, famous for wear. Full trade-mark—

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Sold by leading dealers. For Catalogue No. 6, address the makers,
International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn

On a Large Scale.

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota farmer as the crowd of agriculturists seated themselves round a little table—"yes, sir. We do things on rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow until autumn. Then he turned round and harvested back. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one which he had to give a mortgage on, and I pledge you my word the mortgage was due at one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see, it was laid out in counties. And the worst of it is it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief—women yelling, children howling and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams, and he was going round bidding everybody goodby."

"Where was he going?"

"He was going half way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet. Up there we send young married couples out to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."—Exchange.

Webster and Jenny Lind.

The following quaint story of Daniel Webster and Jenny Lind is told in "Washington, the Capital City:"

It chanced that on the day of Jenny Lind's appearance several members of the cabinet and senate were the guests at dinner of the Russian minister, and the concert was half over when Webster and the other members of the party entered the hall. When the applause with which they were received had subsided the second part of the concert was opened by the gifted Swede with "Hail, Columbia!"

Deeply moved by the patriotic air, Webster at the close of the first verse rose and added his rich, sonorous voice to the chorus. His wife, who sat behind him, pulled at his coat tail to make him stop singing, but at the close of each verse the volunteer basso joined in, and none could tell whether Lind, Webster or the audience was most delighted.

As the last notes of the song died away Webster, hat in hand, made a profound bow to the singer. Jenny Lind, blushing at the honor, courtesied, while the audience applauded to the echo. Webster, not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again. Again Lind courtesied, the house applauded, and this was repeated nine times.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 9.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY–To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.27, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at [illegible]

All cars leaving Winchester connect with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Stoneham, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co. for Boston, Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, *7.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 7.05, 7.35, and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 11.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 8.00 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.00 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Malden and Woburn at 8.30 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 p. m.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson)
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.
TELEPHONE 6-3.

LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
341 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
—DEALERS IN—
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward

450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged. Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2. Residence of Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days first car leaves Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5 45, 6.00, 6 22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12 52 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P M., then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 1 07 P M., then every 15 minutes until 8 37 P M., then every 30 minutes until 12.07 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1 22; then every 15 minutes until 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12 07; then 12.37 A. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every hour and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville)
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

How the Race Was Won

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

It all began at the America's cup races in 1903 and ended two years later, in the fall of 1905. To be exact, it began at the very moment the winning boat, swelling white from deck to towering truck, swept across the line in a mist of flying spray and a thousand steam whistles burst into gigantic applause, announcing to a waiting world that the cup would stay on this side for at least another year.

It was at this instant that Miss Virginia Wentworth, her teeth flashing, her eyes glistening, her cheeks flaming, turned to Frank Stanhope and cried, with quick emotion: "Isn't it glorious? Oh, I could love a man who could carry off a prize like that!"

This remark was unwise unless Miss Wentworth wished to invite what followed, for no one had ever accused Stanhope of being backward where women were concerned. Besides, he was very much in love with Miss Wentworth. So he instantly turned, bent over the girl so that no one else might hear and whispered, "Will you love me if I carry it off, Virginia?" Whereupon Miss Wentworth, with a suddenly heightened color, turned quickly aside and made a remark to a girl companion.

But the question once asked had to be answered sooner or later. The time when it must be came the next afternoon in the disjointed intervals available between the departure of one guest who had dropped in on Miss Wentworth to get a cup of tea and the arrival of another who came for the same purpose.

Stanhope smiled down on her. "You remember what you said yesterday, don't you?" he asked.

Miss Wentworth blushed slightly. "Oh, yes," she said. "Wasn't it foolish? I was carried away by the moment and thought that I could love the man who defended the cup so splendidly."

"The Englishman has said that he will challenge again," he said slowly. "I shall build a yacht and defend the cup."

"But you are not a yachtsman."

"I shall become one if"—

"But you know how seasick you get when the water is rough."

"I'll get over it if"—

"I won't promise."

"I don't ask you to do so. But I do ask you to be with me when my yacht crosses the line a victor a year or two from now, and perhaps—perhaps the moment may carry you away again."

"Oh, you foolish boy!" But it was with a very tender look in her eyes that Miss Wentworth watched Stanhope as he went from the parlor.

An hour later he was closeted with Nell Burke, the famous yacht designer.

"You said once that you would do anything for my father's son, Mr. Burke," he was saying. "Now I'm going to claim your promise. I've got to defend the cup next time. To do so I must have a yacht that can defeat all other would be defenders and then can defeat the challenger, no matter how good it may be. Will you help me?"

"It's my business to do so," returned the designer, "and in this case it will be my pleasure as well."

Stanhope drew a long breath. "That's good," he said. "Spare no expense—none. I will spend my whole fortune if necessary to assure this victory."

The designer's face grew serious. He drew a sheet of paper toward him and began to figure. At last he threw down the pencil. "Stanhope," he said, "if you mean exactly what you say and if you are rich enough and have the nerve to risk it I can assure you of victory as certainly as any human event still in the future can be assured. But it will cost a great deal."

"Never mind the cost. I have the nerve, I believe, and I have the money—that is, I have anything within reason."

"Ah! But perhaps you'll think that this isn't in reason. Will—and can—you risk $7,000,000 on the race with the certainty of winning unless something altogether unforeseen should occur?"

"Seven millions! Great Cæsar! How can you possibly spend seven millions?"

"I said risk, not spend. And the risk will be very small. Nearly all of the money will be restored safe and sound—less the cost of the yacht, crew and so forth, say half a million. But the seven millions I must have in coin, or, better still, in bars of solid gold. Will you risk it?"

Drops of sweat stood on Stanhope's forehead. "Mr. Burke," he said, "I am reputed to be rich, and I am. I suppose the market value of my property is about ten millions. But in actual cash I am poor. I shall have to sell everything to get this gold. To tell in haste may cost me one-third of my fortune—certainly one-quarter of it. Suppose I should not be able to raise seven millions, what then?"

"Oh, $6,000,000 or even $5,000,000 would do at a pinch," returned Mr. Burke nonchalantly. "Seven millions is best, but a less amount would almost certainly do as well."

"How soon do you want the money?"

"Eight or nine months from now will do."

"Very well, you shall have it. Now explain your plans to me." And under his breath Stanhope murmured, "I wonder whether this sort of thing is romantic enough to suit her?"

* * * * * * * *

Two years passed away, and the date of the great international races was fast approaching. Marvelous tales had come from abroad regarding the performances of the Erin. The British had gone fairly wild over her, and their supreme confidence had had a depressing effect on this side of the water, where the new defender, the Virginia, had done nothing to show that she was greatly superior to the Columbia.

Stanhope had been readily admitted to the yacht club, and his boat, constructed by the famous old designer, had been accepted as the defender of the cup. Extraordinary pains had been taken to keep her lines secret. The shipyard where she was built had been guarded day and night by armed men, and she had been launched "in petticoats," which concealed her hull.

It was not until the day before that set for the first series of races that one of the sensational New York newspapers announced under scare heads that the Virginia, despite her enormous sail area, drew only fifteen feet of water; hence the paper deduced the alleged fact that if the wind reached a velocity of even twelve miles an hour the American boat would inevitably capsize.

The first two races went off splendidly for the Americans, the Virginia coming in a good five miles ahead of her rival in spite of the fact that the latter also showed phenomenal speed. By the morning of the third race the yachting world had settled down to the conviction that Mr. Burke had discovered some new principle of hull building.

The result of the third race seemed so absolutely certain that Stanhope invited Miss Wentworth and her chaperon to be on board during it. It was not in accordance with racing customs to have any one besides the officers and crew aboard at such a time, but the superiority of the Virginia was so evident that it seemed impossible for harm to result.

And none did result until after the race was won. As the Virginia glided smoothly across the line four miles ahead of her outclassed rival Stanhope turned to Miss Wentworth. "Are you carried away, Virginia?" he asked. The girl turned to him, joy in his triumph flushing in her face, but before she could answer a cry of terror arose. The excursion fleet, wild with excitement over the unprecedented triumph of the American, had broken through the guard lines. The next instant came a grinding crash, and the paddle wheel of a gigantic ferryboat went tearing across the yacht, ripping her stern to pieces and pushing her beneath the water.

The suddenness of the calamity added to its awfulness. One moment the beautiful vessel, with towering masts and bellying canvas, was there, the next only a confusion of broken timbers and struggling men.

As the boat went down like a stone Stanhope clasped Virginia in his arms and sprang overboard, and in a few moments they were picked up without sensible injury to either.

Putting Miss Wentworth under care of her friends, Stanhope hurried on board of the United States gunboat which had quickly dispersed the fleet and taken charge of the wreck. "Captain Edward," he exclaimed hoarsely, "I am Mr. Stanhope, owner of the Virginia. My entire fortune is in that yacht. She contains over $6,000,000 in gold."

"What!"

"Her keel is of solid gold. You read the story in the paper the other day stating that the Virginia drew only fifteen feet of water. Well, that was true. Gold is nearly twice as heavy as lead, a golden keel is only half the size of a leaden one, and its resistance to the water is far less. Consequently a boat with such a keel is much faster than one with the ordinary lead keel. I had to win this race, so I sold all my property and turned it into gold to make a keel for the Virginia. Will you stay here and protect the wreck until we can get the wrecking apparatus?"

"I will, sir; I will."

Three hours later the work on the yacht had proceeded far enough to make certain the safety of the gold, and Stanhope set off to the home of Miss Wentworth, where he found her none the worse for her cold bath.

"I asked my question at the proper time, Virginia," he said, "but the blundering of that boat robbed me of my answer. Did the moment carry you away?"

Shyly the girl looked up at him. "No," she said. "The moment didn't, but—I think that you did."

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

The Traveling Story Teller.

The profession of hakkawati, or story teller, is a calling officially recognized in oriental countries, and the fortunate possessor of the necessary gift is sure of a welcome and a livelihood wherever he goes.

"It is this man," says an authority on oriental customs, "who beyond all others relieves the monotony of eastern life. I have seen the Arabian hakkawati seated in the middle of a large crowd, with the firelight throwing a ruddy glow over his mobile features, bring out clearly their varying expressions as he warms to his tale. The Arabs have a saying that 'smiles and tears are in the same khurig,' or wallet, and so well does the real hakkawati know his business that hour after hour he can make his dark skinned audience shake with laughter or sob in sympathy with the woes of some imaginary heroine, or shiver and feel for their daggers, ready to spring to their feet to avenge some dastardly act of cruelty. No 'dime novel' of the western world could be more thrilling than is this legendary fiction of the peoples of the far east."

Thieves and Bibles.

Bibles are said by detectives to be more rarely stolen than any other objects. This is not because Bibles are worthless to a thief, but because few criminals are sufficiently depraved to steal the good book. A detective said recently that in an important case which he had followed up some years ago a thief had entered the house, stolen some valuable jewels and left untouched a Bible bound in white chicken skin and studded with pearls. The detective caught the thief, and the man who had been robbed, a dealer in curios, visited his despoiler in jail, took an interest in him because he had not taken the Bible and eventually reformed him and got him a good job.

"I knew," the thief said, "that if I took that Bible it would do me harm and if I didn't take it it might do me good. I let it alone, and now, thank heaven, I'm an honest and a righteous man."

The detective added that in another case where a thief had stolen a Bible the book had been returned. "Another thing few thieves will take," he added, "is a child's savings bank."—Chicago Tribune.

The Useful Sunflower.

It is a common joke to call inferior cigars "cabbage leaves," but, as a matter of fact, some very good "weeds" are made from the leaves of the sunflower. These leaves can also be smoked in the place of tobacco, forming quite a passable substitute.

The stalks and leaves make excellent food for various animals, while the former can also be employed as fuel. Sunflower cake is made from the seeds of this useful plant after the oil has been extracted, this oil being very nearly equal to olive oil and used in cooking. The seeds not only serve as food for cattle; they are mashed and kneaded into bread by the poor peasants of certain parts of Russia, and they find it very palatable.

Potash is obtained from the ash of the stalks. The proportion is about one-third of potash to the total ash left after burning. A yellow dye is made from the flower of the plant. The fiber can be worked into a silk material.

Brought Trouble.

White—What is the matter with Plunger's head?

Green—Yesterday was his wooden wedding, and he gave his wife a rolling pin for a present, and when he returned from celebrating the event she returned the present with a speech suitable to the occasion.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

More Thrilling.

Ruyter—I'm writing a sequel to my book "How to Live on Five Hundred a Year."

Scribbler—What do you call the sequel?

Ruyter—"How to Get the Five Hundred."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Safeguard of Ideals.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.—Honore de Balzac.

Stopped Gambling.

Blunt—I hear Blones has stopped gambling.

Front—That's true. I bet him $100 this morning that he couldn't stop, and he took me up.—Yonkers Herald.

VICTIMS OF A RECOIL

By Louise J. Strong

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Wh-e-ew! This is the hottest day that ever broiled!" Mr. J. Sanborn, elderly, somewhat portly and very irascible, glared about, defying contradiction.

The old gentleman in front of him bristled aggressively.

Mr. Sanborn, with an eye out for offense, observed the bristling and reiterated dogmatically, "The very hottest day!"

"No such thing! There's been millions hotter!" The old gentleman flashed around like a pugnacious bulldog.

"The very hottest day!" Mr. Sanborn bawled stubbornly.

"Not even the hottest this season! On the 10th the thermometer registered 16 degrees higher," his opponent explained with aggravating exactness.

"Then the thermometer lied! All thermometers do!"

"My thermometer is exact! It's the best made."

"I don't care if it's the only one made, it lies if it says there's ever been a hotter day than today." Mr. Sanborn mopped his face in exaggerated distress.

People were smiling at the absurd contention, and a girl across the aisle giggled. Both disputants looked at her, and with a gesture of authority the old gentleman ordered:

"Here, miss, you look cool and reasonable. Tell this lump of obstinacy that today is frigid beside the 10th."

"Oh, don't ask me to be umpire. I don't know anything about thermometers. I always go by my feelings," she cried.

"The only sensible way," Mr. Sanborn affirmed.

"The way of ninnies and numskulls!" stormed the old gentleman.

"Your station, sir," the conductor interrupted. The old gentleman bounced off, trailing his statements and assertions to the platform.

The train started. Mr. Sanborn stuck his head out the window and shouted, "The very hottest day!"

Then he settled back and laughed. The girl laughed, too, and slipped across into the old gentleman's place.

"I wound him up!" Mr. Sanborn explained with satisfaction.

"I expect he thinks it is pretty hot by now," she smiled, "but, really, you know, we have had hotter weather."

"Oh, yes," he assented unexpectedly. "I suppose I'm doing my own roasting."

"Fuming?" she intimated.

"Like a boiling kettle. Think I'd explode but for easing off on the old gentleman," he chuckled in memory of the exploit.

"You should take things easy in hot weather. It's the only way to keep cool," she remarked sagely.

"Take things easy! Look here, when you've had a blow that's knocked all your life plans helter skelter you don't feel either easy or cool."

"No; that's true. One might make new plans," she suggested.

"New plans!" he scoffed. "I don't know why I'm the one to make concessions. He owes all he is to me."

She looked polite inquiry, and he continued: "You see, it's my nephew. I've raised him and been a father to him—done well by him too; given him the best advantages money'll buy. And all I've asked of him is that he'll go ahead and be a credit to us."

He paused reminiscently.

"And hasn't he?" she asked. A glow lit his face.

"He has! He's been on top all the time, taken the honors everywhere, and he stands to pull off the biggest of all now."

"I should say that was satisfactory," she commented.

"Satisfactory! I'm chock full of pride! But I'm justified in being proud. He graduates from C—— university—no little college, mind you—with the honors of his class. Why, with my money behind him he might be anything he chose anywhere. And what does he do but deliberately kick over his own prospects. Here I've been planning all sorts of things for him when he gets through travel, where and as long as he pleases; marriage with the best when he's ready for it, and the young jackanapes has gone and engaged himself to a milkmaid."

"A milkmaid," she repeated faintly.

"Farmer's daughter, he said, but they're all milkmaids. I suppose her dad raked up a little money and sent her to the university to take on some polish and take in some young idiot like Maurice. He's the star, and she couldn't do better, though she might find some with more money."

"Have you seen her?"

"No, nor want to either. I know how she looks; overgrown and coarse, with big red cheeks that he, the simpleton, calls 'roses of nature,'" he quoted contemptuously. "He can go to the farm with her and make a field hand for the old man, and I'll try to crawl out from the ruins. Jings, I wish I'd trained him in the business back there in Chicago!" He struck the seat excitedly and went on: "He kept it from me till his last letter. I've been boiling ever since—110 in the shade. I came pretty near not going to the graduating fandango, and I've looked to it for years."

"Then you are to be there tonight," she said.

"That's what I'm on the road for. He spoke of my coming a day or so earlier, but I don't want to see him till afterward. It might not be good for his nerves, and I naturally want him to do his best before the public."

"Naturally," she assented, adding: "I'm going there too. I have friends in the class."

"Why, that's all right," he exclaimed. "We're strangers, and we'd probably each be alone. Why not sit together?"

"Thank you, we will. It is kind of you to suggest it," she replied, hiding an amused smile.

By exchange of cards they introduced themselves and had become very good friends by the time they reached their destination.

"Shall I call for you?" he asked at parting.

"Oh, no, thank you. We will meet in the hall," she returned, with a flash of repressed merriment.

"Very good, young lady, but not quite so perfect as you suppose," he muttered, watching the slender figure flit away.

When in unaccustomed and uncomfortable evening dress he was conducted to his seat he scarcely recognized her in the resplendent creature the center of an incense offering throng, but when he did he breathed an "ah, ha!" of satisfaction, adding, with a chuckle: "I see, I see! But I think the little joke will boomerang!"

She detached herself presently and made her way to him, murmuring an apology for omitting to mention that she had attended the university the previous year.

To his eager question she admitted that she had met Maurice. To his equally eager question concerning the milkmaid she hesitated uncertainly.

Which was not strange, seeing that Mr. Sanborn had no name for her, the young blockhead having alluded to her merely as "a farmer's daughter, the girl of my choice."

"I am sure that short, thick, homely girl is the one—the third from the end," Mr. Sanborn groaned.

"Oh, perhaps not," she comforted, subduing a smile.

"She's the one," he assented as positively and aggressively as he had proclaimed the state of the weather. The opening exercises prevented further discourse.

In spite of his heated resentment Mr. Sanborn swelled with pride at the overwhelming success of his nephew and joined in the applause that called him out again and again.

"He's pulled them off, as I told you he would," he boasted to the girl, who, with flushed cheeks and wet eyes, had burst her glove in expressing her approbation. "It would be glorious but for that beefy creature he's talking to," he added, choking indignantly.

Maurice got away from the congratulations at last and reached them, saying with outstretched hand, "Well, uncle, I hope you are satisfied with me."

"Um-m—yes, pretty well!" his uncle grunted, his eyes fixed significantly upon the thick, homely girl across the hall.

Seeing which, Maurice said, with a sly glance at the girl beside him:

"May I introduce you to my farmer's daughter, uncle? She's"—

Mr. Sanborn broke in, exclaiming: "Why, I know the man she's talking with; done business with him! I'll just introduce myself and have it out with her too!" he growled over his shoulder, slipping like an eel through the crowd.

"Good heavens!" Maurice cried aghast "If he should say anything impertinent to Miss Millioness!"

"Oh, Maurice! And she the president's niece! He'll say anything! Stop him; stop him!" the girl wailed.

"Stop who—the thief?" a young man queried laughingly.

They trailed through the crowd in an agony of apprehension. There was no pleasantry in the situation for them.

Mr. Sanborn had arrived, shaken hands with the gentleman and was speaking to the young lady, who listened with serious attention.

"Look at her! There'll be an explosion soon! Oh, why did we undertake the silly trick?" Maurice's companion moaned in his ear.

His uncle beckoned urgently, preventing Maurice's reply.

"I suppose you know my nephew and his milkmaid, the farmer senator's daughter," Mr. Sanborn said to the gentleman as the reluctant couple approached.

Then he burst into a roar of laughter at the blank faces of the wilted young conspirators.

Shorthand and Mental Discipline.

The mental discipline which may be derived from the practice of stenography is permanent. Speed may be lost, word signs may slip away, but the power of concentrating the attention persists. Nor is the increased power of analysis confined to the analysis of spoken words. It is brought into play in all kinds of mental work. Possibly the truth may be that only persons with minds naturally analytic can become expert stenographers and that the faculty is a cause rather than an effect of such proficiency. However that may be, the man who has a mind of that sort can select a topic at random, analyze it rapidly into its natural subdivisions and make a speech or write an essay on it while the other men would be groping around for an introduction. The value of this sort of discipline to a lawyer or preacher or writer is obvious. Mathematics is the only study that can be compared to a scientific system of shorthand for the development of analytical powers.—The World Today.

Ayer's
For coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, weak throats, weak lungs, consumption, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Cherry Pectoral
Always keep a bottle of it in the house. We have been saying this for 60 years, and so have the doctors.
"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for 40 years. It is the best medicine in the world, I know, for all throat and lung troubles."
MRS. J. K. NORCROSS, Waltham, Mass.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for The Lungs
Daily action of the bowels is necessary. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Stood by the Reporter.

The late George W. Childs, the proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger, was a man who supported his subordinates when they were in the right. During a bitter congressional campaign one of the candidates, called upon Mr. Childs and said:

"Mr. Childs, I have always considered you my friend. Am I right in that assumption?"

"Yes," said Mr. Childs in his quiet way, wondering what was coming.

"Well, I come to complain about your political reporter. His reports of my campaign have done me much damage."

"I understand," said Mr. Childs, "that our reporter has been printing your own speeches. Is that true?"

"Y-e-s," was the hesitating reply.

"Then," said the publisher, "you are the guilty man. You are killing your own candidacy, and the Ledger is simply giving a faithful picture of the performance. Blame yourself and not the Ledger reporter."

And that was all the satisfaction this influential politician could get from the publisher.

Why Cut Apples Turn Color.

The rapid change of color in cut apples is due to chemical action on the exposed surface of the apple after the free admission of oxygen and not, as was once supposed, to the presence of micro-organisms, for if apple pulp is sterilized and filtered the same thing happens. The juice of an apple not only contains water, sugar and various acids, but a starch which ferments when exposed to the air.

Lindet holds that the fermenting matter and the acids also are in different cells in the uncut apple, but are brought into contact as soon as it is cut. This is, however, not to the point, as the fermenting matter can only attack the aromatic body in the presence of oxygen. So long as the skin of the apple is whole no change can take place, but immediately this is wounded the oxygen begins its work, carbon dioxide is evolved, and the reddish brown appearance sets in, especially on unripe fruit.

Why the Mexicans Call Us Gringos.

In the southwest, especially along the Mexican border, Mexicans are vulgarly called "greasers" by the American cowboys and ranchers. The Mexicans have retaliated by contemptuously referring to the Americans as "gringos," unconscious that they are using a word of American origin first applied to themselves.

During the Mexican war the army of Santa Anna was composed mostly of Indian peons who could neither shoot, drill nor fight. To distinguish these ignorant recruits from the trained regulars the Americans called them "greenies," and the Mexicans, with their Latin pronunciation, converted it into first "greenos," then "gringos." Later they applied it to those from whom they had first heard it, thinking it meant something especially bad.

Gunpowder Bags.

It is possible to weave a very attractive fabric—as regards appearances, at least—out of ordinary gunpowder. The cloth looks very much like silk and when ignited instantly disappears without leaving a trace behind.

The fabric is used for making bags to hold gunpowder, which in this shape are loaded into big guns. When the bags are of canvas, as is customary, they are not consumed by the explosion, and what remains of them after firing has to be removed from the powder chamber of the weapon. But if gunpowder bags be substituted for canvas the sack actually becomes part of the explosive charge, and no trace of it is left after the shot has sped.

Sound Enjoyment.

The spirit of modern life is to plunge into experiences vigorously and get the most from them. This was the spirit that animated the man who preferred tough beefsteak because there was more "chew to it." Similarly virile was the attitude of Mr. Skillings, who had come to town to order a new family carriage.

"Now, I suppose you want rubber tires?" said the agent.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Skillings. "My folks ain't that kind. When we're riding we want to know it."

Beginning Young.

The feminine instinct begins young. The little girl who wore her new cloak for the first time in an east wind was not thinking of the east wind. Her mother, however, was, and she suggested that people who allowed their cloaks to blow over their heads sometimes caught cold. "Oh, no, mother," observed her daughter complacently. "You don't catch cold when it's such a pretty lining!"

Snap Went the Trap.

"My father has always told me," began Edgar, "that pretty girls make poor wives. Now, when I marry it must be a girl who is not pretty at all, but one who is possessed of the home loving instincts, one who is unselfish and"—

"Oh, Mr. Montgomery—Edgar—this is so sudden, but you may ask papa!"

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JAN. 29, 1904

RILEY SWORN IN.

Herbert S. Riley, Esq., of Woburn was duly sworn in as a representative from this District and took his seat in the House, last Wednesday. The Boston *Journal* reported the ceremony as follows:

Frank Seiberlich of Ward 22 was the Committee of One that escorted Herbert Riley of Woburn to the Governor to be sworn, and back again. Just as he was leaving the Gubernatorial office the Governor hurled at him in full legal verbiage the charge to convoy the new member. It was a long wordy discourse, and Frank tried his best to remember it. When, however, he got into the House and stood in the front area before the Speaker, he astonished that exceedingly staid young man by delivering something which the members say sounded like this: "I am instructed by His Excellency, who has just sworn at him, to present to you Herbert Aldrich Riley of Woburn, who they say is unduly elated to a seat in the present House." Capt. Remington caught him by the arm just as they say he was about to declare "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

WOMEN'S VOTE FOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Preparatory to voting for members of School Boards in 33 Massachusetts cities last December, 33,991 women registered; 20,267 voted; and 13,724, or over 40 percent, failed to cast their ballots. Of these, 1,152 Woburn women registered; 885 voted; and only 267 came up missing on election day. Only 4 cities, Boston, Cambridge, Fall River and Fitchburg, showed a larger registration; and only two, Boston and Cambridge, a larger vote.

This certainly is a creditable record for Woburn women, due mainly, we suppose, to the efforts of our School Board to secure their attendance at the polls.

A GOOD NOTICE.

Captain John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, keeps a friendly eye on his old home, Woburn, and often says pleasant things about it. Speaking in the Friday issue of the *Item* of the Riley-Aldrich contest for a seat in the Legislature Captain P. pays this compliment to Esquire Riley:

It was a close call at the best, for as Woburn is a Democratic city it is hard work for a Republican to win, even with the aid of the vote of Reading. Mr. Riley is a native of Woburn, of liberal education, and a thorough acquaintance with the wants of his constituency, and will make an able Representative.

☞ Extreme cold weather and snow have prevented progress on the Highlands house building enterprise, but as soon as the weather conditions will admit of it work on the first twelve of the 40, or more, dwellings, will begin. Mr. William B. Jones, C. E., is unable to run the lines and do other surveying that must precede work on construction of streets, cellars, etc. which Capt. J. M. Ellis has been asked to make estimates on; but obstacles to progress will not last much longer, nor work further delayed. Mr. George E. Fowle, the George E Brown Building Co., Mr. Graydon, and perhaps other builders, have been invited to give figures on the carpenter work; while, it is believed, the Water, Highway and Sewer Departments of the city, and the Gas and Electric Light Companies will treat the enterprise favorably.

☞ The speech of Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge delivered in the U. S Senate on Jan. 6, 1904, on Panama, was a production that deserves careful reading by the public. It is an exhaustive history of the Colombian and Panama troubles; the causes and history of the late Panama revolution, separation from Colombia, and setting up of an independent Republic; clears away the mist, and utterly refutes, the Democratic charges of intrigue and double-dealing by the Roosevelt Administration; and gives reasons that cannot be overthrown for the recognition of the Republic of Panama and attitude of the U. S. Government towards it. It is the ablest document that has come from the Congressional press for many a day.

☞ We are in receipt of the Tufts College Catalogue for 1903 4, which is a volume of nearly 320 pages, filled with valuable statistics and information. The following people are connected with the college, their names appearing in the catalogue: Charles H. Young, a Laboratory Assistant, in Medical Chemistry; Guy Elwood Marion, A. B. 1903; Miner Fellows in Natural History first year, Biology; Albert C. Blaisdell, A. B. 1901, Mathematics; John Paul Jones, Sophomore; Augie M. Tripp, Sophomore; Mary L Doherty, Freshman; Gertrude A. Neville, Freshman; Joseph H. Kerrigan; Richard H. Reynolds, Dental School; John L. Breslin, Joseph E. Talty.

☞ Last Tuesday afternoon Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, President of the Woburn Woman's Club, delivered her lecture, "Women of the Renaissance," before the Fortnightly Club of Winchester and a cultivated audience of goodly numbers. The Fortnightly is the star female Club of Winchester, composed of the first ladies of quality in the town, and noted for the choice character of its literary entertainments. Mrs. Hayward's "Women of the Renaissance" has been heard and enjoyed by audiences in numerous communities near Boston, and warmly endorsed by her own home Club and fellow citizens.

☞ It was *The Budget* that Mr. Horace N. Hastings started here in 1857, after leaving the JOURNAL, which he abandoned to enlist in defense of the Union in the Civil War, and not the *Guide Post*, as stated by us last week.

— The annual meeting of the H. F. A. W. corporation is to be held at 2 30 p m. Feb. 2, 1904, in the Savings Bank Building.

☞ The JOURNAL'S last week's article on the District Nurse matter brought out the gratifying information that a detail of the members of the Association are actively engaged in canvassing the city and soliciting funds with which to set the scheme in motion. It is also learned that they are meeting with encouragement and making good headway. Time is necessary to get such an enterprise on a sound footing, arrange the details for operating it, and to secure the necessary amount of money and pledges for its success, all of which the committees feel sure of.

☞ It is Representative Riley whom they speak of so highly!—*Reading Chronicle*.

Which brief paragraph shows that the Reading Editor is a poet, as well as a philosopher.

☞ A few days ago we received a splendidly printed pamphlet which contained an article written by, and a fine portrait of, George French, from whom and Henry L. Andrews we bought the Woburn JOURNAL in August, 1880.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Dr. Aspray—Removed.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
F. Nat. Bank—Statement.

— The days have increased in length 47 minutes.

— The Maynard polo team play the Woburns here tomorrow night.

— The funeral of Mrs. Sherman Converse was held last Sunday.

— Street Commissioner Kelley was laid up with a fit of sickness last week.

— Hope Rebekah Lodge are rehearsing for a minstrel show to be given in the near future.

— Towanda Club teams will be on hand at the whist tournament in Somerville on Feb. 1.

— Congratulations to Dr. H. G. Blake and wife on the addition of a son to their family.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Robert B. Foster of 848 Main street suffered a broken leg while sliding down hill a few days ago.

— The joint committee has as good as selected a site on the Dow farm purchase for the new schoolhouse.

— Mr. F. Chandler Parker of Arlington Road is entertaining his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Richardson of Erie, Pa.

— A dance followed the installation of the officers of Charles Bowers Winn Camp, S. of V., last Wednesday evening.

— The dates fixed for the North Woburn A. A. minstrel show are Feb 11, 12. They always give a bangup one.

— There is to be a Lodge of Elks here, if nothing splits. A large number of signatures has been obtained for one.

— The 33d annual ball of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. is to be given this evening. The attendance promises to be large.

— Prof. W. W. Crosby, Principal of the Lowell Textile School, is living in Lowell while his mother is away on the Pacific coast.

— The North Woburn A. A. team go to Wakefield tomorrow evening, Jan. 30, to play a return game with the team of that town.

— Supt. Gray of the B. & N. and men have kept the electrics on that line running in good shape all winter, in spite of frequent snows.

— If the breeching holds there is going to be dead loads of fun and about the same amount of clashing in the School Board this year.

— Last year Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., paid out $9,000 in death policies, and since its organization $54,000 to Woburn people.

— On Feb. 9, Henry H Clayton is to deliver the next lecture in the Burbeen Course. His subject will be "Explorations of the Air," etc.

— There was a profusion of beautiful flowers at the funeral of Mrs. James Brooks last Tuesday from the friends by whom she will be greatly missed.

— This is about the right time to buy a parlor stove of C. M. Strout & Co., because they are selling the best styles so cheap that it surprises everybody.

— The Sulpho-Napthol Co. of Boston have a new ad in this paper. Sulpho Napthol is the greatest purifier extant, and is universally used in dwellings and sickrooms.

— The surveyor's blue prints of the laying out of Cummings Park include quite a slice of Fred Cottle's real estate, so he says, for the purchase of which no offer has been made.

— Chief Fire Engineer Littlefield has a clear field for reappointment.—*Times*. Why not? As head of the Fire Department he can't be beaten. Of course, he "has a clear field."

— It was from 7 to 15 below zero yesterday morning. How's that for high? But, then, we have had so much of that kind of weather this winter that it isn't minded very much.

— Another intensely cold wave has held the boards here this week. The supposition has prevailed that it was a part and parcle of the remarkably cold spell that started in the West last Sunday.

— The people of North Woburn are about to petition the B. & M. Railroad Company for a 20-cent single ticket to Boston, and a 10-cent commutation ticket. Here's hoping they will make it go.

— Last Monday evening Mr. Orlando M. Brooks was elected President of the Crystal Fount Benefit Association, and Mr. Henry M. Andrews Treasurer. The financial condition of the Association is A1.

— Hon. George F. Bean of this city was booked for an address before the High School Association of the Warner, N. H., High School yesterday, of which institution he was the first graduate.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Reduction Sale

To close all our Heavy Weight Goods before stock taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

NOTICE!

We have installed in our store a
PUBLIC PAY STATION
which the public are at liberty to use at all times. All messages coming through it will be promptly delivered.

For a daiety display of Confectionery see our window this week. Special mixture of Chocolates, 20c. pound.
Pure old-fashioned Flaxseed Drops, 19c. pound.
Pure old-fashioned Horehound Drops, 19c. pound.
Pure Slippery Elm Lozenges, 23c. cents pound.
Robbins Bronchial Lozenges, 10c. box.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ The Original Cut Price Drug Store.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— The Board of Public Works and School Board committee had an engagement to meet at the Dow farm last Monday with a view of selecting a site for the new schoolhouse.

— Over 150 couples attended the ball of Div. 3, A. O. H., on the evening of Jan. 22. Lawrence Read was Floor Marshal. He was assisted by a large number of accomplished Aides.

— The M. E gymnasium is flourishing. Men's and women's classes are overcrowded and will have to be divided. There are 150 in the men's class. It is one of the most popular institutions in town.

— Dr. Joseph Aspray moved yesterday from No. 399 Main street to his home and office in Mrs. Hudson's new house, 5½ Pleasant street, where he may hereafter be found to respond to professional calls.

— St. Valentine's Day comes on Sunday this year, a fact which the Old Saint must have overlooked when he set the day for the celebration of his canonization, for it is going to be sort of bad for the boys and girls.

— Gage & Co., merchant tailors, advertise a reduction sale of heavy-weight goods preparatory to taking account of stock and offering strong inducements to buyers. They have a large and varied stock, and the firm are famous for the style and excellence of their work.

— L. E. Hanson & Co, have a change in their business card in this issue of the JOURNAL which is well worth reading. With Varney at the head, Smith a close second, and Goode as a regulator, the firm are doing a fine business in the jewelry, clock and watch line, "and don't you forget it."

— A lively and successful whist and dancing party was given last Wednesday evening in aid of the Parish Table of the forthcoming St. Charles Fair. It was enjoyed by everyone who took a hand at the tables, or on the floor.

— The entertainment given by the Ladies Aid Society of St. John's Baptist church last week was a great success. A fine musical programme was given, and all the exercises were first-rate. The Society is in a prosperous condition.

— One of the pleasantest society functions of the season was the Social held by the Scandinavian Social Club in Buffars Hall last Saturday evening. There was a large attendance, and a few happy hours were spent by the company.

— The building corner of Main and Myrtle streets built 20 years ago by Munroe & Newton for a skating rink, now owned by Rev. James J. Keegan, pastor of St. Charles church, and occupied by Freeman & Co., is about to be converted into a hall.

— Another curious meteorological freak was experienced here last Tuesday evening. A stiff snowstorm prevailed during the afternoon, which changed into a sleet early in the evening, and later on to a mild rain; cleared away in the night, bringing a sharp snap of winter weather on Wednesday morning. Verily, it has been a December and January of weather surprises of not the most agreeable character.

— The regular monthly meeting of the Anti-Saloon League will be held in the vestry of the First Baptist Church, Monday evening, Feb. 1, at 7 30 o'clock. Mr. M. J. Fanning, Secretary of the State Anti Saloon League will address the meeting. The public is invited.

— Mr. A. V. Haynes, the venerable Montvale avenue saddler, and respected member of "The Sons of '24," has been housed all the week on account of a sore arm that requires indoor nursing. For a month past he has been suffering from a series of bad boils on his neck and arms, but has kept about his business until this week.

— Mr. Isaac M. Philips, who took his first train as Conductor at 6 14 last Monday morning for Boston, has been a train employee of the B. & M Railroad Company 16 years, and a faithful one. He earned his promotion by good work. He is the youngest Conductor on the road in point of service, and "Dick" Carton the oldest.

— School sleighing parties have been quite in vogue here this winter, and much pleasure derived from them. Nobody remembers when there was so much good sleighing as there has been this season, and it has been utilized by teachers and scholars in and all around Boston. For sleighing purposes there is nothing much better than snow.

— Mr. Edward Simonds, the oldest City Messenger in this State, and the smartest by several degrees, and a firstrate gentleman in every respect, has recovered from a severe illness and is again seen at City Hall as lively as a cricket. He is nearly 83 years old, and as a sprinter the youngster that can keep up with him isn't known in these parts.

— The L. C. S. Alliance Branch will meet Thursday afternoon, Feb 4. Address at 5 o'clock upon "Canada and the Canadians" by Rev. Frederic Gill of Arlington. After the supper at half past six Miss Stella M. Haynes will provide a Dramatic and Musical Entertainment. Supper and entertainment, twenty-five cents. Evening only fifteen cents.

— The Merrimac Chemical Company are employing more men in their works at N. W. at the present time than ever before in the history of the establishment. The principal products are oil of vitriol, muriatic acid, nitric acid, acitic acid, glauber salts, alum, sulphate of alumina, bisulphate of soda, iron liquor, hyposulphate of soda, and other chemicals.

— The Sons of Veterans and S. of V. Club are going to put on a War Drama some time in April. This organization of young men is getting up a good reputation in dramatic circles owing to the great successes of the past. This drama which is to be presented in Lyceum Hall promises to be a successful affair and will well repay anybody to come and see it.

— Mr. John R Carter retired last week from the office of Sunday School Superintendent at the First Congregational church on his own motion against the wishes of the School, Pastor, and people. He had done good work in the office for many years, and was urged to remain. In the person of Mr George F. Bean a good successor to Mr. Carter was chosen.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Jan. 29: 8.30 a. m.: snowstorm.

— Mr. Samuel Leeds, the hackman, is laid up with boils on his neck.

— Detroit, Mich., relatives of Mrs. Bessie Lesquereux have been visiting her and the Taylor family at 23 Pleasant street this week.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell has not been much in evidence on the streets during the cold weather, but Manager James is booming the Linnell Market for all it is worth.

— The Recognition Services at the First Baptist church last evening were well attended and interesting. The order of exercises printed in the JOURNAL last week was carried out, and now Minister Williams is duly installed Pastor of that church, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. People from other churches were present last evening.

— An Old Folks Concert will be given in Music Hall on the evening of February 22, under the auspices of the Trinity Choir of this city.

— Bernard Carlie, while walking on the thin ice at Horn Pond, went through, but was hauled out by one of the employees of the Boston Ice Co.

— The Stoneham electric cars have not been running since Tuesday on account of the snow and rain. People from Woburn working there had to stay at home. The Reading cars did not run Wednesday.

— At the annual meeting of Woburn Royal Arch Chapter held Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, 1904, the following officers were elected: James C Horne, M. E. H. P.; Henry Wright, E. K; John M. Wallace, E. S.; Frederic A Flint, Treasurer; Herbert B. Dow, Secretary.

— It was a pity that so few people heard Rev. Dr. Cadman's fine lecture, "Life in London," last Tuesday evening. The heavy snowfall and bad sidewalks were largely accountable for it, probably, but those who failed to reach the hall missed one of the best and most entertaining lectures of the season.

— Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan, Electrician, who holds a highly responsible position in a large Boston electrical manufacturing house, delivered a lecture on "Practical Electro-Chemistry" before the Towanda Club last Wednesday evening. He is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and one of the most scientific and reliable electrical experts in the State.

— Miss Stella M. Haynes, Principal of the Boston School of Oratory and Dramatic Art, advertises to teach classes in Physical Culture in this city, beginning on Feb. 1, next. She is thoroughly educated and has had wide experience in the work of scientific physical training, and needs no words of commendation from us. Pupils will make no mistake in selecting Miss Haynes for their teacher.

— The wife of Mr. James Brooks, who has been an employee at the Central stables for many years, was taken to a hospital in Boston last Friday, Jan. 22, to be treated for appendicitis. An operation was performed on Saturday morning, Jan. 23, which resulted in her death on the same evening. She was a relative of the wife of the late John McConnell, landlord of the Central House some years ago, and a woman well esteemed. She left a husband, one child, and many friends to mourn her death.

— Mrs. Annie T. Began, whose funeral was held at her late home, 129 Winn street, last Friday, with high mass at St. Charles church, celebrated by the pastor, Rev. James J. Keegan, was a woman of rare musical gifts and culture. She was organist at St. Mary's church in Winchester for several years, and her instrumental attainments were well known and highly appreciated in this city. She was the wife of Mr. Timothy E. Began, by whom and a large circle of friends she is sincerely mourned.

— The new O. F. M. V. Lodge of this city started out prosperously last Wednesday night, week, Jan. 20, with 65 members. It was duly instituted by Grand Lodge officers from abroad. The officers are: N. G., Charles A. Dearborn; V. G., Adelbert D. Roberts; P. Sec., Edwin S. Parker; Sec., A. B. Grimes; T., Samuel M Hawey; Chap., Daniel S. Weldon; Treas. for 3 years, Edward Banwell; 2 years, W. McIntire; 1 year, Daniel Williamson; Auditors, Dr. Joseph Aspray, Adelbert D. Roberts.

— The funeral of Mrs. Augustus W. Mugford was held in the First Church parlors, last Monday afternoon. It was attended by a large number of neighbors, friends, and members of that church. Rev. Dr. Norton, pastor, read passages of Scripture and made appropriate remarks; Rev. Dr. March prayed; and "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung by the men and women in attendance. The services were simple, solemn and impressive. Mr. Mugford, husband of the deceased woman, about 80 years old, is without relatives, and is deeply sympathized with in his bereavement.

— Last week Dr. William Winn Hartwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Hartwell of this city, a practicing physician at Malden, 28 years old, was appointed by the Board of Health of that city a Health Inspector of Schools, a highly responsible position, requiring, at least, two visits a week to the schools. Dr. Hartwell graduated from the Woburn High School, Williams College, and the Harvard Medical School, ranking high in all these institutions of learning, and was Major of the W. H. S. Battalion, an office won by merit in scholarship only. The JOURNAL congratulates him on his appointment.

— Miss Lillian V. Bearce of Auburn on the Androscoggin, one of Maine's most popular singers, whose selections and their splendid execution so charmed the audience at the Highland Orchestra concert the other night, has been the guest for nearly a week of Miss Dora A. Winn, the Orchestra's accomplished pianist, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Winn, and Miss Carrie W. Thompson, No. 6 Highland street, this city. She left here for her home on the 4 11 train last Tuesday afternoon. Miss Bearce assured the Junior Editor of the JOURNAL that she had had a lovely visit here this week, and enjoyed every moment of it.

Highland Orchestra Concert.

This rare musical entertainment, given in Lyceum Hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 21, deserved more than the passing notice that the JOURNAL was able to give it the next morning. Competent judges, and there were several smart critics in the audience of about 650 in number, expressed the opinion that it was the best concert that has been given of late years, if ever, in this city, and the most exacting of them failed to find a pin on which to hang an unfriendly criticism of a single item in the programme.

The Orchestra were in fine condition, which was demonstrated by the splendid manner in which the overture and succeeding pieces were played. There was no false notes, or uncertain ones; no jangle of chords, or lack of dash, confidence and chirk. Prompt to the second, cornet, clarinet, violin and piano, in perfect unison, struck the keynote of each piece, and closed amid the hearty applause of the audience.

As an accompanist Miss Winn was simply unapproachable. The duties of the office were not performed by her mechanically, as is often the case, but she played "with the spirit and understanding also," and under her skillful manipulation of its keys her piano talked. She has studied music under the best masters, and it is not surprising that she excels on her favorite instrument.

Some of the listeners expressed the opinion that Miss Littlefield's programme numbers were just a bit too classical to please uneducated ears, but for that same reason they were all the more admired by those capable of understanding and appreciating high art in music. Her responses to encores, which were demanded at the close of every piece, were received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations, and her "Annie Laurie" fairly brought down the house and made the rafters tremble. She is unquestionably one of the best trained and most thoroughly accomplished violin players in this region of country, and she never handled the bow or fingered the strings more skilfully or delightfully than at this concert.

As Miss Lillian V. Bearce of Auburn, Maine, the soprano soloist of the concert, ran through the first two or three bars of "Lifes Merry Morn," there was a suspicion that the voice of the young songstress might prove deficient in strength and volume, the soft mellow tones indicating as much; but as she proceeded, and the real qualities of her singularly musical voice came into full play, the suspicion was wholly dissipated, and the audience took her right into their hearts at once. Miss Bearce is a wonderfully fine singer, and no part of the grand concert was more acceptable to the listeners than that which she so admirably filled. Her other programme piece was "Ave Maria," but she was called out time and again and to each call the response was a charming song, given with a volume and compass of voice that would have surprised the audience at the beginning.

The two-piano work by Misses Littlefield and Winn was truly superb. While the humming of electric lights was slightly annoying to the performers, it was unnoticed by those in the seats, by whom the splendid playing was applauded to the echo. It was said by those who profess to know all about such things to have been a remarkably brilliant 2 piano achievement.

The reading by Mr. Foland was somewhat out of the ordinary, and much admired and highly appreciated by the audience. He was honored with numerous encores and answered them in a manner that pleased everybody. The following was the

PROGRAM.

Orchestra.	Overture. "Raymond."	Thomas
Soprano Solo.	"Life's Merry Morn."	Bailey
Two Pianofortes.	"Tarratelle."	Raff
Orchestra.	Selection, "Maritana"	Wallace
Reading.	"The Typewritten Letter."	Robinson
Violin Solo.	"Air varie."	Vieuxtempt
Orchestra.	Ballet Music from Henry VIII.	German
	(a) Morris Dance.	
	(b) Shepherds Dance.	
	(c) Torch Dance.	
Soprano Solo.	"Ave Maria" with violin obligato.	Luigi Luzzi
Two Pianofortes.	"Pas de Cymbales."	Chaminade
Reading.	"A Letter from Ohio"	Hoffman
Orchestra.	Finale, "Idolizers."	Corey

Aldermanic Committees.

At a meeting of the City Council held on Jan. 18, President Aylward appointed the following committees to have charge of the various Departments of the City government, to shape municipal legislation, watch over the treasury, and guard carefully the interests of the people.

It should be remarked here that the Council say that Ald. Aylward shows signs of making one of the best Presidents the Board have yet been favored with.

The standing committees of the City Council for 1904 are as follows:

Accounts—Linscott, O'Donnell, Fish, McKenna.
Claims and Bonds—Fish, Carleton, Flynn, Maguire, Corrigan.
Finance—Aylward, McHugh, O'Donnell, Fish, Linscott, Flynn, Corrigan.
Fire—O'Donnell, Andrews, Fish, Corrigan, Callahan.
Highways—Mead, Corrigan, Callahan, Flynn, Linscott.
Ordinances—Maguire, McKenna, Mead, Flynn, Carleton.
Police and Licenses—McHugh, Young, Linscott, Maguire, Aylward.
Printing—Flynn, McHugh, Young, McCormick, McKenna.
Salaries—Callahan, McHugh, Andrews, Carleton.
State and Military Aid—McCormick, Fish, McKenna, Carleton.

The Aldermen were assigned as follows:

Linscott—Accounts, Finance, Highways, Police and Licenses.
Maguire—Claims and Bonds, Ordinances, Police and Licenses.
Mead—Highways, Ordinances.
McCormick—Printing, State and Military Aid.
McHugh—Finance, Police and Licenses, Printing, Salaries.
McKenna—Accounts, Ordinances, Printing, State and Military Aid.
O'Donnell—Accounts, Finance, Fire.
Young—Police and Licenses, Salaries.
Andrews—Fire, Salaries, State and Military Aid.
Aylward—Finance, Police and Licenses.
Callahan—Accounts, Fire, Highways, Salaries.
Carleton—Claims and Bonds, Ordinances, Salaries, State and Military Aid.
Corrigan—Claims and Bonds, Fire, Finance, Highways.
Fish—Accounts, Claims and Bonds, Finance, Fire, State Military Aid.
Flynn—Claims and Bonds, Finance, Highways, Ordinances, Printing.

Y. M. C. A. Day.

The Y. M. C. A. held a fieldday in the churches of this city last Sunday, which should awaken and infuse new life into the local Association, and induce them to reorganize and resume the good work of years ago in behalf of our young men. There is a plenty of excellent material here for a live, wideawake and highly beneficial Association, and the time was when, with good and efficient General Secretaries, the Woburn Branch of the Order flourished.

Last Sunday largely attended and enthusiastic meetings were held in some of the churches here which cannot but have a revivifying effect on the plans and action of people who have the best interests of our young men and boys at heart, and ought to result in a vigorous resumption of the good work.

Spirited and practical addresses were delivered by members of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Y. M. C. A., Mr. R. C. Goodwin of Boston at the First Baptist church, and by S. B. Carter of Boston, at the First Congregational Church in the morning; H. M. Moore to men only, at the Baptist church in the afternoon and at the grand union rally at the Orthodox church in the evening. The address of Mr. Moore, who is an enthusiastic and successful operator in societies organized and carried on for the moral and spiritual benefit of the young, was an able and entertaining one. Miss Trecartin of the First church Quartet sang two or three pieces, and a choir of 40 or 50 voices and Mr. Hood's organ, filled the great church with music that greatly pleased the audience.

It was indeed a jubilee day for the Y. M. C. A. in this city that cannot but be productive of excellent results.

Mrs. Converse.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Converse, relict of the late Sherman Converse, Esq., died at her home, 181 Salem street, this city, on Thursday, Jan. 21, 1904. She was a native of Woburn, born on March 31, 1819, of William and Rhoda Tay, and has always lived here.

She left two sons, the well known Lawyer, Albert F. Converse, Esq., and Henry S. Converse; and two daughters, Mrs. Charlott E. Ames and Miss Rhoda P. Converse.

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

25 DOSES
25 CENTS

Whitcher's IS HEADQUARTERS . . . DR. MILES' PREPARATIONS.

The School Board.

The Board held quite a lively meeting last Tuesday evening, the storm centre being in close proximity to Mr. Clarke, a new member. He had numerous questions to ask, suggestions and motions to make, but met with rather poor success in nearly all of them. His arraignment of sub-committees and the Superintendant did not impress the Board so profoundly as, perhaps, he thought they ought; but it was made quite evident that Mr. Clarke does not propose to be a silent member.

On motion of Mr. Cassidy Master Owen of the High School, and Supt. Clapp were appointed an advisory committee to act with the High School Building Committee.

The following were reported as necessary appropriations for the year: regular teachers $41,105.03, special teachers $1,500, janitors $3,080, truant officer $400, superintendent $1800, fuel $6,032.88. Total $53,917.91. Estimated receipts for tuition reduced it $5,000. Other items were text book $2,000 incidentals and supplies $2,000, buildings and hygiene $550, water $531, conveyance of pupils $160, making a total of $60,658.91.

It was reported by Dr. Chalmers that the egg coal was to cost $7.25 per ton and the same grade of furnace $7.00.

He said the dealers anticipated a decline in price by April 1. The committee recommended purchasing as needed as there was no advantage to be gained by making a contract. Adopted.

Mr. Clarke brought out the fact from the Superintendent that the law respecting the hoisting of schoolhouse flags is complied with. He is bound to see that things go about right in the Board and schools.

Anti-Saloon Society.

On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 17, the United Societies of the Y. P. S. C. E of Woburn organized a strong Society for continuous active and aggressive work in the temperance cause in this city. The following officers were elected:

President, Leon L. Dorr.
1st V. P., J. W. Hammond.
2d V. P., Horace N. Conn.
Secretary, Fred West.
Treasurer, Henry P. Harrington.

Committees composed of live, energetic champions of temperance and anti-license, were appointed to aid in sustaining the good cause.

It is the design of the Society to hold frequent meetings, print and distribute temperance literature, raise money, and work all the year round to keep Woburn in the no-license procession, and promote sobriety and good morals.

The Society is composed of the right kind of stuff to accomplish these greatly desired objects, and its influence on the community cannot be otherwise than strong and salutary. "Old men for counsel, and young men for war" is a wise saying, especially apropros of temperance work, and in the organization of this Anti-Saloon Society the last half of the axiom, at least, has been complied with. We confidently expect to hear of grand results from its crusades against the common enemy.

Whistler's Works.

An announcement has been sent out by the Copley Society of Boston to the effect that the memorial exhibition of the works of James McNeill Whistler will open at Copley Hall, Clarendon Street, on Feb. 23. Mr. Whistler was a native of Massachusetts so that it is quite appropriate that the most important art show ever gathered of his pictures, etchings, lithographs and other works—an exhibition that London or New York would have been glad to have—should be held in Boston. The Copley Society has been officially recognised by the estate of Mr. Whistler which has turned over to it pictures from the studio of the deceased artist which have never yet been seen by the public. Practically all the American owners of Mr. Whistler's pictures—including Mr. Charles L. Freer of Detroit, who is perhaps the best known collector on this side of the water—have contributed generously to make the affair successful. It is highly improbable that any such gathering of the works of this artist will ever again be brought together.

"Do It To-Day."

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it TO-DAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

Woburn Ministers at Supper.

"Ministerial Reminiscences" was the topic at the annual supper of the First Congregational church, Winchester, last Thursday night. More than 600 covers were laid. E. Lawrence Barnard was Toastmaster, responses being made by the Revs. Daniel March, D. D., Stephen A. Norton, D. D., of Woburn, J. J. Goodacre of Winthrop Beach, F. P. Rankin, Joshua Coit of Winchester, and the pastor, the Rev. D. A. Newton.

The entertainment included readings by Miss Caroline B. Foye of Boston, music by an orchestra from the New England Conservatory of Music, and a Male Quartet.

Mrs. Henry Smalley was Chairman of the Committee.—*Boston Herald, Jan. 22.*

Loyal Temperance Legion.

The second meeting of the L. T. L. was held in the vestry of the Swedish church, corner of Montvale and Greenwood avenues, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 16, 1904. There nearly forty children present.

The next meeting will be held at the same place, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20. We wish a large attendance at the next meeting. Mrs Norton will surely have something interesting to say.—C. M. WARREN.

Died.

After an illness of only a few days Miss Jennie Irving died at the Home for Aged Women, N. W., early Monday morning, Jan. 25, 1904. She had been a resident of the Home since Nov. 1901. Her age was about 69 years.

Miss Irving was born in Nova Scotia and had been a resident of Woburn 17 or 18 years. Not long ago, for business reasons, she was legally adopted by Mrs. Skillings of Boston, who came here immediately on learning of the death of her adopted daughter, and took charge of the preparations for the funeral, which was held at the Home at 2 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon. The religious services were conducted by Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church in this city. The interment was in Woodbrook cemetery.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Home for Aged Women for the Election of Officers and transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held in Room 2, of Savings Bank Building, TUESDAY, February 2d, 1904, at 2.30 P. M.,

MARY E. CONN, Secretary.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.
The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Clavier System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

Polo.

Last Saturday evening at the Auditorium, Woburn lost to Maynard. Score 7 to 6. Monday evening Maynard again defeated Woburn at Maynard, score 6 to 0. Wednesday evening at the Auditorium Woburn defeated Stoneham, score 11 to 6.

Woburn has been strengthened by Mooney at centre. Tom Hardy is sick and McManus is playing half-back in his place. He is a good man.

Stoneham has dropped down to third place and Woburn is in fourth.

Maynard plays here Saturday night. They are the leaders in the league.

At Stoneham last night Woburn lost to Stoneham, score 8 to 3.

Wilmington.

Last Sunday, Jan. 24, the Methodist Society of this town occupied their newly improved and renovated meeting-house with an appropriate order of exercises, in which Rev. Dr. Bates, father of Governor Bates, and other clergymen from abroad, participated. The house was built some 30 years ago, and has recently undergone thorough alterations at an expense of $1200, making it one of the neatest and best church edifices in this vicinity. Its bell formerly hung in the belfry of the Woburn M. E. church and was presented to the Wilmington people about a year ago. Interest in the exercises last Sunday were greatly enhanced by the fine music provided by a choral choir from the Woburn M. E. church. It was a redletter day for the Methodists of Wilmington.

Literary Notices.

South America is but little known to the people of the United States. Common interests should unite the bonds of friendship between those of the North and of the South. The first step toward closer ties is a knowledge of the evolution and building up of the South American states. But aside from this fact, the story of the overthrow of the wonderful Inca Empire by Pizarro and his little band of desperadoes is one of the most thrilling and fabulous tales of adventure in all history. The Dramatic History of South America, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, in the January COSMOPOLITAN, proves over again the old law that They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Pleasures of Sinkiness." Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Septuagesima Sunday. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. 12 M., Sunday School. 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. 7 P. M., Evening Service. Third in Series—"The I Ams of Jesus." "The Light of the World." Wednesday, at 4.15 P. M., Pastor's Class. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "The Aberations of Character." 12 M. Sunday School. 3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League. 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. 7 P. M., Service. Subject: "The Foot-path to Purity." Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 21, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Converse, aged 84 years, 9 months, 21 days.

In this city, Jan. 23, Mrs. Martha Mugford, aged 64 years, 6 months, 6 days.

In this city, Jan. 22, Jess, wife of James Brooks, aged 33 years, 2 months, 2 days.

In this city, Jan. 25, Jennie H. Irving, aged 69 years.

In this city, Jan. 20, Margaret Haverty, aged 75 years.

In this city, Jan. 71, Margaret McHugh, aged 51 years.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

JUST THE PLACE

For you to buy that Ring that you want to wear for a lifetime. Our Stock is complete with all kinds of Rings and we guarantee our 18-K and 14-K solid band Rings either oval or square, to be unequalled in quality at our prices. There is a wide range in the prices, and a big stock to select from.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

JEWELERS,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

Fine Repairing in all its branches.

OUR

Tea

— AND —

Coffee

Trade has always been an important part of our business. We take great care in selecting our goods, believing that quality in Tea and Coffee is always appreciated, and we are prepared to meet any competition in this particular line.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

Address C. H. CADWELL, Woburn, for Free Samples.

Crawford's

Ice Cream, Sherbets

and Confectionery

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.

Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

To Let.

House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.

Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms, bath and furnace.

Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

Removal.

DR. JOSEPH ASPRAY

Has moved his residence and office from 399 Main street to

55 1-2 PLEASANT STREET,

Mrs. Hudson's new house, where those needing his professional services will now find him.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

The Best
Cough Reliever

Wild Cherry and Tar

COUGH BREAKER.

25 Cents.

PREPARED BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m.; also 11 p. m., for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m., and hourly untill 10 30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m, hourly till 11 55 p m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a m., hourly until 10.45 p. m., Billerica 7 39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

No. 746.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WOBURN

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, January 22, 1904.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$457,054.64
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
Stocks, securities, etc.		30,250.00
Banking-house, furniture, and fixtures		38,000.00
Other Real Estate Owned		652.55
Due from approved reserve agents		22,566.44
Checks and other cash items		5,411.25
Notes of other National Banks		3,740.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		286.57
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	17,861 90	
Legal tender notes	2,481.00	20,342.90
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,500.00
Total		$630,804.35

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$200,000.00
Surplus fund		95,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		3,797.18
National Bank notes outstanding		49,000.00
Due to State Banks and Bankers	8,267.69	
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	12,735.88	
Dividends unpaid	216.00	
Individual deposits subject to check	248,691.72	
Demand certificates of deposit	12,995.88	283,007.17
Total		$630,804.35

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, SS.

I, G. A. DAY, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of January, 1904.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

JULIUS F. RAMSDELL.
JOHN M. HARLOW,
CHARLIE A. JONES,
Directors

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Hugh P. Maguire, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

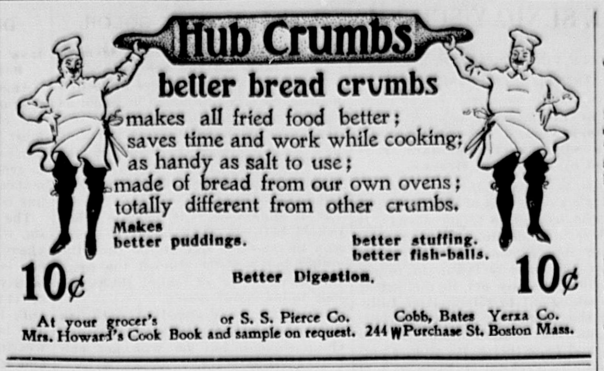
WHEREAS, Catherine T. Maguire, the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and final account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased, showing a balance due the accountant:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.



CLEANLINESS
HEALTH
HAPPINESS

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

is the only perfect GERMICIDAL CLEANER which will produce the first, upon which the other two depend. It is unequalled for removing dirt, filth, and unsanitary conditions; destroying foul, poisonous odors, etc., and everything which makes for disease?

Look for above Trade-Mark. Avoid cheap, inferior (just as good) imitations and substitutes

Physical Culture.

Miss STELLA M. HAYNES,

Principal of Boston School of Oratory and Dramatic Art, will open classes in

Physical Culture

— AND —

Society Gymnastics

for Ladies, Misses and Children in G. A. R. Hall, MONDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 1. Those desiring to join the classes are kindly requested to communicate with Miss Haynes before Feb. 1, if possible.

At home Mondays and Thursdays. 4

64 Pleasant Street.

WINCHESTER.

Mrs. Congressman McCall is visiting in Washington, D. C.

Mystic Lake has been in fine condition for iceboating of late.

The Ladies Friendly Society are going to give an entertainment soon.

Court Chambly, F. of A., have fixed on Feb. 15, for their social and dance.

On Feb. 9, St. Mary's Benevolent Society of the Catholic church are to give a dancing party in Lyceum Hall for the benefit of the poor. The Society need more money to carry on their charitable work in this town, and their pit and dancing party should be liberally patronized.

The Fortnightly Club, the woman's club of this town, was agreeably and profitably entertained with a lecture by Mrs. Josephine Hayward, President of the Woburn Woman's Club last Monday afternoon. The lecture gave great satisfaction, and Mrs. Hayward was treated with flattering consideration at its close.

The settlement of the correct spelling of the name of our noble river by the United States Board of Geographic Names and officially recorded it Aberjona, is highly gratifying to the citizens of Winchester. It used to be spelled Abbajona, but Mr. Lester Smith virtually settled it the other way several years ago. Now Uncle Sam has adopted Lester's spelling.

Errors and Excuses.

Emperor Sigismund of Germany, who reigned in the fifteenth century, in the speech in which he opened the council of Constance uttered an expression which Cardinal Placentinus corrected. The emperor replied, "Placentinus, however agreeable you may be to others, you please us not when you assert that we have less authority than the grammarian Priscianus, whom you say I have offended."

Napoleon used to excuse his errors in orthography with the saying, "A man occupied with public business cannot attend to orthography."

Voltaire upon receipt of his first letter in French from Frederick the Great told Frederick that he was a better French scholar than Louis XIV., who committed many mistakes. Frederick replied that Louis was a great monarch in many respects, and a mistake in spelling could not tarnish the brilliancy of his reputation.

The Clever Brahman.

Speaking of the great power the Brahmans in India possess in localizing thought, a prominent Brahman said recently: "We would consider a game of chess as played in this country mere child's play. An ordinary Brahman chess player could carry on three or four games at a time without inconvenience. The usual game played by the Brahmans consists in checkmating with one pawn designated when the play begins. I have seen a man perform a long problem in multiplication and division, at the same time noting the various sounds and discussions going on about him in the room. I have seen a man compose a triple acrostic in Sanskrit in a given meter, at the same time having three well versed men trying to overthrow him in his argument on religion."

A Great Old Man.

One Henry Jenkins died in England Dec. 6, 1670, at the alleged age of 169 years. He is said to have been a fisherman for 140 years. Though he could neither read nor write, his reach of memory was such that he would calmly give evidence in court in matters on which his memory went back 120 and 140 years. As a boy he is said to have taken a horse load of arrows to Northallerton to be forwarded north in time for the battle of Flodden. At the age of 100 years he used to swim a wide stream in Yorkshire with ease. He lived until four years after the great fire of London, was poor all his life, but subsisted cheerfully by thatching and salmon fishing.

Sandy's Reasoning.

A lady meeting her gardener in the grounds said to him: "Sandy, I am surprised that you do not marry. You have got a free house, coals and gas, also a weekly wage of 30 shillings, so I think all you want to complete your happiness is a wife."

And to lend weight to her argument she added, "Adam, who was the first gardener, was given a wife."

"True for ye, ma'am," replied Sandy, "but he hadn't her long till he lost his job."—London Tit-Bits.

SPENCER'S EAR PLUGS.

The Way the Great Philosopher Rid Himself of Small Talk.

"Years ago," says William H. Hudson in the North American Review, "Herbert Spencer found that the effect of following ordinary conversation became frequently too much for him. But he liked to have people about him to watch the play of expression on their faces, to feel that, though he could not himself share much in the merriment, he was, as it were, a part of the normal and healthy social world. For this reason he objected to withdrawal into solitude and evolved a plan by which he might secure the partial isolation which he required. He had a circular spring made to go round the back of his head, and this carried pads which fitted firmly upon the ears, effectively deadening the noise about him and reducing the surrounding chatter to a mere hum. I have often seen him, stretched at length upon his couch, follow with apparent interest the gossip over the afternoon tea cups up to a certain point and then, reaching under his pillow, draw forth and adjust his instrument, thus suddenly detaching himself from his environment. The effect of this movement with comparative strangers was always to cause an instant cessation of the conversation. But this was precisely what Spencer did not wish. 'Go on talking,' he would exclaim, with a quizzical look. 'I can't hear what you are saying, you know!'"

COSTLY LANTERNS.

The Fancy Lamps That Passenger Conductors Used to Carry.

Modern railroading has driven the passenger conductor's lantern almost out of use. Years ago the pride of a passenger conductor was his lantern. Then the cars were not so brilliantly illuminated as they are now, and the ticket taker was obliged to carry his light on his left arm in order to see the pasteboards as he passed through the dimly lighted car.

At one time the conductors indulged in considerable extravagance in the matter of lanterns. Some of them were gold and silver plated. The upper part of the glass globe was colored blue, and the name of the owner was cut in old English letters. At the meetings of the Conductors' association manufacturers would arrange a great display of costly lights at one of the hotels in the city in which the meeting would be held. Some of the conceits in the lights were unique, and the prices ranged from $25 to ten times that figure. The glass and plating were kept in a highly polished state, and none dared to meddle with this part of the ticket puncher's equipment.

Conductors still carry their own lanterns—that is, they are on the train ready for use—but there is nothing like the need of them that formerly existed. —Chicago Tribune.

SHELLFISH LANGUAGE.

Curious Clicking Sounds Heard on the Water at Night.

Most seamen will tell of curious clicking sounds heard on calm nights at sea, and the origin of the noise seems so altogether unaccountable that it has often created some alarm among superstitious fishermen.

A distinguished naturalist made a careful study of the sounds on many occasions and found that it was not a sustained note, but made up of a multitude of tiny ones, each clear and distinct in itself and ranging from a high treble down to a bass. When the ear was applied to the gunwale of the boat the sound grew more intense, and in some places as the boat moved on it could not be heard at all.

On other occasions the sounds resembled the tolling of bells, the booming of guns and the notes of an æolian harp.

For a long time he was unable to trace the cause, but at length discovered that the sounds were made by shellfish, hundreds of them opening their shells and closing them with sharp snaps. The noise, partly muffled by the water, sounded indescribably weird. He was finally led to the conclusion that as the shellfish made the sounds they probably had some meaning and that the clicks might possibly be a warning of danger when the shallow water was disturbed by the boat.

Girls Kept In Cages.

It is said that the people of New Britain have a peculiar custom of confining their girls in cages until they reach marriageable age. These cages are built of wood cut from the palm tree and are inside the rude houses. Outside each house is a fence of wickerwork made of reeds. The girls are caged at the age of two or three and are never allowed to go out of the house, yet they seem strong and healthy.

Where Three Is a Crowd.

Tom—I suppose you spent a pleasant evening with your best girl.

Dick—Pleasant? Huh! A fellow can't make love to his girl in a crowd.

Tom—Oh, was there a crowd there?

Dick—Yes, and the chump didn't have sense enough to realize that he wasn't wanted.—Chicago Tribune.

Perverse.

He—Won't you let me give you just one kiss before I go?

She—Will just one satisfy you?

He—Yes, darling.

She—Then I won't give it to you.—Standard.

One Sweetly Pleasant Thought.

Georgiana—We are not old.

Juliana—Oh, yes, we are, my dear.

Georgiana — Well, we are just as young as any girls of our age in town. —Indianapolis Journal.

Some people pick their company—to pieces.—Schoolmaster.

"There!" said Mr. Jenks, stopping suddenly. "I was going to get that piece of silk for my wife, and I forgot all about it until now. Never mind," he continued, starting on again; "I'll get it when I get home all right."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

The Cabman's Vocabulary Was Puzzling to the Stranger.

He was a scholarly looking Englishman, with the abstracted appearance of a student about him, and he wanted to take a ride to a suburban locality and back. "What will be your charge?" he asked the cabman.

"Two plunks," replied cabby.

"Two what?"

"Plunks—bones—cases. Ain't you on?"

"On?" echoed the other in bewilderment. "Not until I know how much it is to cost me for the trip. That is what I am asking you."

"That's what I'm tellin' you. Two daddies. See?"

"I beg pardon. That is equally mystifying. Either I have failed to make you understand me or I am singularly deficient in apprehending the vocabulary of commerce. May I ask you to make one more effort to tell me what my fare will be for the proposed trip?"

"Told you five or six times. Two bucks; two cart wheels."

A light seemed to dawn upon the befogged mind of the scholarly person.

"Could you," he said, "by any possibility mean $2?"

"Sure. That's what I've been tellin' you all along, but you don't seem to understand English."

A few moments later one might have seen a cab making its way toward the suburbs. On the driver's seat was a brisk looking personage with his "plug" hat tilted back on his head, and on the inside was a passenger who was industriously jotting down something in his notebook.—Youth's Companion.

A DEN OF DISORDER.

The Press Gallery of the French Chamber of Deputies.

The press gallery of the French chamber of deputies seems to enjoy special privileges. The reporters behave as they please—that is to say, very badly. They shout, laugh, interrupt the orators or discuss among themselves the topics treated on the floor. As their voices are drowned by the noise made by the house and their manifestations are not easily located, the president and his deputies affect to ignore them and very often let pass many boyish pranks in which that young and somewhat uneducated body is wont to indulge. When they are wearied by a speech they cry out "Cloture!" as the deputies do to shut off a speaker. They greet speakers whom they dislike with groans or laughter. They make at the top of their voices all sorts of disrespectful remarks about the lawmakers down below. There was one reporter in the press gallery of the senate who, as he entered, used to cry out the famous phrase of a speaker of the revolution, "President d'assassins, je demande la parole!" As a rule, however, the deputies by themselves are a spectacle interesting enough, and the noise they make is distracting enough to monopolize the whole attention of the galleries as well as of the speaker; consequently the din of the press gallery passes unheeded until once in awhile a journalist goes too far and has to be called to order or expelled.—Century.

Sugar of Milk.

Sugar of milk, which is made from whey, in itself has no medicinal qualities. Aside from its uses as a food for the young, it is known to the medical profession principally as a vehicle. Homeopathic physicians naturally use it more than the allopaths, but both allopaths and homeopaths nowadays are giving medicine in tablet form to a great extent, and the tablets are in most cases made palatable by sugar of milk.

Sugar of milk also forms the bulk of triturations, more commonly known to patients as powders. Only a small per cent of the average powder is medicine. By means of mixing sugar of milk the taking of moderate doses of powerful drugs is made possible. In the globule or pill form this is also true.

A Dig at the Satirists.

The instinct of mankind against satire is really a very sound instinct. Satire is always dishonest, for it is always the expression of hatred for a thing hopelessly coveted. Who satirizes humanity? None but he who, not having the common human advantages, is obsessed with admiration of them. Who satirizes plutocracy? The pauper, who is warmed by the notion of wealth. Who satirizes aristocracy? The man who wishes he had been born an aristocrat. Thackeray wished that, and the Marquis of Farintosh was one of the natural outcomes of his wish.—Max Beerbohm in Saturday Review.

How to Advertise.

The householder in glancing through his morning paper has his attention caught by the more attractive advertisements. Advertising is an essential factor in modern business methods, and to advertise wisely the business man must understand the workings of the minds of his customers and must know how to influence them effectively—he must know how to apply psychology to advertising.—Atlantic.

Instructions to the Cook.

"How long shall I boil the eggs, ma'am?" asked the cook.

"I don't exactly know," replied the young housewife, "but cook them until they are real tender."—Chicago Post.

Nice, but Limited.

Frugal Aunt—Well, Tommy, haven't you anything to say after eating a nice dinner like that? Tommy—Yes'm; I hain't had half enough.—Chicago Tribune.

The New Moon.

Dinah—How beautiful am de new moon tonight? Mose—Yes. It looks des' like a slice ob watermillion.—San Francisco Bulletin.

What "Parsifal" Is.

Musically "Parsifal" is unique among Wagner's achievements. It has not the continual and flaming inspiration of "Tristan," the tragic puissance of "Goetterdaemmerung," the unflagging felicitous invention of "Siegfried," nor are the themes inveterately eloquent in denotement. But in no other work has he compassed the exquisitely dexterous art, the emotional subtlety, the insinuating poignancy of this score.—North American Review.

Driven to It.

"I've come to kill a printer," said the little man.

"Any printer in particular?" asked the foreman.

"Oh, any one will do! I would prefer a small one, but I've got to make some sort of a show at fight or leave home since the paper called my wife's tea party a 'swill affair.'"

Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this does not convert them, nothing will.

JAPANESE POETRY.

It Is Confined to Lyrical Effusions of the Utmost Brevity.

Japanese poetry is absolutely confined to lyrical effusions of the utmost brevity. The Japanese poem is generally limited to three, four or five lines and seldom exceeds a few dozen. One would look in vain for a poem of the length of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." Japanese literature has never invaded the epic field and knows no metrical form which even remotely resembles an ode, a ballad or a long poetic narrative like "The Ancient Mariner." Also minor metrical arrangements like the rondel, triolet, villanelle, etc., are absent. Of what, then, does Japanese poetry consist? If one discusses its apparent lack of scope and resources with a Japanese, he is sure to point to the "Manyoshiu Kogi" (Collection of Myriad Leaves). True enough, its bulkiness is most alarming, as it extends to 122 volumes. But it proves to be only an anthology of short poems, each complete, bearing no relation to other stanzas, except in the choice of subject, the work being divided into poems of spring, summer, autumn, winter, poems of parting, love, sorrow, etc. Collections of this kind, admirably printed and supplied with numerous indexes and elaborate commentaries, are published at intervals under the auspices of the government. They represent the classical poetry of Japan.—The Reader.

FEMININE INTUITION.

The Philosophy of the Girl at the Candy Counter.

The girl at the bonbon counter put up five large boxes of judiciously selected candy under the personal supervision of a nervous young man. He left a card for each of them, handed over a list of addresses for their delivery, paid his bill and walked out looking decidedly glum.

"Ought to bag a sweetheart out of that broadside," remarked the cashier.

"Guess again," said the salesgirl. "It's caramels to car fare that he has a sweetheart and that he has quarreled with her, their first, probably. He is sending that candy to his ladylove's dearest friends, because he knows they will not fail to tell her about it.

"A candy counter is the horoscope of the human heart to girls who can read it. When a young man buys a pound of candy, any old thing handy, without looking twice at it, his affections are not very deep set. When he begins to get particular in his selections, Cupid is getting in his fine work. The lovers' quarrel inevitably ends in such a reckless display as you saw just now. When the reconciliation takes place, we shall have nothing in stock good enough for that fellow. When he's married, he'll stop coming."—New York Press.

INSECT MIMICS.

Clever Disguises That Save Them From Their Enemies.

A well known naturalist tells us of an insect in Nicaragua so completely disguised as a leaf that a whole host of the ants who prey upon it actually ran across it without recognizing it as their food. Mr. Sclater noted in South America another insect, one of the membracidæ, which not only mimicked the leaf cutting ant for its own protection, but, like its model, carried in its jaws a fragment of leaf about the size of a dime.

Even more wonderful is the disguise of the mantis of Java, which turns itself into so exact a semblance of an orchis flower that the insects upon which it feeds visit it in hope of a feast, but remain to furnish one.

The heliconidæ butterflies, which are avoided by all insect eating creatures, are exactly imitated by another class, which are so good to eat that if they did not assume a protective disguise they would be extirpated, and they do so to such perfection that even expert naturalists sometimes cannot distinguish them. Another authority mentions a small beetle which turned itself into so good a copy of a wasp that he was afraid to touch it with his fingers.

Dr. Bartlett and Margaret Fuller.

In regard to brilliant Margaret Fuller the following story is told by Senator Hoar in his reminiscences: "Old Dr. Bartlett, a very excellent and kind old doctor, though rather gruff in manner, could not abide her. About midnight one very dark, stormy night the doctor was called out of bed by a sharp knocking at the door. He got up and put his head out of the window and said: 'Who's there? What do you want?' He was answered by a voice in the darkness below, 'Doctor, how much camphor can anybody take by mistake without its killing them?' to which the reply was, 'Who's taken it?' And the answer was, 'Margaret Fuller.' The doctor answered in great wrath, 'A peck.'"

Calling the Doctor.

It is a popular delusion that doctors are compelled to attend to any and every call made upon them. Nothing of the kind; but medical men very rarely refuse, although in many cases the chance of receiving a fee is remote. Street accidents or people suddenly taken ill (sometimes a malingerer) will make a kind hearted onlooker run to the nearest doctor for assistance, quite oblivious as to who is responsible for payment. As a matter of fact, the one who calls the doctor is liable.—London Tit-Bits.

Artists.

"I see that those New York society women have discovered a method of hiding their blushes."

"What is it?"

"They paint them over."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Raising Slaves For Market.

"No slaves, no slaves," says the Atlas Moor impatiently, "and in the town they are slow to raise them." I want an explanation of this strange complaint.

"What do you mean when you say they are slow to raise them?" I ask.

"In Marrakesh, now," he explains, "dealers buy the healthiest slaves they can find and raise as many children as is possible. Then so soon as the children are old enough to sell they are sold, and when the mothers grow old and have no more children they, too, are sold, but they do not fetch much then."

The infamy underlying this statement takes all words from me, but my informant sees nothing startling in the case and continues gravely:

"From six years old they are sold to be companions, and from twelve they go to the harems. Prices are good, too high indeed; $54 I must have paid this afternoon to purchase one, and when Mulai Mohammed reigned the price would have been $20, perhaps less, and for that one would have bought fat slaves. Where there is one caravan now there were ten of old times."—From "The Slave Market at Marrakesh," in Harper's.

Measuring Brides.

Measuring brides for legacies is the remarkable ceremony which annually takes place in St. Cyrus, a quaint little village in Kincardineshire, Scotland, on the brink of the German ocean.

More than fifty years ago a native of the village, who had been paymaster general of the Indian army, bequeathed a sum of money, the interest of which was, for all time coming, to be disbursed in five equal parts every year. One part was for the purchase of meal for the poor, while the remainder was set aside to be divided among each year's four conspicuous brides—the oldest, the youngest, the tallest and the shortest—who were married in St. Cyrus parish church.

The administration of the fund is in the hands of the parish minister, and unhappy at times is his task, such are the jealousies which arise among the competitors, for there is keen rivalry for these legacies, which amount to hardly more than $30 each. But that is quite an important sum in so remote and simple a village. All St. Cyrus turns out on "bride measuring day," and the occasion is made a holiday.

Fads.

"Women are not the only ones who have fads," said an observing individual during a discussion on fads. "I know a contractor in New York who goes about buildings he is constructing and extracts bent nails from waste lumber. He straightens them out and tosses them into a nail box. It is not because he is penurious, for he is quite generous. It is just a fad. I know a banker in New York who has all envelopes laid on his desk after the letters have been taken out. Then at his leisure he cuts the envelopes apart and lays the addressed sides in a pile to be used for scratch pads or memorandum pads. That is his pastime, or fad, if you will. There is a rounder uptown who never passes a hotel without going in and looking over the register. And I know that he is never expecting to find a familiar name. He told me when I chided him about it that he didn't know why he did it unless it was his fad."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Aphasia and Amnesia.

Aphasia is an affection akin to amnesia, both of them being the result of a disease of the cerebrum. But amnesia, or loss of memory, manifests itself in an inability to recall events or words and in the latter case the substitution of wrong words in the place of those intended to be used. For instance, a brush might be spoken of as a comb or a dog as a giraffe. There is no loss of the power of articulation. In aphasia, or loss of speech, on the other hand, the sufferer is unable to utter any connected sentence. His speech is often the merest babble, with an occasional word interjected. He may understand what is read to him, yet be unable to read—he may have, that is, "word blindness," or he may have "word deafness" and be unable to understand what is said to him.

Locke's View of Dancing.

John Locke in his "Thoughts Concerning Education" says quaintly, "Nothing appears to give children so much becoming confidence and behavior and so to raise them to the conversation of those above their age, for, though dancing consists only in outward gracefulness of motion, yet, I know not how, it gives children manly thoughts and carriage more than anything." He adds, however, that the teacher must be a good one, for "I think it more passable to put off the hat and make a leg like an honest country gentleman than like an ill fashioned dancing master." To put off the hat and make a leg explains much, by the way, in the "business" of the ordinary costume play.—London Chronicle.

A Fine Gentleman.

The Duc de Richelieu, the beloved of ladies, the breaker of hearts, was the perfect fine gentleman of a studiously elegant epoch. The suave repose of his manner was immovable. When his second wife lay dying he came in to see her, stepping softly, hat in hand. Though she was expiring, her fading eye lit up at the sight of him.

"How sweet it would be for me to die in your arms," she murmured.

He held her as she wished till she died, then went out again, stepping softly, hat in hand. One of his spiteful chroniclers—a woman, needless to say—suggests that he was off to a rendezvous with the lady of the moment, and that the graceful manner in which he bore the delay caused by his wife's death was proof of the perfect breeding of one of the finest gentlemen in Europe.—Geraldine Bonner in The Reader.

Paganini's Idea of the Sabbath.

An incident in the life of Paganini comes to us from Liverpool. The great violinist was visiting friends in the suburbs of that city at the house of a lady whose religious ideas were severely strained by her guest venturing to play on the Sabbath day.

"Vy," asked the musician, "eef ze Sabat mos be so holie that nosing mos be done at all, vy does Proveedence permit ze leetel birds to sing on dat day and ze leaves of ze forest to clap zere hands for joy, making ze rustling music, and ze vaters of ze great deep to sound zeir mysterious harmonies?"

Paganini's stay at that house, we are told, was brief.—London News.

The Blooming Thorn Tree.

There is a legend to the effect that the thorn blooms on Christmas day. It is said that St. Joseph of Arimathæa landed near Glastonbury and stuck his staff in the ground. It took root, grew and blossomed every Christmas day thereafter. The tree was hewn down by a Puritan of the time of Cromwell, but in doing this deed he cut his leg, and chips flying from his ax blinded him. The trunk, though separated from the root, grew and flourished, and for many years slips and blooms from the tree of St. Joseph were sold by the merchants of Bristol.

As Far as He Knew.

"One of the component parts of sugar," said the professor, "is an essential in the composition of the human body. What is it?"

"I know!" shouted the grocer's boy. "Sand!"—Exchange.

Advice Not Free.

Lawyer—Well, you have at last decided to take my advice and pay this bill of mine? Client—Ye-e-s. Lawyer—Very well. William, just add 10 shillings to Mr. Smith's bill for further advice.

Citing a Case.

Mrs. Henpeck—We never know who our best friends are. Henpeck—That's so, my dear. Now, there's that fellow you jilted when you married me. He has never spoken to me since.—Judge.

None knows the weight of another's burden.—Herbert.

HOME
SAVINGS BANK

(Incorporated 1869)

75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON

OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above

$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.

Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.

GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles

— AND —

Food Products.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, a new and well selected stock of

GROCERIES.

W. J. Buckman

No. 433 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 104-7.

Winslow, Rand & Waton's celebrated

High Life Coffee

AND

Winslow Chop Tea

FOR SALE AT

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

We give Green Stamps.

Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Heating Engineer

— AND —

Contractor.

No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

Telephone 103—2.

..Are..
You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry

26 Montvale Ave.

Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE

Successor to E. A. Brooks,

Undertaker

— AND —

Funeral Supplies

Boarding and Livery Stable.

12 Park St., Woburn.

Telephone 54 - 3.

I WILL PAY CASH

ABOVE THE MORTGAGE

FOR ANY HOUSE

ANYWHERE

ALLEN, 10 TREMONT ST.,

BOSTON.

TELEPHONE: 4339-3 Main.

J. E. Herrick, Jr

BUILDER.

Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Office: 439 Main St., Woburn

SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.

Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.

Two Modern Flats.

Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent low.

Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.

Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

LEOFRIC

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Janey Gates was the beauty of Cane Creek neighborhood. Even Sister Meakins admitted as much in spite of robust prejudice. Janey would have been likewise the belle if it had not been accepted as a fact ever since she put up her hair and let down her frocks that she was, in neighborhood phrase, "mortgaged property." Phil Mayben had laid claim to her when she came hardly to his elbow. He had, further, let nobody dispute the claim even after she came back from boarding school, fearfully and wonderfully accomplished. He was a big fellow, square jawed and square headed, who cared nothing for books unless they dealt with figures. At figures he was marvelously quick and clever—so clever it was nothing for him to stump successive schoolmasters even though they were college bred, while he knew nothing higher than the neighborhood academy.

Possibly it was a triumph of this sort which had first incited the present schoolmaster, Leonard Trabue, Esq., to try conclusions with him in the field of Miss Janey's favor. Janey loved books in the freshest, most whole hearted fashion. Trabue could talk books by the hour, and talk very well. Naturally he found himself welcome at the Gates homestead. Quite as naturally Phil Mayben resented his presence there and showed it outright, after the manner of a masterful man crazily in love. Thus by fate and free will and the obligation of hospitality Janey was in a manner forced to take Trabue's part. The result was a very pretty quarrel and the transfer of Phil's attentions to Miss Dora Meakins.

There had been no set engagement to break. That made Phil's attitude all the more aggravating. Janey was for months bitterly unhappy over the rupture, although she let nobody see it, not even her mother. Outwardly she was gayer than ever, and so charming Mr. Leonard Trabue quite lost his head. He had meant at first only to punish that pestilent fellow, Mayben—incidentally, of course, to divert himself and pass time otherwise heavy on his hands. Teaching was merely a stop gap. Literature was his chosen vocation. He meant to enter upon it through the gate of newspaper work as soon as he could scrape together a few hundred dollars.

The Gateses were not rich folk, but still comfortably off, and Janey an only child. It is but just to say the fact had little to do with Trabue's falling in love. That came upon him unawares. But once he had realized his frame of affections he took full cognizance of it. Might it not be easier to make himself immortal even here in the deep country, with a charming wife and assured comfort, than out in the hustle and hurly burly of a city? To settle it out of hand he proposed plumply to Janey. He was dazed to get a refusal, distressed, almost tearful.

Next week the county paper printed, with flattering comments, a love rhyme signed "Leofric." Cane Creek read it because reading the paper thoroughly was certainly the part of thrift, if not of Christian duty. Still, it felt no curiosity as to the authorship until the rural press quite generally copied and praised the rhyme. A second bit of verse got reprinted in three city papers, so, upon the appearance of the third, Leofric's identity became a burning question, one that the editor himself could not answer. All he knew was that the copy came to him by the hand of Mr. Murdock, a leading lawyer.

All winter long Leofric wrote intermittently, becoming more and more a riddle and a personage. All winter long, too, Phil Mayben ate Sunday dinners at the Meakins' table, and Leonard Trabue talked books and the world to Janey Gates. He was playing a waiting game, resolved to win her in spite of herself and Phil Mayben.

Janey's heart was singularly steadfast. Still, there were times when she thought Trabue would succeed. Phil's going had left her desolate indeed. He could never have cared as he pretended or he would not be able to stay away. Of course she could not make the first move to reconciliation, especially since he was so taken up with the Meakins generation. Since he was forever lost to her, it was far from unpleasant to sun herself in Trabue's devotion.

Spring came with such a rush that year the picnic season opened in mid-May. Sister Meakins and Sister Hodgin, self elected social autocrats, got up the first one and set the place for it, Clear Spring, just a little way off the Gates' pasture. The spring was, in fact, Gates' property, so Sister Meakin let the owner know she thought it would be no more than neighborly of him to put up tables, seats and stakes for the gypsy kettles, to say nothing of the swings. There Phil Mayben interfered. "You don't play a lone hand at this game with me around, squire," he said to Janey's father. Thus it fell out that for two days before the picnic he was nearly as much in Janey's eyes as he had been all winter in her mind.

It amazed and somewhat frightened her to find how equably she regarded him. Squire Gates brought him to dinner whether or no, and Janey shook hands with him and chatted gayly throughout the meal without the least flutter of the heart. She even watched him go away with no access of sentiment.

If only Trabue had spoken there and then! But he was invisible until next day. The picnic crowd gathered early. Phil was the life of it, though Dora Meakins stuck to him like a limpet. He even bowed civilly to Trabue, who hung about Janey, his eyes downcast, his look preoccupied. The end of the school term was just three weeks ahead. Before he came to that parting of the ways he felt that he must know exactly where he stood. Janey had grown distinctly kinder. Still, there was something in her kindness that put him farther off. She would be an ideal wife for him. A bold stroke would do it now. A year hence would be quite too late.

While the laughter and chatter were at flood he drew her apart and poured out to her his hopes, aspirations, plans. Love he barely named. Might they not, he pleaded, be intellectual comrades? Sustained by her companionship he felt himself capable of great things. He had already made a beginning, and she was all unwittingly the inspiration of what he had done.

Then he tried to take her hand. Janey withdrew it gently. "Tell me all about it," she whispered, a hovering smile about her lips. Trabue bent to her ear and said hurriedly, "You must not mention it, sweetheart, but I am

Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering may be permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain, and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I ran across **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,**—she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain, and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—MISS ALICE M. SMITH, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., Chairman Executive Committee, Minneapolis Study Club. —*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safe-guard of woman's health.

The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women being published in this paper constantly.

Leofric—Leofric, who wrote desolate and despairing things because you refused him."

"Indeed!" Janey said, getting up from her mossy rock to slip past him. Then, over her shoulder, she added: "You will please wait until afternoon for your answer. I must go help about the dinner."

Dinner was so fine a feast Lawyer Murdock declared he felt more than paid for his long drive out from town. He was Squire Gates' man of business and Janey's sworn friend. Therefore nobody wondered at their confidential talk aside, and even Phil Mayben smiled approval when the lawyer kissed Janey in greeting. But be sure there was a stir as Lawyer Murdock pulled Janey to the middle of the crowd, raised his voice and said, with twinkling eyes: "Ladies and gentlemen, I like unmasking humbugs, so permit me to present to you Leofric, the poetess of Cane Creek. Don't remember it against her that she is a poetess—it's all the fault of that scoundrel, Phil Mayben"—

"It won't be any longer, Mr. Murdock," Phil said, bursting through the crowd to catch Janey in his arms and hide her blushes in his breast. "I know I've been seven kinds of a fool," he went on. "I don't deserve Janey—nobody does, for that matter—but I'm going to have her or die trying."

"You've got her," Lawyer Murdock said, wringing Phil's hand. Dora Meakins turned her back and went off with her head high, but Mr. Leonard Trabue stayed not on the order of his going. Nobody in Cane Creek neighborhood ever saw him again.

A Glimpse of Sofia.

In his book on "Cities" Arthur Symons writes of the capital of Bulgaria: "There is something dry, hot and fierce in Sofia which is at once ordinary, sordid and almost startling. The houses are for the most part such houses as one might see in any small town in any country, but at a corner on the main street there is a mosque and around the mosque something like a village fair. Wooden booths are set up at each side of the street, wooden palings surround empty spaces or open upon cafes in which trees grow or upon one story houses or upon a little wooden theater. Money changers, with their glass cases of gold and silver coins and coin earrings and rings outside their shop windows, suggest already the sarafs of Constantinople. At upper windows above the shops you see men working sewing machines; at the edges of the pavement little dark bootblacks, Kurds, sit with their wooden blocks before them. Men pass selling water, grapes and nuts. A woman passes and then another, carrying a huge dark green melon in her arms solemnly, like a royal orb."

The Whisper Court.

At Rochford, Essex, England, the whisper court is a strange observance held annually under the superintendence of the steward of the manor. The business of the court is carried out at midnight in the open air. The absence of a tenant is punishable by a fine of double his rent for each hour he fails to be in attendance. No artificial light, except a firebrand, is permitted, and the proceedings are recorded by means of one of the embers of the brand. The roll of fourteen tenants is then called over and answered to in a whisper, and then they kneel down and swear allegiance. Very many years ago the lord of the manor, after an absence from his estate, was returning home by night. On the way he accidentally heard some of his discontented tenantry plotting his assassination. Thus warned, he returned home by an unexpected route. Then he ordered that each year his tenants should assemble at the same time to do him homage around a post which he erected on the spot where the plotters met.

Salad of the Shoes.

Freshmen have troubles the world over. The "conscrits," as they are called at the famous Ecole Polytechnique in Paris, are subjected to an amusing initiation called the salad of shoes.

The freshmen report some days before the upper class men so that they can receive their uniforms and become familiar with the routine of the school.

The first morning after their tormentors return the freshmen are aroused by a demand that they throw their shoes out of the windows into the courtyard. The shoes are gathered into a heap, and, kneeling in a big circle around this, the freshmen are obliged to go through some ridiculous gymnastic movements at the command of their superiors.

When the study bell rings they have but a minute to appear in the classrooms, and it is a strenuous minute around that pile of shoes.

It cannot be too often repeated, "To innovate is not to reform."—Burke.

STUPIDITY OF SHEEP.

The Way These Exasperatingly Foolish Animals Court Death.

A sheep herder gives some of his experience in handling sheep on the western ranges in the following:

We have to watch them every minute, and if vigilance is relaxed for an instant the entire flock is likely to commit suicide. In handling most animals some degree of self help or intelligence can be relied on to aid the owner in saving their lives, but sheep seem to set deliberately to work to kill themselves.

If caught in a storm on the plains, they will drift before the wind and die of cold and exposure rather than move 100 yards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. To drive sheep against the wind is absolutely impossible. I once lost over 1,000 head because I could not drive them to a corral 200 feet away.

In the corral they are still more foolish. If a storm comes up, they all move "down wind" until stopped by the fence. Then commences the proceeding so much dreaded by sheepmen, known as "piling." The sheep will climb over one another's backs until they are heaped up ten feet high. Of course all those on the bottom are smothered. Not one has sense enough to seek shelter under the lee of the fence, as a horse or dog would do.

Again, if a sheep gets into quicksand its fate teaches nothing to those that come immediately after, but the whole flock will follow the leader to destruction. No more exasperatingly stupid animal than a sheep walks.

A RABBIT CAT.

The Manx Tailless Feline Was Once a Seacoast Freak.

It seems probable that the tailless Manx cats originally came from Cornwall. They managed to survive longer as a distinct breed in the Isle of Man than in Cornwall, the predominance of the common tailed cat being of course aided in the latter district by the fact that, although remote, it is part of the mainland of England, whereas new cats could be carried to the Isle of Man only by sea. The Manx cat which first attracted modern attention was a very different animal from the variously colored specimens which now take prizes at cat shows. It was always of the color of a hare and had fur like a hare.

Like a hare, too, it always moved its hind legs together. Its chief food was crabs caught on the beach, and when transported inland from the seacoasts it very seldom, if ever, survived long. No cat of this kind has been seen for many years in the Isle of Man, though there are plenty of tailless cats, its crossed descendants, to be purchased there. Wherever it originally came from, the Cornish or Manx cat was more nearly a separate species than any kind of show cat now existing. It was a seacoast animal, with fur, color, absence of tail and method of locomotion obviously adapted by the inheritance of ages to its habit of catching crabs and other small life behind the ebbing tide.

To Avoid a Tie Vote.

In the history of our comic literature there have been many genuine "Irish bulls" recorded, but rarely one that is of a neater brand than that encountered at a political gathering on Locust street above Broad, in Philadelphia, says the Record of that city. A convention of delegates had been called to revise the rules of the party, and in order to expedite matters a delegate moved that a committee of fifteen be appointed to draft the proposed rules. Before this was adopted another delegate suggested that a committee of fifteen would be unwieldy and proposed an amendment reducing the number to eight. This was agreed to, but before its adoption an aged delegate, with a rich Milesian brogue, arose and solemnly proposed, "Misther Chairman, I move yer that the committee be incr'ased to noine, so that in case of a toie vote there'll be a majarity of wan."

Not Without Distinction.

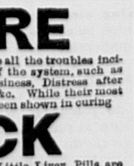
A note of family pride was struck in the conversation between three small Reading boys the other day. The parts played by their respective grandfathers in the civil war were being depicted by two of the boys in vivid colors. The career of each, it seemed, had been halted by confinement in southern prisons, and it was on the latter fact that the lads laid particular stress. The third youth, unable to match these recitals with any military achievement of his own forefathers, preserved an envious silence for awhile and then, not to be outdone, said disparagingly:

"Why, that's not so much. My Uncle Bill was in jail a long time, and he was never in the army at all!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Four Kinds of Liars.

The late Sir Frederick Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young barrister told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses—first, of the liar; second, of the liar who could only be adequately described by the aid of a powerful adjective; third, of the expert witness, and, finally, of "my brother Fred."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE PEPPERMINT STICK.

Some Words of Praise For the Candy of Our Daddies.

The old style stick candy has red stripes running around it in spiral form. The body of the stick is white. It is slightly flavored with peppermint. It is very sweet and wholesome. Good enough for a king! So cheap that the poorest may have it. Six sticks for 5 cents. Enough to last a family of six two days. Break a stick in two in the middle, eat half of it after dinner or after supper if preferred. That is enough candy for one day. It is good for children. Keep it in the house. Away up in the pantry where the children can't help themselves. After dinner is over take it down, break a stick in two and pass it around. The children will like it immensely. They will like it all the better for not being able to get too much of it. Never let them have all they want of it. A half stick is enough, although a whole stick might be allowed occasionally. All the fancy stuff put up in boxes that cost a dollar or more cannot equal the old fashioned stick candy. Six sticks of it contain more solid comfort and more nutrition than a wagon load of caramels and painted bonbons. It is the candy of our forefathers. Our grandmothers used to eat it. Accept no other. Be sure that you get the proper trademark—red stripes running spirally round the stick. Beware of substitutes.—Medical Talk.

THE WILD BIRD.

When the Naturalist Gets a Chance to Study Him at Close Range.

For the greater part of the year fear is the dominant instinct in the life of nearly every wild bird or mammal which has to contend with man or overt enemies of any kind. But with the periodic revival of the reproductive functions profound changes occur not only in the bodily parts, but in the instincts which govern their movements and life. The parental instincts, which are essential to the generation and successful rearing of the young, begin to assert themselves and by blocking or supplanting the sense of fear hold them to the focal point—the nest and later the young—during the period when parental care and even parental sacrifice is necessary.

This wonderful parental instinct, or series of instincts, rises gradually like a fever, reaches a maximum and then as slowly subsides. When at its height every sense seems to be lost in an all absorbing passion. This is the time to approach the wild bird. We can watch and record with pencil and camera every act which occurs at the nest. We can approach as near as we please and by aid of the tent are enabled to analyze in detail the behavior of the same birds for a period of from one to three weeks.—Professor Francis H. Herrick in Harper's Weekly.

A GREWSOME MESS.

Mrs. Wolfe's Recipe For a Good Water For Consumption.

Mrs. Wolfe, the mother of the great general, kept a comprehensive cookery book, still preserved at Squerries Court, Kent. One of her recipes was for "a good water for consumption." "Take a peck of garden snails," says the prescription, "wash them in beer, put them in an oven and let them stay till they've done crying; then with a knife and fork pick the green from them and beat the snails, shells and all, in a stone mortar; then take a quart of green earthworms, slice them through the middle and straw them with salt, then wash them and beat them, the pot being first put into the still with two handfuls of angelico, a quart of rosemary flowers, then the snails and worms, then egrimony, bear's feet, reddock roots, barberry brake, biloney, wormwood, of each two handfuls; one handful of rue-tumoric and one ounce of saffron well dried and beaten; then pour in three gallons of milk; wait till morning, then put in three ounces of cloves well beaten, hartshorn grated; keep the still covered all night; this done, stir it not; distill it with a moderate fire. The patient must take two spoonfuls at a time."—London Chronicle.

Courage of a Horse.

Horses painfully contend on the race track for victory out of their own native courage and ambition—not under punishment, for, as a rule, the courageous horse will "stop" or "shut up," as the technical phrase is, when whipped or spurred at the finish of a race. In California some years ago a running horse broke one of the bones in a foreleg near the close of a heat, perhaps seventy yards from the wire. He faltered for a moment and then, recovering himself by a mighty effort, struggled on and won the heat practically on three legs.—Country Life In America.

No Great Difference.

Bilker—My sakes! Here's a story of a man going to marry a woman he doesn't know! Enpeck—That's nothing. The only difference between him and the others who marry is that this fellow isn't deceived to the point of thinking he knows her. — Baltimore American.

Likely to Do So.

"We had known each other slightly," said Miss Evvy Waite, "but never to speak to until one day while out skating I fell down quite near him, and"—

"Ah, yes," replied Miss Pepprey, "that broke the ice, of course!"—Philadelphia Press.

His C. O. D. Delivery.

"You delivered your speech in a manner that was most timely and effective."

"Yes," answered the political orator; "I had to be particular about the delivery of that speech. It was a C. O. D. transaction."—Washington Star.

How to Make a Campfire.

An absurd and reprehensibly destructive practice is the building of fires beneath a tree "in order to get the draft." The fools that do this kill great trees for nothing but a campfire. There is no sense in that wretched practice. A fire for camp cooking should be built in the open, and nothing is easier. A bare rock is the best place, and if you are to cook by it put up a barrier of loose stones just extensive enough to make a fire as large as a kitchen stove would hold, put a flat stone over these walls, and you will have all you want. You can fry bacon and your corn cakes and boil your coffee on that stone. This is as good for winter as for summer. And if you want a hot old campfire clear a place of all combustibles and begin small, gradually adding a stick or two, and the heat beneath will soon grow so strong that you can keep it up for as many hours as you please. But be sure that you let it get down to the ashes before you leave. Nobody knows what may happen after you leave a blazing fire.—Springfield Republican.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 31.

Text of the Lesson, Luke v, 1-11. Memory Verses, 4-6—Golden Text, John viii, 31—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

Today's lesson tells of several fishermen who left all to follow Jesus. It would seem from John i, 40-51, that Andrew and Simon, Philip and Nathanael had already begun to follow Him, but evidently not to the extent of forsaking all to follow Him fully. After the people of Nazareth drove Him out He made Capernaum His home, and from thence He went about all Galilee teaching, preaching and healing all manner of sickness and disease (Matt. iv, 13, 23). It would seem from Matt. iv, 18-22; Mark i, 16-20, that Simon and Andrew took a step further in following than that recorded in John i, and that James and John heartily joined them.

On that occasion Simon and Andrew were casting a net into the sea, while James and John were in the ship with their father mending their nets. In our lesson today the fishermen had gone out of their ships and were washing their nets. There is no need to try to reconcile the records. Let them stand as records of different events. In the first they forsook their nets, but now they forsake all. The life of the believer is a series of separations from sin and self and the world to become more wholly the Lord's for His service.

According to gospel harmonies it is probable that the sermon on the mount (Matt. v, 7) comes in between the last lesson and this one, but the order of events is not of so much importance as becoming better acquainted with God through Jesus Christ. As we see Him standing by the lake of Gennesaret, the sea of Galilee, we remember that He made it and every living thing in it, the river that flows through it and the hills that surround it; all things were made by Him and for Him (Col. i, 16; Heb. i, 3; John i, 1-3).

The people see that He spoke as never man spake, and they crowd around Him to receive the living bread and living water which are in Him. That He may separate a little from the crowd and thus be better able to teach them, He steps into Simon's boat and asks him to push out a little from the land, and, sitting down, He taught them out of the boat. We may safely conclude that He taught them out of the Scriptures the things of the kingdom and the things concerning Himself, and that His word was with power, and that some believed and some believed not; for He Himself taught that the seed always falls on wayside, rocky, thorny and good ground. Blessed are all who receive His word with meekness (Jas. i, 21). Having used Simon's boat as a pulpit He will reward him for the loan of it, and so He told him to launch out into the deep and let down his nets for a draft. No one ever suffered loss by giving attention to the special work of Christ, but multitudes have been blessed for time and eternity by obeying Matt. vi, 33. If we see to His work He will see to all our need better than we could.

There were plenty of fish in the sea and they were no mean fishermen, but "toiled and taken nothing" describes the result of their labor. It had been thus far their skill, their wisdom, their labor. Now it is at His word that they let down the net, and the result is two boats filled with fishes. When He works, whether it be men or angels or creatures, the one thing on their part is obedience. Whether it be a great fish to swallow Jonah, or a little fish to bring a piece of money, or a multitude of fishes to fill these nets, all are obedient to Him. Jesus said, "Let down your nets," but Simon said, "I will let down the net." Unbelief on our part is the great hindrance, yet on this occasion our Lord wrought, notwithstanding Simon's lack of faith. It is our Lord's way to fill empty vessels and empty people, and one of His very precious words to us is, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled" (II Kings iv; Ex. xl; II Chron. v; Luke ix; Acts ii; Matt. v, 6; Eph. v, 18). He oft allows us to toil in vain that we may see our own helplessness and let Him work.

When the Lord thus wrought, Simon so saw his unworthiness that he cried, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord" (verse 8); and so it was with others when they they saw the glory of the Lord (Job xlii, 5, 6; Isa. vi, 5; Dan. x, 8; Rev. i, 17). We are vessels, earthen vessels, and if we would let the Master have control of us who can tell what great and mighty things He might do? (II Cor. iv, 7; II Tim. ii, 21; Jer. xxxiii, 3.) In some unlikely way, and perhaps through some weak but empty vessel, the Spirit of God works and we all stand astonished.

When we are broken down and conscious of our sinfulness and utter unworthiness, then we hear His "Fear not," or "Peace be unto you," or other word of quietness and encouragement. It is only the proud, willful, rebellious and hard of heart who have cause to fear, for all such God will humble and abase (Isa. ii, 11, 17; Dan. iv, 37). But those who have come to the end of themselves He will bless and use.

As to forsaking all, notice the conditions on which we can become disciples in Matt. xvi, 24; Luke xiv, 33. All who truly receive Jesus Christ as their Saviour become children of God, for the gift of God is eternal life apart from any works of ours (John i, 12; Rom. vi, 23; iii, 24; iv, 5); but to be a disciple means a whole hearted forsaking of all for His sake. The cost of our salvation fell wholly on Christ; the cost of discipleship falls on us.

A Turkish Love Story.

Do the Turks love their women? Yes, both in life and in death. In life, read the love songs and in death the epitaphs to the beloved ones passed to the silent realm.

It is true the Turk goes to the Arabic, the Greek, the Italian, for love songs, but he sings these to his lady's eyebrows, and the story he tells of the quality of his love rises to the purity at times of prayer:

One knocked at the beloved's door, and a voice answered from within, "Who is there?"

Then he answered, "It is I."

Then the voice said, "This house will not hold thee and me."

And the door was not opened.

Then went the lover into the desert, where there is nothing but Allah, and fasted and prayed in solitude.

And after a year he returned and knocked again at the door.

And again the voice asked, "Who is there?"

And he said, "It is thyself."

And the door was opened to him.

Match that in your Vedantas if you can.—Philadelphia Press.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

The Matter of Height Didn't Seem to Figure In the Scheme.

The young man considers himself a man of resources, although he is not as sure about it now as he was a few days ago. He has been very attentive to a certain young lady, and he was calling on her at the time that he partially lost confidence in his resourceful mind.

It is unnecessary to narrate what passed between them upon the occasion in question, but at the time the young lady's sister entered the room he was in the act of folding the young lady to his manly bosom.

Of course he desisted at once, as young men generally do under such circumstances, but he was not embarrassed—not a bit.

The young lady's sister said, "Excuse me," and started to leave the room, when his resourceful mind began to work. He felt that he ought to say something and say it right away.

"Don't go," he said; "we've just been measuring to see which one is the taller."

She paused in the doorway and looked at them intently.

"You're both about the same height," she said quietly, "but sister is much the redder."

Then she went out, and he was embarrassed—just a little.—New York Times.

SLEEPY WASHINGTON.

The Home Bound After Theater Crowd In the Capital.

"There is one peculiarity of Washington I have noticed," said a traveling man at an uptown hotel, "and that is the absence of after theater crowds on the streets and in the cafes. In many big cities the hours from 11 to 12:30 o'clock are among the gayest of the day, the streets are thronged with people hurrying to the cafes for a bite and a sup and emerging afterward to stroll slowly home or to the cars.

"These midnight cafe crowds are jolly folks. They seem to be less restrained than at other hours of the day, when bent upon the same mission of eating. Perhaps it is the music and the lights and the Bohemian atmosphere suggested by the midnight hour. I will not deny that it is in a measure demoralizing. I am sure I would not want my two sisters of eighteen and twenty years to be in the crowd.

"I notice in Washington that as soon as the theaters 'let out' the people make a break for home. They are anxious to get the first car that comes along and won't wait a moment, but would rather hang to a strap.

"Washington is a frightfully dull place at night. I hate to get hung up here overnight. But I suppose it's a good thing for the young folks that the town is a little slow."—Washington Star.

WHISTLING JUGS.

Curious Relics of a Very Ancient Drinking Custom.

Whistling jugs are curious relics of a very ancient drinking custom. All the northern nations set great stress upon a man's power to take off his liquor without putting down the glass or beaker, and in Saxon graves old ale buckets have been found made without foot or stand, so that the drinker could not rest them upon the board until they were emptied.

But even after that was accomplished the hardy drinker was expected still to have breath to spare, and the whistling jugs, a comparatively modern invention, were intended to indicate this. Many of them were made by German silversmiths—though they are also to be seen in earthenware—during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and their form was such that when the contents of the jug had been imbibed a whistle was uncovered through which the drinker might blow if he were able.

The most advanced type of all had a little windmill besides the whistle, which worked a dial showing the power of the blow. Sometimes an ordinary whistle was laid on the table and won by the last tosspot who could get a sound from it.—Pearson's.

Rejected With Scorn.

A certain social organization called the Young Woman's club found itself in difficulties after the lapse of some twenty years. The "young" women were no longer rightly named. Mr. William H. Crane, the actor, was once consulted by some charming girls in regard to the name of their prospective club. Their object, they wrote, was the building of character. They wished that to be suggested in the title and also the fact that they were unmarried. Mr. Crane replied that he had a name for the club, "the Building and Lone association."

The Matinee Girl.

The matinee girl existed as early as the eighteenth century. In Japan girls in those days used to throw their fans and purses at the feet of the "leading man" as he minced along "the flower walk" to the stage. Pictures of these "heroes" were an early product of Japanese wood engraving, and these portraits were secret treasures of many maidens.

The Will Was There.

He—So your husband has given up smoking? It requires a pretty strong will to accomplish that. She—Well, I'd have you understand that I have a strong will!—New Yorker.

Unnecessary Fear.

The Lawyer—I'm afraid I'm going blind. The Friend—Never mind, old man. So long as you retain your sense of touch you'll be all right.—Judge.

Worry, whatever its source, weakens, takes away courage and shortens life.

Ready to Growl.

Manager—We must put a great deal of realism into this forest scene. Can you get some one to growl so as to resemble a bear? Assistant—I think so. There are six or seven stage hands who have not received their wages for three weeks. I'll call them.

An Unforgivable Fellow.

"I didn't close my eyes once last night."

"That so? Insomnia is a miserable thing, I must say."

"Oh, I slept all right enough. They closed themselves."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Sophisticated Wife.

Mr. Newrich (in city)—Mariar, pass them beans.

Mrs. Newrich—Don't be absurd, Frank. Them's salted ammons.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

The difference between salary and wages is precisely the difference between accepting a position and getting a job.—Detroit Free Press.

DISARMING THE GODS.

How Chinese, Japanese and Hindoo Boys Prepare For School Life.

Among the eastern nations the beginning of school life is a critical time for the child. The priest or astrologer must be consulted to choose a lucky day. Every precaution must be taken to avert the jealousy of the gods, whose malice is especially directed against a fine boy.

The Chinese father who adores his son will take the utmost pains to convince the powers of the air that the boy is of no account. The child may be given a despicable name, like flea or chutze, a pig, or, more insulting still, he may be given a girl's name. The boy may be started off to school wearing a girl's dress and one earring, and if the deception is complete this will be the most effectual of all, for even the gods do not care for girls in China.

The Japanese schoolboy wears hanging from his belt a little red bag containing a brass tag with his name and his parents' name and address upon it. He must have his paper umbrella and his fan, and in a gray bag upon his arm is a jar of rice for his luncheon. This quaint little fellow has probably made his offering at his own private shrine to Tenjinsen, the god of penmanship.

When the Hindoo boy has found an auspicious day to begin school he is taken to the god of learning, Sarasvati. Here the little supplicant presents his offerings of rice and betel nuts and repeats the letters of the alphabet after the priest. Thus he is entered into the ways of knowledge in the very presence of the god.—Everybody's Magazine.

OMNIVOROUS MAN.

Reptiles Are Eaten With Eagerness All Over the World.

Reptiles are eaten with eagerness all over the world. Neither want of beauty nor abundance of venom protects them from omnivorous man. Although they suggest to us by form and motion all that is false and unfair, hideous and horrid, even God's curse of the serpent does not shield it, and from the humble frog of the pond to the colossal crocodile of Egypt they are all only so much food for men. Old Mexicans loved the speckled salamander and ate it with Spanish pepper. The Spaniards learned the odd fashion, and the habit has not entirely died out. Vipers are a favorite dish with Italians. The lizards of this continent are a most delicate dish, and the iguanas of the Antilles were carried to South Carolina in great numbers, the rice fields of that state being well suited to them.

Snakes find a ready market in many eastern countries. The giant of Java, which infests the pepper plantations and whose venom is fatal, is a favorite. The huge boa constrictor furnishes an exceedingly fat meat, and the negroes of its native country prefer it to the daintiest food of the white man. The anaconda of Brazil supplies the table of the poor, though the Portuguese use only the rich fat it produces. South American natives eat almost every kind of snake, and the far west has taught many a fastidious palate from over the sea to relish the fatal rattlesnake of our own country. Snake eating is more common in the United States than one would imagine.

How the Indians Dun.

We have all heard the phrase, "After him with a sharp stick," but it may not have occurred to many of us that the stick referred to is the much feared yearly January bill. Such, however, is the meaning that the saying conveys to the Nushinan Indians of California, who have seen the disagreeable habit prevalent among us of sending gifts. When one Indian owes another, it is considered bad taste for the creditor to dun the debtor. He proceeds with more delicacy. He procures a certain number of sticks, according to the amount of the debt, and paints a ring around the end of each. These he carries and tosses into the debtor's wigwam and then goes away without a word. The debtor invariably pays the debt and destroys the sticks, as it is considered a reproach to have the January dunning stick thrown into the wigwam. Indeed the creditor never uses them except with hard customers.

Cliff of Natural Glass.

A cliff of natural glass can be seen in Yellowstone park, Wyoming. It is half a mile long and from 150 to 290 feet high, the material of which it consists being as good glass as that artificially manufactured. The dense glass which forms the base is from 75 to 100 feet thick, while the upper portion, having suffered and survived many ages of wind and rain, has naturally worn much thinner. Of course the color of the cliff is not that of natural glass—transparent and white—but is mostly black and in some places mottled and streaked with brownish red and shades of olive green and brown.

The Tomb of David.

The tomb of David, king of Israel, is still pointed out to travelers in Palestine and, despite its age, is in a remarkably good state of preservation. David died in 1015 B. C. and was buried in the "city of David." His tomb became the sepulcher of several subsequent kings and one of the sacred places of the kingdom. It stands on Mount Zion, at Jerusalem, just outside of the city wall.

Compulsory Piety.

Sunday School Teacher—I hope all the little girls in my class love God? Eva Brown—I do. Sunday School Teacher—That's right, Eva. Now tell us why you love him. Eva Brown—Got to.—Lippincott's Magazine.

There is a whole chapter of sound advice in the admonition: "Don't dodge difficulties; meet them, greet them, beat them."

The Surgeon's Charges.

"I hear you're dissatisfied with your doctor's bill."

"Yes. I don't think he's entitled to $250 for that operation."

"Why not?"

"Because if he was he'd claim more."—Philadelphia Ledger.

People grow old by thinking themselves old. As surely as they think this it will come true, for thought is creative.

Getting Out of It.

Constable, the English painter, attended an exhibition of landscapes and sea views which was the work of another eminent artist whom he detested. "Like putty," he growled as he scanned them over. It happened that a friend of the painter's was present and was so stupid as to repeat Constable's remark. When, later, Constable, meeting the gentleman whom he had condemned, congratulated him upon one of his works, the latter said, "Why, I'm told you say my pictures are putty." "What of that?" replied Constable. "I like putty."

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

The mark of QUALITY

On Silver Plate can only be determined after long years of actual service unless you purchase ware bearing a well known trade-mark. For over half a century Spoons, Forks, etc., stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Have been in use and given perfect satisfaction. They are sold by leading dealers everywhere. For catalogue No. 6 of new designs send to the makers

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute Remember 1847

Waking the Sleepers.

In a diary kept in 1646 is it asserted that "Allen Brydges has been chose to wake the sleepers in meeting and, being much proud of his place, must needs have a fox taile fixed to the end of a long staffe, wherewith he may brush the faces of them that will have naps in time of discourse." This energetic individual was likewise armed with "a sharpe thorne" for the benefit of those who "be most sounde." There is a record of the use of this implement upon Mr. Tomkins, who was sleeping comfortably in the corner of his pew when Allen "thrust his staff behind Dame Ballard to give him a grievous prick upon the hand, whereupon Mr. Tomkins did spring much above the floor and with terrible force did strike his head against the wall and also to the great wonder of all 'prophanelie' exclaim in a loud voice, 'Buss the woodchuck!' he dreaming, as it seemed, that a woodchuck had seized him and bit his hand."

Eskimo Tastes.

There is certainly no accounting for tastes, and surely the strangest is that of the Eskimos. Tallow is their candy. It is put up in bright red packages made out of the feet of waterfowl. The women cut off the red feet of this bird, which is called the dovekie, draw out the bones and blow up the skin so as to make pouches, which they fill with the reindeer tallow for their little folk.

None of the food that the Eskimos eat seems very inviting to us, but they are extremely fond of it and are very apt to overeat. It is said by explorers who have gone into Greenland that it is no uncommon sight to see an Eskimo man who has eaten an enormous meal of the raw, frozen flesh of the reindeer, seal or walrus lying on his back and eating blubber until he cannot move.

A Love Charm.

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her:

"Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

Couldn't Get Away.

"My dear," said the physician's wife, "why don't you take a good long rest? Go away somewhere and enjoy yourself. You're working yourself into the grave. You haven't been out of town for five years."

"My dear," the celebrated practitioner said, "I dare not leave. If I did so most of my patients would discover that they could get on just as well without me, and my practice would be ruined."

Sometimes the Light Is Good.

"But you are not always bothered with poor light, are you?" inquired the complaint clerk at the gas office.

"Oh, no, not always," replied the quiet citizen.

"Ah, I thought so. It's only at certain times that you notice it, eh?"

"Yes; only after dark."—Philadelphia Press.

Vexing Delay.

"Our new company is capitalized at $40,000,000."

"Great! Let me see your prospectus."

"Oh, we haven't got out a prospectus yet. The—er—the darned printer wants his pay in advance."—Puck.

An Alphabetic Menu.

Apples, bananas, coffee, dumplings, eggs fried, grape fruit, halibut, Italian jam, Knickerbocker lamb, mince, nougat, orange pie, quails roasted, stewed tomatoes, underdone veal, waffles, extraordinary yams from Zululand.—Christian Intelligencer.

Good Sailing.

Jack—Once more, Molly, will you marry me? Village Belle—For the thirteenth time this hour I tell you I will not. Jack—Well, thirteen knots an hour ain't bad sailin' for a little craft like you.—London Tit-Bits.

A Sparkling Guest.

Mrs. Chic — Isn't Miss Patterson a rather dull girl? Mrs. Au Fait—Dull? She's got a pedigree right straight back to a real English lord.—Detroit Free Press.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5. 1904. [Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.] NO. 10.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY to Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 4.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.0[illegible], 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.45, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45 then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 7.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M. and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
N. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
311 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

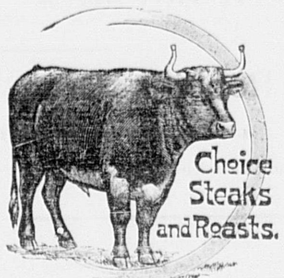
John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

HER FIRST PROPOSAL

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

It was the softest of spring days, and Mowbray and Miss Farrar strolled through the greenery of the park with the languid abstraction born of the first warm weather and a friendship of several years' standing. Though their eyes drank in the beauty of the scene about them—the great stretches of greensward, the trees and bushes that were bursting into the tender green of the season as into a sort of silent song—neither of them was thinking of it.

Miss Farrar, indeed, was living over other days inevitably brought back by the warm breeze and the smell of growing things—other springtimes when life meant only the beautiful possibility of love. And Mowbray was thinking of her and wondering if by any chance it would be worth while to tell her, for in spite of her unquestionable attractiveness he could not help feeling that he would find it hard to look into those calm, clear eyes and talk of love. Yet he was neither cowardly nor inexperienced. He simply had a natural shrinking from being regarded with suppressed amusement by the woman he loved. And in her apparent immunity from such emotions that was what he feared. She would in all probability only laugh her light, frank laugh and say, "Nonsense, Clark; don't be silly!"

He sent a speculative glance toward her as she walked beside him looking off into the distance with the preoccupied air of a woman whose whole mind was given to some engrossing and persistent thought.

"Let us sit for awhile," she proposed as they reached the top of a knoll where, under a solitary tree, a bench invited relaxation. Suiting the action to the word, she seated herself comfortably with her elbows placed defiantly on the back of the bench, an attitude peculiar to her aggressive moods and one which Mowbray had learned to recognize as premonitory of an intention to talk things out to a finish. He wondered what it would be this time, for he had long since dropped into his role of mentor.

He waited patiently with eyes that roved carelessly over the mansions on the far side of Fifth avenue, which in turn sent back a well bred stare, knowing that her feelings would soon reach the point of overflow. At last she broke the silence.

"Do I look to you like a person selected by fate to be distinguished among women—disagreeably distinguished, I mean?" she demanded, turning toward him with a directness which challenged a truthful answer. He regarded her in a manner intended to convey that he was making an expert examination.

"No," he admitted, "I can't say that you do—that is"— He stopped rather vaguely.

"Oh, now don't try to soften the truth," she interrupted quickly. "I'm after facts, and I am not going to lay anything you may say up against you."

"I haven't the least idea what it is about, but I am glad that there is going to be no animosity," Mowbray observed politely. Then he settled himself to listen. It was one of his virtues that he never missed his cue.

Her next words came out rather abruptly.

"I'm not especially plain, do you think?"

Her tone was deprecating, but she turned her face toward him in a manner as impersonal as if she were calling his attention to the landscape. Then she continued impartially:

"That is, I suppose I would be classed as 'fair to middling.'"

He nodded assent with a gleam of mischief in his eye.

"To tell you the truth"—her tone had dropped into the personal, confidential key—"I'm not at all conceited about my looks, but I've always flattered myself that I am rather interesting."

The statement ended with a rising inflection which made it a question, and it was evident that she was awaiting his decision with some anxiety.

"Rather interesting, I think we may say," he agreed suavely.

"And I'm sure I'm affectionate and fairly good tempered and—and"—

Mowbray encouraged her by a nod.

—"and domestic."

"I shall have to take your word for that."

"Well, I am domestic. I know I am! So I want you to explain to me"—her voice was growing tumultuous—"but first promise on your honor that you'll never tell—how it is that I've reached the age of thirty-three without ever having had a proposal."

Mowbray threw himself back and roared, while her arms came down off the bench and she dropped her face upon her hands and sat looking at him with the puzzled air of a pupil at the feet of a master.

"When you've done laughing," she began with dignity.

"Pardon, dear, a thousand pardons!" He had never called her that before, and there was something in his voice which bespoke a new hope and confidence, but she was too engrossed in her pursuit of self knowledge to notice.

"I forgot to say that I'm sensible. Men always like that, you know. Anyway, they pretend to."

She finished in a way that suggested that she had her doubt of their sincerity. With a mighty effort her companion swallowed his mirth and prepared to face the situation with her.

"Is it because you haven't wanted any one to ask you?" he inquired diplomatically.

"No, indeed!"

"And no man has ever told you that he loved you?" he murmured in a thoughtful tone. "Strange!"

"Well—now—I didn't say just that, you know!"

There was a faint suspicion of a blush on Miss Farrar's smooth cheeks, but her glance met Mowbray's with its usual unswerving honesty.

"Men have told me that they loved me—several of them! But that's not a proposal, you know, any more than it's a purchase when I say that I adore a string of pearls at Tiffany's!"

"A-a-h!"

The ejaculation was full of enlightenment. Mowbray was beginning at last to understand things that had always puzzled him, as his next question showed.

"Would it be impertinent to ask how you have received these declarations?"

"Why, I just listened! You see, it's embarrassing. It makes one feel so terribly conscious."

"What about the man?" Mowbray asked quietly. "Doesn't it occur to you that perhaps he might need a little encouragement—that perhaps he might be a trifle conscious too?"

For a moment there was silence between them. The point of view was utterly new to Miss Farrar, and she was obviously impressed by it.

"I never thought of that," she admitted slowly. "I thought that sort of thing was so in a man's line—his metier." She laughed a bit ruefully.

A squirrel darted swiftly across the grass and, turning its head jauntily to one side, fixed a bright, inquiring eye upon them. Then, with a saucy wave of its tail, it scurried away.

"I have it," said Mowbray, "I have it! Learn from the squirrel! Lightness, airiness, coquettishness! Don't you see what I mean?" And he looked at her teasingly.

But she was not to be diverted. "I am serious," she assured him. "There's always a reason for everything, and there must be a reason for this. There's Alice Nixon. She's not so awfully pretty. I heard her say that she had had nineteen proposals!" Miss Farrar's voice was touched with awe. Then a skeptical thought seized her. "Still—she's from the south!" she added, and her tone implied that an allowance should be made for the fact.

Mowbray bit his lip.

"Then there's her sister—just an ordinarily nice girl—follows with fifteen. Marion Pierce owns up to a dozen, and Beth Garrett—dear, homely Beth—acknowledges six! I asked her because I specially wanted to find out. Perhaps you can imagine how queer it makes me feel."

"What do you say upon such occasions?" demanded Mowbray, watching the squirrel that was again eying them from a distance.

There was a palpable pause before Miss Farrar replied. But at last her straightforwardness prevailed.

"Sometimes I shake my head and look rather shocked. Then they think that I disapprove of such conversations—think I'm noble, you know! At other times I laugh and say, 'I have never had one!' in a tone which implies just the reverse."

She finished this confession and looked at Mowbray out of the corner of her eyes in a way that drove the last vestige of fear out of his mind. This naive woman, the person whose dignity and coldness he had stood aloof from in absolute embarrassment for so long. He could have laughed at the absurdity of it. Why had she never shown him her real self before?

"I think I shall propose to you," he remarked deliberately.

For a second she looked surprised, and then her eyes danced.

"Let it be in your best style," she pleaded. "Remember, it's my first, and I fear it may be my last too!"

He leaned toward her and looked straight into her eyes.

"It will be your last, undoubtedly!" His voice was low and tense. For a long moment he looked at her—looked in a way that first made her small ears burn and then troubled her clear gaze, which wavered and fell.

"I love you, dear," he said simply, "and I think you know the rest. Tell me that you do."

Her cheeks were hot and her lips trembled. A strong hand reached out and took hers in a masterful way, and she suddenly knew that something which she had never even dreamed—was true.

"But I asked you!" she moaned when at last she recovered something of her wonted serenity. "I positively asked you!"

"You encouraged me," he corrected, "and that's what they usually do, only your method was brutally direct."

It was when she began to flush again that he added, "I shall always have something to tease you about, dearest."

And the squirrel, which had been watching them in the lingering hope that they might possibly have brought him nuts, like sensible people, gave up in disgust and scurried away.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Fontenelle's Presence of Mind.

The distinguished French author, Fontenelle, was fond of asparagus cooked in butter. Cardinal Dubois was equally in love with the vegetable served with white sauce.

Being once invited to dine together at the house of a friend the effort was made to gratify the palates of both by preparing half the asparagus with butter and half with white sauce. While the preparations were in progress the news was brought in that the cardinal was dead.

Fontenelle did not wait a moment. Rushing to the door of the kitchen, he cried to the chef: "Jean, Jean! You may cook all the asparagus in butter."

Mary Magdalene's Grave.

Fifteen thousand pilgrims annually visit St. Baume, in Provence, not far from Marseilles, where Mary Magdalene is said to have spent the last thirty years of her life.

The legend, according to the Nouvelle Revue, runs that Mary Magdalene came from Judea in a small boat with Lazarus, Martha, the two Marys and Salome, bringing with them the body of St. Anne, the head of St. James the Less and a few wee bones of the innocents massacred by King Herod. But from early ages this story has been disputed, and the Abbe Duchesne, one of the most erudite writers on the early Christian saints and martyrs, considers that the relics of Mary Magdelene were probably sent from Constantinople about the seventh century. A Greek breviary, however, speaks of the saint as having died at Ephesus.

Nature's Sweet Refrain.

A former assistant secretary of the interior who lives in Washington bears the same name as a poet who hails from Pennsylvania. The ex-official received a letter which he considers a remarkable epistle. The writer confounded him with the poet and wrote:

Dear friend and statesman: I rite you the earliest dait to be so cind as to do me a fafor. I haf trid all cinds of paten medisin for hart decease an no avail. I read your little pome on Hart deces beginin

"The hart which sad tumultus beets,
with throbs of keenest pain
wil oft recover its defects
Thro' naturs sweat refrane."

I haf never trid an injun doc but haf took all cinds of erbs. I now ask you to send me by return male 2 bottles of your medsin naturs sweat refrane. Send to ——, —— Postoffice, Pa.

P. S.—I will sen prise by return male.

Silent Great Men.

The list of silent great men is a long one. Especially is this true of noted warriors. Wallenstein, Wellington, Von Moltke, Grant, Marlborough, Charlemagne, Hannibal, Cæsar, all gave their orders in as few words as possible and demanded like brevity from their subordinates. It is said that Marlborough never allowed more than a minute for a verbal report, and it is told of Von Moltke that when an aid-de-camp brought a written message that France had declared war the great general simply ordered it filed in the "second pigeonhole on the right, first tier." In that pigeonhole were complete plans for the successful campaign that followed.

Gun Barrels From Nails.

Horseshoe nails kicked about the roads of the world by horses innumerable are far from the useless fragments we might think them. Gunmakers tell us there is no iron so well fitted for their purpose as that derived from horseshoe nails and similar worn fragments. The nails, made originally of the best stuff obtainable, receive from the constant pounding of the horse's feet on hard surfaces a peculiar annealing and toughening, making them a most perfect substance for the manufacture of the finest gun barrels.

Illusions of the Theater.

It is a moot point whether women should be taken to the theater at all at a young and impressionable age, seeing in what a totally unreal light the modern young man is presented by the average dramatist. Behind the footlights the handsome, clean shaven fellow has principles as unimpeachable as his dress clothes, a soul as spotless as his dangling waistcoat.—London Ladies' Field.

MISS HALLOWAY OF CHICAGO

....By MARY WOOD

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

She was so decidedly petite that even when she drew her figure to its greatest height the assumption of dignity was laughable. But her eyes sparkled dangerously as she faced the bellboy.

The bellboy was impressed. He eyed the door as if meditating escape before she proceeded to stronger methods.

"Now, see here," she exclaimed belligerently, "this is the third note I have written to the office, and I want a reply this time."

"If you would go down to the desk," the bellboy insinuated apologetically, "Mr. Parker"—

"No, I will not go down to the desk," Miss Halloway interrupted decidedly. "That head clerk Parker, or whatever name he answers to, shall come up here or I will know the reason why."

The bellboy departed promptly. "And, by the way," she called after him, "just hustle along some telegraph blanks on your way back. I have a few things to say to my father and some of his friends concerning the lack of accommodations at the Great Eastern."

"Oh, Belle, Belle," wailed Mrs. Halloway, whose ample form had collapsed in one corner of a red plush sofa, "how can you make such a disturbance? Now, if your father was only here. But the two of us alone, without a protector!" And she rolled her eyes distractedly.

"Protector, fiddlesticks!" said the energetic Miss Halloway. "Have you no spirit, mother?" She began to pace the floor excitedly. "Would you be treated as a nobody—you, the wife of Thomas P. Halloway? Consider your position."

Mrs. Halloway doubtless considered her position—she was absolutely at the mercy of her daughter's scathing tongue; therefore she maintained a discreet silence.

"They must be taught the deference due to us, the Halloways of Chicago," said the girl. She was very young and possessed of the follies as well as the graces of youth.

The bellboy now reappeared, holding out a handful of telegraph blanks like a yellow flag of truce. "Mr. Parker," he averred, "he says—he's coming."

Miss Halloway seized upon the blanks and flung herself into a chair beside the writing table. "There will probably be ample time to get off the telegrams before he comes. Things don't quickstep at the Great Eastern."

"But, Belle," Mrs. Halloway protested after the bellboy had closed the door in reverential fashion, "had you not better slip on another waist. Mr. Parker"—

"Mr. Parker," her daughter interrupted superciliously, "is a hotel clerk, a servant. This dressing sack is good enough for him."

She dashed off a telegram and read it aloud reflectively:

Dear Dad—We are being shamefully treated at the Great Eastern. If things are not remedied we will change to the Grand tonight. But don't worry. I am running this affair, and you can bet on me.
ARABELLA HALLOWAY.

"I think that will make things hot for the Great Eastern," she said triumphantly. She did not hear the knock at the door nor its noiseless opening. Her mother's voice startled her. "Belle, here is Mr. Parker, but remember"—

Mrs. Halloway's voice trailed off into a deprecating silence. Miss Halloway straightened up in her chair with the laudable pride of a judge about to confer sentence.

"Mr. Parker," she said impressively, "I have called you here to complain of the treatment to which we have been subjected by this hotel." She began deliberately enough, but the words soon tumbled over each other in her vehemence. "How dare you," she cried, "how dare you put us into this stuffy back room, an eight dollar a day room, when we have always been accustomed to an eighteen dollar suit? Do you know who we are—the Halloways of Chicago? Is not our money as good as or better than other people's?"

The clerk remained silent. And now for the first time Miss Halloway looked up—far up—and encountered the serene gaze of his brown eyes.

Mr. Parker, the clerk, was tall—unusually tall. But it was not merely his inches which gave authority of bearing. It was his self confidence, his mental poise. Intuitively Miss Halloway of Chicago realized that here was a man who would always be the master of circumstances no matter how adverse the contrivings of fate. Her judicial complacency vanished, and shame, hot cheeked and defiant, stood as a culprit at the bar, for a twinkle lurked in the cool depths of the brown eyes as he said easily:

"I can agree with you, Miss Halloway of Chicago, but only in part. Your money is as good as that of other people, but no better. At the Great Eastern first come must be first served, and that," with a half bow, "is why we have been forced to give this room to Miss Halloway of Chicago."

His tone was courteous, but the girl felt the sting of underlying reproof. It was a new experience for her. All her twenty years had not discovered a person who should dare to cross her. The great T. P. Halloway himself lacked the necessary courage, or, rather, he openly encouraged her willfulness as a reincarnation of his own indomitable spirit. As for Mrs. Halloway, she was always a minus quantity on such occasions as demanded firmness. She preferred to be comfortably seated and wring her hands gently. Tears came easily and in nowise interfered with her heart action or gradual increase of avoirdupois.

Now she looked entreatingly at her daughter and murmured, "Oh, Belle, don't, don't!"

Miss Halloway did not hear. Her world seemed falling about her ears. For the first time the shameful helplessness of her sex overcame her. But woman's wit came to her aid. Her lips trembled piteously, and two large tears ran down her cheeks.

This was a new method of warfare. The redoubtable Mr. Parker stood aghast; then, as became a prudent general, threw out scout lines.

"Really, Miss Halloway," he said soothingly, "the whole thing is a trifle which we have foolishly exaggerated. In the morning you will laugh at your fancied grievances."

But still the girl's head was hidden in her folded arms, and her shoulders heaved. Mrs. Halloway sobbed, swaying comfortably back and forth. "If your father were only here," she wailed.

Mr. Parker looked from one to the other despairingly. He was a young man. A woman's tears are sacred—to the chivalry of youth. He cast discretion to the winds and capitulated.

"Don't cry, Miss Halloway," he implored; "please don't. I think that perhaps I can arrange the matter. A personal friend of mine has one of the suits. Perhaps for you—yes, I am sure I can arrange it."

"On your word and honor?" asked Miss Halloway of Chicago in a muffled tone.

"On my word of honor," he promised recklessly.

The girl lifted her head and laughed. She had not been crying at all. "You can stop your crying now, mother," she said cheerfully; "it is all over with." She turned to the astonished Mr. Parker and extended her hand frankly. "And since you have acceded to my request," she said sweetly, "let me apologize for having asked in—well—rather peremptory fashion. It is a way I have, unfortunately. Of course your promise holds good?"

"Of course," replied Mr. Parker a trifle stiffly. He could not avoid taking her outstretched hand. "Of course," he repeated more heartily as some mesmeric influence radiated from her finger tips to his. There was added respect as well as admiration in the brown eyes. He recognized her powers as a strategist.

Miss Halloway laughed. "I won, but I would not have if you had not been a gentleman. Mamma and I are very pleased to meet you, even in this informal fashion."

Mrs. Halloway beamed upon them. Peace and harmony were essential in her scheme of things.

And peace and harmony—and Mr. Parker—attended her and her daughter for the next few weeks. Mrs. Halloway beamed, Miss Halloway was radiant, Mr. Parker was assiduous—so assiduous, in fact, that Thomas P. Halloway on his advent on the scene felt called upon to interfere.

He did not hesitate, but Mr. Parker spoke first. It is a way youth has. And he did not mince matters. He struck straight from the shoulder.

"Mr. Halloway, I love your daughter; she loves me. We are going to be married. Have we your approval?"

"The mischief!" ejaculated the astounded T. P. Halloway. "Why, you're nothing but a hotel clerk. My daughter"— Words failed him.

Mr. Parker was quite unmoved. "She does not object," he said easily. "Some day I shall own this hotel, then you will not object."

T. P. Halloway glared at him. "I will," he snorted. "And the sooner you take yourself off the better it will be."

"There is Belle to be considered," Mr. Parker insinuated gently. "She usually has her own way."

T. P. Halloway weakened visibly. "Yes; she usually does," he repeated more calmly.

And the matter of her marriage proved no exception to the rule. She did. And that is how Miss Halloway of Chicago became Mrs. Parker of New York.

Realistic.

Actors frequently receive unexpected proof of the realism of their art. This story, which is reported from a Chicago theater, is like the story of the artist who painted a fire so vividly that his servant threw water on it.

"Hamlet" was the play. In the gallery two small newsboys were watching with breathless interest. The last act was drawing to a close. The duel almost dragged the boys from their chairs.

Before their eyes the queen was poisoned, Laertes killed, the king killed, Hamlet killed. On the final tragedy the curtain started down. The audience was spellbound.

In the gallery sounded a clatter and crash as one of the boys bolted for the door.

"Come on, Jimmy!" he shouted back to his "pal." "Hustle up! Dey'll be extras out on dis."

To him the acting had been at least as real as news.—Youth's Companion.

Business.

"How shall I prove the sincerity of my devotion?" asked the young man who had been so long coming to the point that doubt had begun to accumulate against him.

"Call the parson in as a witness," suggested the young lady, who meant business.

Ayer's
Doctors first prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral over 60 years ago. They use it today more than ever. They
Cherry Pectoral
rely upon it for colds, coughs, bronchitis, consumption. They will tell you how it heals inflamed lungs.
"I had a very bad cough for three years. Then I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. My sore lungs were soon healed and my cough dropped away."
MRS. PEARL HYDE, Guthrie Centre, Ia.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Old Coughs
One Ayer's Pill at bedtime insures a natural action next morning.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

After Long Illness.

"The plates on the table looked strange to me, though I have used them forty years. The pictures on the walls seemed to hang in new places. The very carpets had a novel coloring, as if they had been at some magic cleansing and dyeing establishment." Dear Aunt Mary was telling her favorite niece her "queer" feelings after long illness. She was unconscious that she was repeating the story that has been told by convalescents from the time of Hazlitt till the present day.

Familiar things take on a disguise to the recovering eye. Even the face of a friend bears a new depth of meaning. "Did she use to look at me with such intensity of gaze? Did she clasp my hand so warmly? Was her voice so gentle and her word so full of hope and courage before I was sick?"

To the human creature just returning to life after lingering for days at the gates of death the whole world assumes a new aspect. Even inanimate objects seem to say: "You came near leaving us forever. No wonder you forgot our shapes and colors." And the warm, conscious, loving friend bends over us and with eye and voice says, "See, I love you more truly than before I knew how I should miss you!" So after long sickness, as after a hard, cold winter, the world breaks into a new and blossoming spring.—Youth's Companion.

Mozart's Musical Memory.

Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of holy week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine chapel to hear the famous "Miserere" of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner and gave the strictest attention to the music and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time and, following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the "Miserere" at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord, and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.

A Story of Whistler.

One day Whistler entered the atelier of his class in Paris and found that a red background had been arranged behind the model. At once he directed something of a duller tone to be substituted, and he scraped the red paint off the canvas of one of the pupils, putting in its place another background. But the red would show through. He scraped, studied and worked laboriously to get something that pleased him. The rest of the class surrounded the easel and eagerly watched the master. He looked up finally and said, "I suppose you know what I am trying to do?" "Oh, yes, sir!" they all chorused. "Well, it's more than I do," he replied grimly and left the place.

What Puzzled Him.

A well known clubman entered a police station and said to the sergeant, "I would like to have an interview with that burglar you arrested for breaking into my house last night." Sergeant—I don't know that I can allow you unless you first tell me what you want to see him about. Mr. Clubman—Oh, there's nothing secret about it. I just wanted to find out how he got into my house so easily; it's more than I can do at night.—Kansas City Independent.

Cheerful and Hopeful.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life, says Charles Kingsley, have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces and took the changes and chances of their normal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came, and so found the truth of the old proverb that "good times and bad times and all times pass over."

Legal Eloquence.

A young lawyer concluded his argument in a case with the following sublime burst of eloquence: "If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client with impunity, then yes, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought and bled and died in vain!"

Logic.

Teddie—Pa, where do we get our milk from? Father—From cows, my son. Teddie—And where do cows get their milk from? Father—Why, Teddie, where do you get your tears? Teddie (after a long, thoughtful pause)—Do they have to spank cows, papa?—Judge.

A Man to Be Avoided.

Briggs—Here comes Gibson. Let's cross over. Griggs—Why, I thought he was a friend of yours. Briggs—He used to be, but now he's my deadly enemy. He's the unspeakable villain who recommended a place for me to spend my vacation.—Brooklyn Life.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 5, 1904

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Governor Bates recommends woman suffrage. That is good so far as it goes. But he spoils it by advising that it be restricted to voting at municipal election.

If for municipal elections, why not for State elections? To allow women to vote for members of the School Board and not for Mayor and Aldermen is illogical and unfair, and to debar them from participating in State elections is equally so.

What sort of reasoning is it that brings men's minds to a different conclusion? Nor can any sane reason be given why women should not enjoy the right of suffrage as fully as men do.

Governor Bates must revise and correct his ideas of woman suffrage.

☞ Rev. S. S. Marquis and wife of Detroit, Michigan, are being entertained by their good friends, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Conn, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It is a pleasant reunion. This item will call to mind the fact that Rev. Samuel S. Marquis was Rector of Trinity church in this city some years ago, and was greatly liked by his parishioners, the "cloth," and the people. He went from here to Detroit to become Rector of a large Episcopal church there. By the perusal of a clipping from the Milwaukee *Free Press* of Jan. 27, published elsewhere in this paper, it will be seen that Mr George C. Conn, who has made a rapid climb on the railroad ladder, is about to be promoted to the office of General Freight Agent of the Soo system of railroads with headquarters at Minneapolis.

☞ The local papers in Congressman McCall's town (the *Star* and *Press*), the New Bedford *Standard*, et als., have got to do some pretty tall shoring up of the Congressman to have him accepted as a Republican of good standing.—*Reading Chronicle.*

It certainly looks that way. But three or four Cambridge statesmen, and a few in Somerville, have rods in pickle for him, and will attend to his case a few months hence.

☞ The Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee have organized by the choice of Herbert S. Riley, Chairman; Charles H. Harrington, Secretary; Henry C. Hall, Treasurer. The action was the reelection of last year's officers.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Com. of Mass.—Citation.
J. Foster Daland—Real Estate.
Lend-a-Hand Club—Candy Sale.

— Ald. H. L. Andrews is laid up with an attack of grip.

— Towanda Club will hold their annual meeting on Feb. 10.

— George F. Hartshorn, C. E., has returned from California.

— Miss Caro Heald is the new teacher in the Cummings school.

— Miss Jennie Trecartin has filled two concert engagements this week.

—Mrs. Jennings has the largest and finest assortment of Valentines in the city.

— Mr. S. S. Hovey, the florist, has fully recovered from a late severe illness.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of reol estaie.

— The minstrel show of the North Woburn A. A. is to be given on Feb. 11, 12.

— Charles E. Wallace recovered from a large dose of chloroform taken by him last week.

— A large number of men and teams have been at work of late clearing the streets of snow.

— A freight car left the rails on the main line last Wednesday and all trains ran over the Woburn Loop.

— The Colonial Club went to Lowell and had a dance last Monday evening. They went by broomhandle train.

— Mr. Herrick Brown of this city, son of ex-Ald. Wilbur Brown, is traveling in the South for a lumber company.

— The Lend-a-Hand Club are to hold a homemade candy sale at Copeland & Bowser's store on Feb. 13 at 2 p. m.

— St. Valentine's Day comes in one week from next Sunday. Mrs. Jennings has an endless variety of Valentines.

— A sleigh belonging to J. B. McGlaughlin, the butcher, broke down at Swifts meat store on High street, last Saturday.

— A Lodge of Elks was established in this city last week with 40 members. A large and flourishing Lodge is expected.

— The X. L. O. girls defeated the Lawrence High School girls at the Auditorium last Wednesday afternoon; score 6 to 1.

— The officers of Lend-a-Hand Club are: President, Abbie H. Allen; Vice-President, Helen Cook; Treasurer, Susan A. Tufts.

— Last Saturday possessed considerable many of the characteristics of spring. But "one swallow does not make a summer."

— George Durward's provision market is a popular resort for housekeepers in search of the best in the meat and vegetable line.

— Last Sunday night the stable of William H. Church on Lowell street was burglarized and goods of considerable value taken therefrom.

— Boston book and job printers are on a strike and Henry McMahon of this city, President of Union 13 of Boston, has his hands full of business.

— Miss Dora A. Winn was pianist at Miss Leila Tilton's concert at the North Congregational church yesterday evening. It was a home talent affair and very fine.

— Miss Mary D. Prior, teacher in the High School, gave a fine lecture on Rome at a meeting of the N. W. Art Class at the home of Mrs. F. H. Burdett last week.

J. FOSTER DELAND

Will open an Office in the

First National Bank Building, Room 5,
MONDAY, February 8,

For business in

General Real Estate

and solicits a share of the public patronage. Owners of RENTABLE PROPERTY need not worry over REPAIRS, COLLECTIONS, or CARE OF ESTATES. For a small commission **Deland** will do the work.

Real Estate Bought, Sold and Rented.

SPECILTY: - - - - Management and CHARGE OF ESTATES
THE DELAND SYSTEM: Judicious care of RENTABLE REAL ESTATE

Office Hours: 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Office closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday after six o'clock, P. M.

— Many former friends and acquaintances of Dr. D. F. Murphy attended his funeral at the house last Tuesday morning and at the services in St. Charles church.

— Calnan's Orchestra played for the St. Charles C. T. A. S. ball last Friday night. The concert that came before the dance was a fine one, and a great many people attended it.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker of Burlington, people well and favorably known in the best circles of Woburn society, have recently returned from a delightful visit to New Hampshire.

— Mr. Frank M. Pushee has been waiting some time for a lot of snow-bound hay in Maine that he should have received a fortnight ago. There is a plenty of snow in the Pine Tree State.

— Rev. Henry B. Williams, pastor, Deacons Samuel Cook and George F. Fosdick represented the First Baptist church of this city at the centennial of the Baptist church of Wakefield last Tuesday.

— "Servant, Madams" in the streets have been so thick and deep of late that sleighing could hardly be regarded as a pleasant pastime. They were reported to be really dangerous in some places.

— By vote of Trustees and Camp Council the Sons of Veterans have decided to let their hall to parties wishing to hire. For information and terms apply to F. C. Kean or E. E. Foss at the Post Office.

— The alarm from box 23 at 7.05 Tuesday morning was for a fire in the house of W. G. Graham at Central Square, caused by clothes on a dryer coming in contact with the kitchen stove. Damage small.

— Miss Mary G. Kenney, teacher in the Commercial Department of the High School, has been unable, from illness, to attend to her duties this week. At last accounts she was threatened with appendecitis.

— Among athletic and social sports and games polo has clearly the right of way in this city at the present time. It draws like a 6 ox team, and in the public prints it stands out conspicuously. Yes, polo has the call, surely.

— Members of the Knights of Columbus, Mayor Feeney, and other Woburn citizens attended the funeral of Mr. John H. Magee held in Boston last Saturday. He was for some years a policeman in this city, and had many friends here.

— The Epworth League of the M. E. Church of this city entertained the Leagues from Waltham and Stoneham last evening at the Church. The Gym was opened for their speciel benefit and greatly enjoyed by them. Refreshments were served.

— The Rebekahs are to give a high-toned, bangup minstrel show in Music Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 17, with O. W. Stevens, Jr., Conductor, and John J. Hern's Orchestra. Unless all signs fail it will be the burnt cork feature of the season.

— Major H. C. Hall will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Dover (Me.) *Observer*, and also for a copy of the "Norridgewock Register, 1903," in the latter of which, especially, we were greatly interested, for Norridgewock was our home many years ago.

— Who does not love Caramels? Are there any people with tastes so depraved as not to admire them in this enlightened community? Well, Crawford, the most popular confectioner in the county, has stacks of them, fresh from the mint, and so sweet that the most hasty glance at them is enough to make any well regulated mouth water. Try Crawford's caramels.

— The Sons of Veterans and S. of V. Club are going to present the War drama, "Our Jim," April 11, '04. The first rehearsal took place on Monday evening of this week. Mr. F. E. Fowle, the Director, says that he has got some firstclass talent at his command and with that resource he has promised to place a good entertainment before the public of Woburn.

— Honest Tom Kelley, the blacksmith, is authority for the statement that Water Commissioner, Mr. E. F. Hayward, who is also Secretary of the Peabody Granite Company, was one of a large number of Quarrymen and Stone Mason Contractors who stretched their legs under the mahogany at the Quincy House, Boston, last Wednesday, and feasted on the rich viands under the weight of which the tables groaned on that memorable occasion. Honest Tom averred that the Commissioner was "ragged out" in full evening costume when he left here on the 10.30 a. m. train for the scene of festivities, and appeared especially happy.

— Read what the Boston Branch has to say about cream.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond has been elected Superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday School and accepted the office.

— Last Monday 200 young men, full measure, assembled at the M. E. Gym and spent a happy social evening there. Applications to join the Gym classes have become so numerous and pressing that an addition to the building will soon be necessary.

— Grip is prevailing in this city to a considerable extent at the present time, and cases of pneumonia are frequently reported. Talk about "old fashioned" winters being healthy! We fail to see it. This has been the oldest kind of an "old fashioned" winter, and where, pray, is its boasted robust health?

— The Epworth League of the Woburn M. E. church entertained the Waltham and Stoneham Leagues at the church and Gym last evening. Having heard so much praise bestowed on the M. E. Woburn Gym the above parties concluded to come and see for themselves. So, they came, saw, and the Gymn conquered. It was a pleasant gathering.

— John J. Hern's Orchestra, a recently organized musical combine, is composed of the following firstclass talent: John J. Hern, Leader; John C. Andrews, W. E. McLaughlin, W. F. Barnes, Waldo P. Cutler, C. H. Buss, Louie Pierce and Mr. Chase. These gentlemen make a strong orchestral team. They are to play for the Rebekah minstrel show in Music Hall on Feb. 17.

— Mr. James M. Kimball got through with his jury service at Cambridge last Saturday. The panel were drawn to settle some land questions between the United States and several real estate owners at Nahant. Mr Kimball is connected with his brother in the lumber trade at Hingham, but spends Sundays with his mother and family here. He thinks well of Hingham as a residence and business town.

— Supt. Gray of the Woburn Div. of the B. & N. St. Railway Co. was the only boss in this section of country that kept his line open and free of snow and ice last week. The cars at Stoneham, Reading and Wakefield were hung up for several days, until the people threatened to appeal to the RR. Commissioners, and all that time Supt. Gray's cars were running like clockwork. He has brains and push.

— The mild weather of last Monday, which some people hoped was the beginning of a real thaw, changed suddenly and severely as night approached, the wind becoming strong from the N. W., and the upshot of it all was a night nearly as cold as any of the season. At 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning the mercury ranged from zero downwards to 10 below. Bureau figures in Boston show that January, just ended, was the coldest January since 1857.

— Reports are favorable for an early increase of residences and population in Ward 6, or North Woburn. It is the best part of the city to live in, being high and dry, with many choice sites for dwellings, and inhabited by an intelligent, progressive, and moral class of people. A new and better era having dawned on our town home-seekers are beginning to turn their eyes and thoughts hitherward, and when immigration fairly sets in North Woburn will be sure to get a big slice of it.

— Mr. G. W. Stetson lately of this city, Secretary of the G. W. Trainor Co. of Boston, who furnished the asbestos curtain for the Iroquois theatre of Chicago, over which there was a hot controversy after the great disaster there, made an official visit to the theatre and gave the curtain a thorough examination. He found it substantially intact, which relieved his Company of all blame in the matter, and his report stated that, if the curtain had been properly let down, the horrible disaster would have been averted.

— The Editor of the *Times*, who is noted for the accuracy of his printed statements, got twisted on the Woburn and Wakefield Baptist churches. Instead of the Woburn being the offspring of the Wakefield it was exactly the other way—the latter was an offshoot of the former. The First Baptist church of Woburn is the oldest in this section of country—the mother of the Arlington, Wakefield, and others in this vicinity, and it is hardly fair to attempt to rob her of the honor. In a newspaper controversy some years ago, carried on by Woburn and Arlington Baptists, it was clearly shown that Woburn was fairly entitled to the qualifying designation, "First."

— One of the most enjoyable dancing parties held this season was the Assembly given by the Rifle Team of Co. G. last Thursday at the Armory. Strachans famous Orchestra furnishes the music and all who attend appreciate the fact. The next dance in the series is to be given next Thursday evening Feb. 11.

— Having filled his houses to the collarbeams, Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the veteran and "old reliable" dealer, finished harvesting his ice crop on Jan. 28, and is well satisfied with it. The ice, he says, is from 12 to 14 inches thick, clear and clean, and unusually cold for this season of the year, owing, probably, to the several Arctic waves that have struck Horn Pond this season. The Boston Ice Co. are nearly through cutting and housing Mr. Nichols thinks, or says he thinks, that the price of ice will be uncommonly high next summer.

— Kind neighbors are good things to have on hand. The neighbor who, in the spirit of the Good Samaritan, comes around with his shovel in the morning almost before one is out of his warm bed and clears the walks and paths of the snow that fell in the night, and makes things nice and comfortable for the household, the milkman, the grocer's boy, and fish dealer, isn't a bad thing to take, by any means, but on the contrary qute the reverse. There isn't any too much of the milk of human kindness flowing through society, at the best, and when one sees some of it, if built right, he likes it.

— At the banquet Tuesday evening that marked the close of the three days centennial celebration of the First Baptist Church of Wakefield the mother church of this city was represented by Deacon Samuel Cook, Deacon and Mrs. George F. Fosdick, Deacon and Mrs. Arthur E. Gage, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Newcomb, Mr. William E. Smith, Miss Mary C. Stearns, Mrs. T. A. McLean, Mrs. George W. West, and Mrs. A. T. Rice. At the postprandial exercises Deacon Samuel Cook in the absence of the pastor responded for the Baptist Church of Woburn.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert's great horse "Mark," 2.17, by "Jerome Eddy," 2.16, has trimmed everything on the snowpath over on the Malden Speedway this week. Men who have seen this horse step, say he can show as much speed as any horse that has been driven on the Charles River Speedway this winter, not excepting the horses of John Shepard or George Hall. "Frank," who drives him, knows just how "to do the trick."—*Winchester Star.* Neighbor Gilbert is a stuffy chap; he positively declines to allow any team, big or little, high or low, to pass his trotter "Mark," or even keep up with, or within hailing distance of, him on the Speedway, or anywhere else.

— The Old Folks Concert to be given by the choir of Trinity Church on Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday, is sure to be worth seeing and hearing. It will be something new, out of the ordinary, "taking." The best concert a person ever attended was that given by Father Kemp's "Old Folks," one night 40 years ago, out on the Illinois prairies, in which our respected present fellow citizen, Mr. P. Elverton Bancroft, Dr. Eph Cutter, the late Harris Johnson, and other Woburn and Reading singers, took leading parts. They sang in a large church brimful of people, mostly from New England, and how those old tunes, anthems, fuges, etc., from the "Bridgewater collection," Handel and Hayden, and other ancient singing books were enjoyed! And so it will be at the Trinity Church "Old Folks Concert" on Feb. 22.

— Public interest in the proposed housebuilding enterprise on Cummings Park, in the Highland district of this city, is growing, and confidence in the execution of present plans for it is not tinctured with doubt. A firm belief in the rapid growth of Woburn in population, business and wealth within the next five years, due to a radical and permanent change in the policy of the city on important local questions, is widespread; people are beginning to feel that a better and more prosperous day has dawned on the old town; and their faith in its coming importance, actual and relative, has a firm grasp, and is growing stronger. Talking with Mr. J. Foster Deland, whose real estate card appears in the JOURNAL today, we were pleased to find him full of confidence in the future growth and prosperity of Woburn. Born and raised here he cherishes a proper pride in the town, and faith in its material advancement in the near coming years. So strong is Mr. Deland's trust in the future of our city that he has determined to open a Real Estate office in Room 5 of the National Bank block in a few days and give his undivided attention to that business. That he will make a success of it cannot be doubted. He is a business man, enterprising, faithful to his trusts, always deals on the square, and owners of real estate will find him just the man in whose hands to confide their interests. Read his ad.

— If there is any truth, or sense, in the hoary headed groundhog theory, then this region of country must endure 6 weeks more of solid winter before next planting time dawns on the land. The theory, or rather, the old saying, is this: if, when the groundhog, or woodchuck, awakes from his long period of hibernation and emerges from his den at exactly noon on Candlemas Day, Feb. 2, the sun shines brightly and he sees his shadow on the ground, or snow, he immediately returns to his winter home for another nap of six weeks, for no doubt exists in his mind but that cold weather will continue to prevail during that period. On the other hand, if the sky is cloudy, and the sun is obscured, and he fails to see his shadow at precisely 12 m on that day, he knows that the backbone of winter is broken, and his cold weather quarters are permanently abandoned. At noon last Tuesday, Feb. 2, the sky was clear, and bright sunshine prevailed. When the groundhog stood at the entrance of his winter abode at that hour and threw glances over the surrounding landscape, although somewhat dazed by the dazzling beams of the God of Day, he discovered his shadow, and the usual result followed, i. e., he went back to bed. Which goes to show that there is considerable more winter in store for us before the frogs peep in the meadows again, and the "flowers bloom in the spring, tra la." Another saying is that farmers should have "on Candlemas day half their wood, and half their hay."

City Council.

A regular meeting of the Board was held on Monday evening, Feb. 1, 1904, with President Aylward in the Chair.

Special Committee on Railroads reported in favor of granting a location to the Lowell & Boston Street Railroad Con. on Arlington Road and Lake Avenre and that a hearing be held. The report and date of hearing, Feb. 17, were unanimously accepted. The question of payment of publication of notice was discussed by Ald. Andrews, McHugh, O'Donnell, Flynn and Linscott.

An order was adopted for the appointment of a committee to confer with the management of the Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. concerning better service on the Woburn & Reading Division. President Aylward appointed Ald. McHugh and Mead a committee.

The protest of Hart & Co. et als against the use of salt on the streets was sent to the Board of Health.—James R. Wood was granted a license as private detective.—The L. & B. R Co. filed notice of their acceptance of location for line on Bedford, Willow and Burlington streets.

The School Board announced that the amount necessary for school purposes this year would be $60,658 95.—Bryan McSweeney filed his bond as Deputy Collector of Texas.

On the recommendation of Mayor Feeney, who questioned the legality of their election, John G. Maguire, Collector of Taxes, and John C. Buck, Treasurer, were unanimously reelected.—Mayor Feeney was authorized to pay E. A. Dow $333 00 for taxes on the Dow farm.

Passed to second reading order of Ald. Flynn for printing 2000 copies of the annual City Reports.

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. Their main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred-and-one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step, vigorous and successful in your pursuits. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household romedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c; regular bottles, 75c. At all druggists.

Polo.

Last Saturday evening at the Auditorium Woburn lost to Maynard score 9 to 7. Tuesday evening at Lynn Woburn again lost score 12 to 3. And Wednesday evening at the Auditorium Woburn whitewasheed the Lynn team 5 to 0. It was a fast game all through. The feature of the game was the fast work of Loxen and Sullivan, and the work of Millon at halfback; Michael was in fine trim, and Mooney was the same as ever always on the jump.

Harkins formerly of the Woburn team is in the West and is playing with the Terre Haute team in the Central League. Tom Hardy expects to go West soon.

Woburn defeated Stoneham last evening at Stoneham by a score of 8 1 Sullivan played a fast game caging 6 of the 8 goals made.

Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The January, 1904, Bulletin of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the receipt of a copy of which is hereby thankfully acknowledged, furnishes the following interesting information."

The total number of visitors to the Museum during the past year was 295,416, including 198,806 on Saturdays and Sundays when the Museum is open free, and 31,523 paid admissions. The average number of Sunday visitors was 2,407. The figures in the preceding year were: Total 257,065; Saturdays and Sundays 174,756; and 21,928 paid admissions; average on Sundays, 2,111.

The number of tickets issued in the year admitting teachers in public schools free to the Museum was 1,244, entitling them to bring 5,967 pupils. On application from instructors and students in colleges and elsewhere, 1,552 tickets have been issued.

The current expenses of the Museum for 1903 amounted to $77,768.66.

Ladies' Night.

A large party, including many ladies of quality, responded to invitations to attend the Ladies Night of Towanda Club last Friday evening, and it is doubtful if a more enjoyable social season was ever passed by them. The hosts were on their good behavior, and the committees in charge left nothing undone to have everything go off in the best possible shape.

The entertainment, which consisted of a variety of good things in the musical line and impersonations in costume by the Marshall Quintet, was appreciated and gave great satisfaction to all present.

A dance, with excellent music, followed the entertainment and closed an evening of rare pleasure.

George C. Conn.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan 26—George C. Conn, Assistant General Freight Agent of the Pere Marquette Railroad, with Headquarters at Milwaukee, has been appointed General Freight Agent of the Soo line to succeed W. L. Martin. This announcement was made today by General Manager Pennington of the Soo road. The appointment will become effective on Feb. 4. Mr. Conn's Headquarters will be in Minneapolis.

Mr. Conn is one of the most popular and efficient railroad men in the Northwest, and it is due to his efforts that much of the Northwest freight traffic has been diverted from the around-the-lake route to this port and then East via the carferry system of his Company. He began his railroad career with the Boston & Maine Road and later entered the employ of the Canadian Pacific Road, which virtually owns the Soo line with which he is now to take service. About seven years ago Mr. Conn was appointed Commercial Agent of the Pere Marquette line at Minneapolis. Two years later he was brought to Milwaukee, where his advancement has been steady, until he now holds the position of Assistant General Freight Agent. His resignation will be regarded by the Pere Marquette people as a distinct loss.

During his residence in Milwaukee Mr. Conn has become associated with many business and social organizations. He was one of the officers and the first President of the Association of Traffic Men. He is a member of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and the Chamber of Commerce. He is one of the Directors of the Y. M. C. A., and he also belongs to the Milwaukee Athletic Club, as well as other social organizations of the city.—*Milwaukee (Wis.) Free Press.*

Henry McMahon.

Henry McMahon, President of Boston Typographical Union 13 and New England organizer of the International Union, returned to Boston yesterday morning for the conference on the book and job scale, and all his intimates and friends were surprised, when they shook hands, to observe that Pres. McMahon, who is noted for his modesty and lack of display, was wearing a ring with a magnificent diamond of considerable size.

Tuesday Pres. McMahon was hurriedly summoned to New Haven. Arriving there, he was taken direct to Typographical Hall where he learned that New Haven Union 47 was holding an annual reception and ball, and that he was the Guest of Honor. He had hardly recovered from his surprise when Pres. McGowan of the New Haven Union rapped the assemblage to silence and in a happy speech presented Pres. McMahon with the ring.

Pres. McGowan explained that last October Pres McMahon had worked night and day in the direction of the New Haven Union's new wage contract, by which the men of the newspaper branch secured a wage increase of $3 a week and those of the book and job branch $1.50. The satisfactory result was due in a large measure to Pres. McMahon's untiring efforts, Pres. McGowan stated, and the Union desired to show its appreciation and acknowledge its gratitude by a lasting tribute.—*Boston Globe Jan. 30.*

Henry McMahon is Woburn born and bred; learned the art of printing in the JOURNAL office; and is a respected resident of this city. That is why tidings of his success pleases us.

A Fine Compliment.

In giving the story of the meeting of the Fortnightly Club of Winchester, held last week in the Town Hall of that town, the *Star* reporter paid this handsome compliment to Mrs. E. F. Hayward, President of the Woburn Woman's Club:

Mrs. Hayward's introductory remarks concerning clubs and club women were charming in their graceful enthusiasm. She seems, herself, the ideal club woman, of whom she spoke—loyal, devoted, enthusiastic; loving her fellow club woman; looking to the greatest good of all. She said that the ideal club was a democracy, where universal sisterhood prevented an unwise exclusiveness, and where sincere altruism prompted the acts of the club-sisters, all moving toward mental and spiritual growth. Club life is properly but a means to an end—the formation of character such as will enoble a woman and enable her to perform well her share in the work of home and society. Mrs. Hayward's lecture was thorough and of much interest, showing the life of the "Women of the Renaissance" their struggles and achievements and enlivened with many interesting and amusing stories. At the close of the lecture, Mrs. Hayward was given a rising vote of thanks. Tea followed closing a most enjoyable afternoon.

The *Press* of Winchester also bestows flattering commendation on Mrs. Hayward and her lecture as follows:

Mrs. Josephine Hayward's lecture on the "Women of the Renaissance" was interesting and specially adapted to women's clubs, being full of the spirit of progress. Mrs. Hayward has a charming personality and her introductory remarks were inspiring. She said that women's clubs were doing much for women everywhere, teaching how to best fill their place in the world, and filling their lives with new courage and inspiration. At the close of the lecture Mrs. Hayward was given a rising vote of thanks.

Dr. Murphy.

Daniel F. Murphy, M. D., after an illness of several years, caused by overwork in his profession, died on Saturday evening, Jan. 30, 1904, leaving a wife, mother Mrs. Joanna Murphy, and brother, W. H. Murphy, both of the latter being residents of Malden, and many friends to deeply regret his early decease, he being only about 45 years old. He was for a time City Physician of Woburn, a popular and successful practitioner, and a gentleman very highly esteemed by everybody.

Dr. Murphy was born in Malden and educated in the public schools of that place, at Ottawa University and Villanova College. He was graduated from the Medical School of Harvard University in 1887.

In 1889 he came to Woburn and began practice. He quickly won a place as a physician of ability. He was a man of strong sympathies; indeed, his sympathetic interest in the cases under his treatment drew so heavily upon his vitality that his health was undermined. He was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, the East Middlesex District Medical Society and Woburn Council, K. of C.

The funeral was held at the residence 51 Pleasant street at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, Feb. 2, with subsequent religious services at St. Charles church. The burial was at Malden.

Rev. James J. Keegan, the pastor, pronounced a warm and fitting eulogy on the virtues of the lamented deceased Sunday morning.

A Wedding.

Mr. Myron A. Day, son of Mrs. Julia A. Day, brother of Mr. George A. Day, Cashier of the Woburn First National Bank, and Miss Jessie A. Day, all of Woburn, also of Rev. John W. Day of St. Louis, Missouri, and Miss Rose Emma Archambeault were united in the bonds of matrimony at Dawson City, Y. T., on Jan. 26, 1904, and will be "At Home" on March 1. "Bert" and Mrs. "Bert" will please accept the JOURNAL's best wishes for their future prosperity and happiness, likewise for "a long life and a merry one."

The groom left Woburn quite a good many years ago for the West and was profitably engaged in business in Montana up to about 1897, when, being attacked by the Klondike fever, he pushed on to that new Eldorado, and there won a prize in the form of a good wife.

He was a popular young man and has many friends in Woburn and Boston.

HOME-MADE
Candy Sale
BY LEND-A-HAND CLUB
At Copeland & Bowser's,
Saturday, February 13,
At two o'clock.

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

25 DOSES
25 CENTS

Whitcher's IS HEADQUARTERS DR. MILES' PREPARATIONS.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Reduction Sale

To close all our Heavy Weight Goods before stock taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Combs and Hair Brushes

We carry an immense line of Combs, including Coarse, Fine and Pocket, made of hard rubber, metal, horn and celluloid, at prices ranging from 5 to 50 cents. Special Dog Combs 25 cents. A Special Hair Brush for 25 cents, better ones from 50c. to $2.00.

TOOTH BRUSHES
Our assortment comprises of over a dozen kinds from 5 to 50 cents.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The Cut Price Store. Green Stamps.

Literary Notices.

The February McCLURE's contains a stirring article by Ray Stannard Baker on the labor situation in San Francisco. Mr. Baker has just been there, and he finds the worst monopoly in town to be A Corner in Labor. Miss Tarbell's chapter of her History of the Standard Oil Company, Part Two, is thrilling. Backed by documents, and with the unprejudiced calmness that is her most effective weapon, she gives an amazing account of petty persecution. The other articles are John La Farge, whose splendid interpretation of great pictures of War is the second of his series of One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting, and Frank H. Schell, who tells of adventures while Sketching Under Fire at Antietam. The fiction is sincere and strong. Booth Tarkington, The Gentleman from Indiana, has the first of a series of political stories, The Aliens. Lloyd Osbourne's Western picnic-comedy, The Fugitives of Pleasure, sparkles with love and repartee. In Beneath the Wrinkle, a delicate little romance, Clara Morris successfully departs from her former field of reminiscence. Rex E. Beach, who sprang into favor with The Mule-Driver and the Garrulous Mute contributes The Shyness of Shorty, an exciting Wild-West tale. Miriam Michelson has an amusing and ingenious love story, Prince Roseleaf and a Girl from Kansas. The Forger, is a realistic study of temptation and downfall. An old farmer's pursuit of The Elusive Ten-Dollar Bill through the mazes of departmental red tape is comically told by Elliott Flower. Several poems and a lot of beautiful pictures make the issue a notable one.

Brooks Richardson.

Mr. Reuben Brooks Richardson, born in Woburn on Sept. 15, 1824, of Capt. Josiah and Hannah Brooks Richardson, died at Rochester, Mass., while visiting friends there, on Monday, Feb. 1, 1904. The funeral was held at the residence of his son, Frank B. Richardson, 9 Mishawum Road, last Thursday, and was attended by friends and former townspeople. The religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Drs. March and Norton, and selections were rendered by the Alpine Quartet.

Mr. Richardson did business in Boston many years and resided in Woburn. For 13 years past his home has been at Hubbardston.

Mr. Richardson was a man of quiet tastes, his business and his home claiming his entire attention and satisfying his desires. A man of upright life, of business integrity, of unassuming manner, he won and held the respect of his fellows.

H. F. A. W.

At the annual meeting of the Woburn Home for Aged Women held on Tuesday, Feb. 2, the following officers were elected: Mrs. Almira W. Brown, President; Mrs. Henry M. Eames and Mrs Oliver F. Bryant, Vice presidents; Mrs Mary E. Conn, Secretary; Mrs. Fred A. Hartwell, Treasurer; Mrs. Benjamin H. Nichols, Collector; Oliver F. Bryant and William R. Cutter, Auditors. The home expenses for the past year were $2025 53, an income from the trust funds and contribution meeting it.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

The Usual Way.

Nodd—Awfully sorry to hear your house burned down. Did you save anything? Todd—Oh, yes! After some very lively work we succeeded in getting out all the [illegible] we didn't want. —Town and Country.

An Improvement.

"I see the agent has sold yez a carpet sweeper, Mrs. Maginnis. Is it as good as the ould fashioned broom?"

"It is an' better, Mrs. Mulduckie. I can knock Maginnis twice as far wid it."

The General's Part.

"Say, Jimmie, how many men d'yer s'pose he's killed?"

"Aw, g'wan! Don't yer see he's a general. Generals don't do no killin'. Dey jest bosses de job."—St. Louis [illegible].

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.
The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Clavier System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

Physical Culture.
Miss STELLA M. HAYNES,
Principal of Boston School of Oratory and Dramatic Art, will open classes in
Physical Culture
—AND—
Society Gymnastics
for Ladies, Misses and Children in G. A. R. Hall, MONDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 1.
Those desiring to join the classes are kindly requested to communicate with Miss Haynes before Feb. 1, if possible.
At home Mondays and Thursdays.
64 Pleasant Street.

CLEANLINESS
HEALTH
HAPPINESS

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

is the only perfect GERMICIDAL CLEANER which will produce the first, upon which the other two depend. It is unequalled for removing dirt, filth, and unsanitary conditions; destroying foul, poisonous odors, etc., and every thing which makes for disease?

Look for above Trade-Mark. Avoid cheap, inferior (just as good) imitations and substitutes.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Use and Abuse of Symbols." Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Sexagesima Sunday. Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. 12 M., Sunday School. 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. 7 P. M., Evening Service. Series—"The I Ams of Jesus." The Good Shepherd. Wednesday, at 4.15 P. M., Pastor's Class. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Baptismal Service (for adults.) 12 M. Sunday School. 3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League. 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. 7 P. M., Service. Subject: "The Foot-path to Contentment." Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In Boston, Jan. 23, by Rev. John F. Keleher, Dr. William Henry Keleher of Woburn and Elizabeth Antoinette Lane of Boston.

In this city, Feb. 1, by Arthur E. Gage, Justice of the Peace, Carl Braule and Belle May Dunn, both of Woburn.

At Dawson, Yukon Territory, Jan. 26, 1904, at St. Andrews Presbyterian church, by Rev. John Pringle, Myron Adelbert Day, formerly of Woburn, to Rose E. Archambeault, formerly of Seattle.

Died.

[illegible]

In Burlington, Feb. 3, Susan W. Dean, aged 93 years, 5 months, 10 days.

In Rochester, Feb. 4, R. Brooks Richardson, formerly of Woburn, aged 79 years, 4 months, 17 days.

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

JUST THE PLACE

For you to buy that Ring that you want to wear for a lifetime. Our Stock is complete with all kinds of Rings and we guarantee our 18-K and 14-K solid band Rings either oval or square, to be unequalled in quality at our prices. There is a wide range in the prices, and a big stock to select from.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

JEWELERS,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

Fine Repairing in all its branches

Dalobe Farm CREAM

18c. Jar.

5c. allowed for empty jar when returned. This is the Best and also the Cheapest Cream on the market.

The Best Cough Reliever Wild Cherry and Tar

COUGH BREAKER.

25 Cents.

PREPARED BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a m. hourly until 9.45 p. m; also 11 p. m, for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m,, and hourly untill 10 30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m, hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12 15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a m., hourly until 10 45 p. m., Billerica 7 39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B HARRISON, Supt.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

Address C. H. CADWELL, Woburn, for Free Srmples.

Strictly Home-Made

Caramels

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.

Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

To Let.

House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.

Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms, bath and furnace.

Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

Removal.

DR. JOSEPH ASPRAY

Has moved his residence and office from 399 Main street to

55 1-2 PLEASANT STREET,

Mrs. Hudson's new house, where those needing his professional services will now find him.

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Lawrence McGrath, Mary A. McGrath, Patrick McGrath, Kate McGrath and Almira C. LaPuri of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a duly existing Corporation, having a place of business at Boston, in the County of Suffolk and said Commonwealth, and Gershom L. Fall now or formerly of Malden, in said County of Middlesex, and Samuel Curry now or formerly of said Boston, or their heirs, devisees or legal representatives, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by James Kerr of said Boston, to register and confirm his title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Being on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue (formerly Railroad street) in the easterly part of said Woburn and bounded Northerly on said Montvale Avenue; easterly by land now or formerly of Lawrence McGrath, Trustee; southerly by land now or formerly of the Boston and Lowell Railroad; westerly by land now or formerly of LaPurl. Premises contain about one half acre.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the twenty-ninth day of February, A. D., 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year nineteen hundred and four.

Attest with Seal of said Court. [SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Hugh P Maguire, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased

WHEREAS, Catherine T. Maguire, the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and final account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased, showing a balance due the accountant:

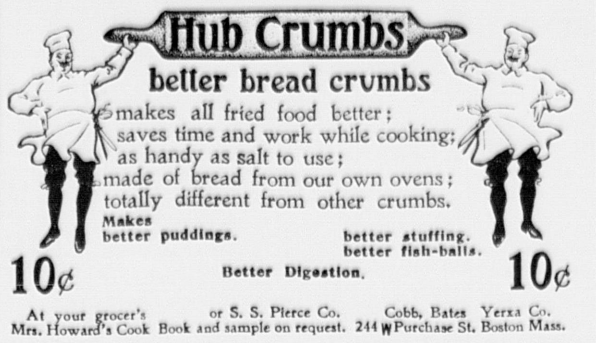
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office



WINCHESTER.

The salary of postmaster Richardson has not been changed; it remains at $2500.

The W. C. T. A. S. gave a Poverty Party in Lyceum Hall on Feb. 4. It was a success.

The Boat Club Candlepin Team will engage in a bowling match with the Medford Boat Club on Saturday evening, Feb. 6, in Boston.

Harvard students are to give a dramatic entertainment under the auspices of the Ladies Friendly Society in Town Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 9.

A Fathers' Night is to be held by the Mothers' Society of the Congregational church on Thursday evening, Feb. 11. Good speakers will make addresses.

Mr. George H. Gilbert entertained his good friend, Rev. Wallace Nutting, D. D., of Providence, R. I., at Sunnyside last week. They "swapped" many an interesting story.

Our people are still trying to get more satisfactory service on the Winchester and Arlington electric cars. The road is badly managed, and our Selectmen do not seem to have the power, or disposition, to remedy the evil.

The Winchester Country Club have elected the following officers: President, Rev. J. W. Suter; Vice-President, Marshal C. Bouve; Secretary, John Abbott; Treasurer, George G. Kellogg; Directors, J. L. S. Barton, John P. Tucker, William S. Richards and Edgar J. Rich.

The Junior Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church have elected the following officers: President, Martha Hamilton; Vice Pres., Lester Bush; Secretary, Robert Hale; Lookout Committee, Edward Hale, Jessie Brown; Meeting Committee, Robert Hamilton, Christine Newton.

The newly elected officers of the Winchester C. T. A. Society are: President, Thomas F. Donahue; Vice President, James F. Kenney; Treasurer, James J. Fitzgerald; Recording Secretary, Edward W. O'Connor; Financial Secretary, James W. Gorman; Trustees, Frederick C. Foley, Thomas W. Kelley, James A. Haley; Investigating Committee, Hugh J. Scarry, William H. Foley, James H. Donahue.

The Girl of the Netherlands.

The Dutch girl does not enjoy anything like the amount of freedom granted to her English or American sister. She is a very carefully chaperoned young person, and when she goes to the theater it is with her elders, not merely with a friend or two of her own age. At the dances she attends, songs, recitations and music for the entertainment of the elders form a part of the regular programme, and the chaperons sit at tables socially enjoying their coffee or other refreshments, while the young folk glide over the waxed floor to the strains of the latest waltz. Dutch maidens have to make the best of their opportunities of amusement, for when it pleases their parents to seek the quiet of home they must meekly accompany them. In their country the idea of a girl being unchaperoned at a dance is not to be thought of—at any rate, not yet.—Exchange.

Whistler Before Whistler.

Mortimer Menpes told the following story of Whistler, who was to deliver an address one day to the Society of British Artists: "The master at length entered, faultlessly dressed, walking with a swinging, jaunty step, evidently quite delighted with himself and the world in general. He passed down the gallery, ignoring the assembled members, and walked up to his own picture. And there he stayed for quite fifteen minutes, regarding it with a satisfied expression, stepping now backward, now forward, canting his head and dusting the surface of the glass with a silk pocket handkerchief. We watched him open mouthed. Suddenly he turned round, beamed upon us and uttered but two words—'Bravo, Jimmy!'—then took my arm and hurried me out of the gallery, talking volubly the while."

A Battle of Languages.

Three or four languages strove for mastery in ancient Gaul, which is now France. German was spoken by the 12,000 Frank invaders. Popular Latin was spoken by 6,000,000 Gallo-Romans. Literary Latin was the language of the church and of literature. Low Latin was afterward the language of the administration. German was the first to succumb. In four centuries it ceased to be understood by the soldiers, and in seventy years more it had become an object of ridicule. But it survives in more than 900 words, expressing the things of government, law and war, and thus forms no insignificant part of the French language.

Charity.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Exhorting your fellowmen to virtuous deeds is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies mortals will ask what property has he left behind him, but angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"—Mohammed.

Broad Enough.

A large and stout woman called on a friend and while waiting for her was stared at so intently by the friend's little children that she asked one of them:

"What are you staring at, little girl?"

"Why, you see, mamma said you were so narrow in your views, and I was wondering what view she got."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE NAME MARY.

At One Time It Was Practically a Bar to Matrimony.

Mary as a Christian name was held in very singular veneration during the mediæval ages, and in some parts of Europe there existed a superstitious reluctance among men to marrying any one who chanced to have been so christened, or the bride elect was at least required to change this name for some other of less sanctity.

All Marys were at one time believed to be invested with extraordinary powers in connection with the affairs of life. Bearing the same name as the Blessed Virgin, they were considered worthy of more than common consideration, and their personal influence over their husbands especially was unusual; hence many men sought authoritative ordinances forbidding their wives to be known as Mary. Sovereigns, in some cases, dreading subjection to their partners, showed a marked distaste for Marys.

Thus Alfonso IV. of Castile, when on the point of wedding a Moorish maiden, made it a condition of the marriage that at her baptism, as a recent convert to Christianity, she should not take this name. In the articles settled for the union of Ladislas of Poland with Marie de Nevers there was a clause which bound this princess to change her name to Aloysa. Casimir I. of Poland, who married Mary, daughter of the Duke of Russia, required of her a similar sacrifice to popular sentiment.—Pearson's Weekly.

RATS KNEW CAT WAS ABOUT

They Never Saw Puss and Were on Another Floor of House.

"I have observed recently a rather curious thing with respect to the relationship between cats and rats, and it has led to a rather interesting reflection," said a man who takes much interest in animal life. "For awhile the rats overran my place. At night there was no such thing as quiet around the house. They would scamper across the floor, bump up and down the steps and cut all kinds of capers. We secured a cat, and from the very time the cat appeared on the place the rats began to get scarce.

"There is nothing curious about this fact in itself. But to my personal knowledge the rats have never seen the cat. The cat has remained on one floor and the rats on another. There has been no chasing and no conflict between them. Now, I want to know how the rats know the cat is on the place.

"The inquiry has caused me to indulge the more interesting reflection, How far can a rat detect the presence of a cat by the sense of smell? Evidently at considerable distance. Else the rats at my place would not have known of the cat's presence under the circumstances. I'm quite sure that they have never seen the cat. But they know he is there just the same, and they have been awfully cautious since his arrival."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dangerous Fishing.

Some years ago the New London sloop yacht Redhot, while cruising off Marthas Vineyard for swordfish, was struck by a wounded fish and so badly injured that she sank. The fish had pierced the bottom with his sword and in his blind attack had butted his head so hard against her timbers that they were shattered.

Actually not one of the fifty or sixty vessels that cruise for swordfish has a record of complete immunity. One craft was struck and rammed by swordfish twenty times in one cruise. Luckily none of the attacks was delivered under such circumstances that the fish succeeded in piercing her hull entirely, but the vessel was injured so badly that she needed a thorough overhauling after she made port.

Spencers and Titles.

Herbert Spencer in disdaining all titles happened to follow a lead set to him by others of his name. Charles Spencer, second Lord Sunderland, would not, when he sat in parliament for Tiverton, allow himself to be called my lord and expressed the hope that he would live to see the day when not a peer would be left in England. Another and a later Spencer, the Hon. George Spencer, sixty years ago astonished his father, the Earl Spencer of the day, by dropping his title and even his name when he became a Roman Catholic and entered the Passionist order as "Father Ignatius."

Shortest Street In the World.

What is perhaps the shortest street in the world is West South Division street in Buffalo. Furthermore, it has only one side. South Division street proper runs east from Main, but the old surveyors allowed it to cross Main street and run for thirty feet on the west side, where it intersects Erie street, which runs diagonally southwest from Main. On the north of West Division street is Shelton square, so the short street has but its south side to call its own.—Exchange.

Labor Saving Device.

"Yes," said the boarding school teacher, "I think that is a model letter for you to write your fiance. But of course you will copy it, leaving out those numerous spaces?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the girl. "Those are for 'dearest.' I have it on a rubber stamp."—Detroit Free Press.

Excess of Attention.

"Did her father show you the door?"

"He did better than that. He showed me the door, the front gate and the corner drug store two blocks away."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The oyster at its best is inferior as a toothsome delicacy to the succulent clam.—Providence Journal.

They Were Not There.

"Are these men the future husbands of our daughters?" said a matron at the afternoon swell wedding reception.

"No," said a knowing mother. "They are downtown, making a living."—Cleveland Leader.

GERMAN WORK PEOPLE.

Their Amusements Are Few and Mostly Confined to Sunday.

Amusements play a comparatively small part in the lives of German work people, and such as they have are mostly confined to Sunday. Games have not taken hold of them; they go to no football or cricket matches, although there are matches, and other classes in Germany show a growing taste for games and sports. I went to see a football match between Dusseldorf and a neighboring manufacturing town. A similar match anywhere in manufacturing England would have attracted from 10,000 to 20,000 sons of toil, who would have shouted themselves hoarse from beginning to end. At the German match not one put in an appearance. When I left the field toward the close of the game the spectators, who had slowly increased during the afternoon, numbered exactly sixty-five. They were not workingmen, and they showed no excitement whatever. They played the association game, not very well. The national game in Germany is kegel, a kind of skittles, and it is played at public houses, but not by workingmen or seldom by them. They play cards sometimes, but not a great deal. In short, games may be ruled out as an item in industrial life. Theaters and music halls count for more, but for nothing like so much as in England and in America. They are less numerous in proportion to population and are only visited by the working classes to a limited extent on Saturday and Sunday.—Detroit News and Tribune.

HERBERT SPENCER.

He Was a Great Phrase Maker and Had Some Odd Ways.

Herbert Spencer was no linguist. Because of eye strain which affected his health he did not even know German. His pamphlet on education was, however, translated into fifteen languages, including Japanese.

Spencer was a great phrase maker. It was he who popularized the word "evolution" and explained one of the phases of the Darwinian doctrine as "the survival of the fittest." He also introduced Comte's coined word "sociology."

He was a bachelor and long lived in boarding houses. Finally he set up an establishment of his own, where he could have about him people of his own choosing. A favorite relaxation in his later years was to sit in the open doorway of his house and listen to a piano played in a distant apartment. He had the player trained. A thump of his stick was the signal for her to stop, another thump for the music to proceed where it broke off.

Spencer was fond of playing billiards. Once at Brighton he invited a smart youth to a game. The philosopher had four strokes and scored two while the youth ran out. Mr. Spencer put away his cue with deliberation and said to his opponent: "A moderate degree of expertness in a game of skill is agreeable and even creditable. Such dexterity as you show is evidence of a misspent youth. Good afternoon."

Drinking Healths.

This was a Roman custom. The drinking was accompanied by some such words as "Here's to myself," "Here's to you" and "Here's to I shan't say who." The ancient Greeks also drank healths. When Theramerus was condemned to drink hemlock he said, "Hoc pulcro Critiæ."

The ancient Saxons also had the same custom. Hengist invited King Vortigern to a banquet to see the new levies. After the dishes were removed Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist, appeared before the scene holding in her hand a golden cup full of wine. She then made obeisance and said, which in modern English means, "Lord king, your health." The king drank and replied, "Here's to you."

The Greeks handed the cups to the person they toasted and said, "This to thee." Our custom of holding out the cup comes to us from ancient Greece.—American Queen.

Thistles.

In the fourteenth century thistles were used as food for cattle, and they were considered as a crop. In the old priory of Lindisfarne there is a note in the archives of 1344-45 of thick leather gloves required for the harvesters of the thistle crop. It is curious that, though the thistle is the emblem of Scotland, the Scot never seems able to say which kind of thistle is the true national emblem. It is said that a thistle which resembles Carduus marianus was figured on the old coinage of the day of James V., who was first to put thistles on the Scotch money. The horn spoons sold in Edinburgh sometimes have little silver thistles on the end of the handles.

What Did She Mean?

Kitty—Do you think Nellie Breese is real nice?

Bessie—I don't know. Why?

Kitty—I told her Fred Simmons gave me a very flattering compliment, and she said any compliment that Fred could give me must be flattering.—Boston Transcript.

Not Enough.

Young Husband—I have found a place where we can board and have all the comforts of home.

Young Wife—But we shall want the counterpanes, too, dear.—Chicago Tribune.

Wrecking a Woman's Life.

When a woman says to a man, "You wrecked my life," it may mean nothing more than that he married her and made her a wife, whereas she might have been an artiste.—Atchison Globe.

A man may be won by flattery. He can be retained only by cookery.—Life.

West Point's Origin.

The operations of the troops engaged in the war of the Revolution directed attention to the romantic and commanding heights of West Point, and within a few years after the close of the contest, through the influence of surviving officers of the Continental army it pleased President Washington to include in his message to congress (1793) a recommendation for the establishment of a military academy here.

The act creating the academy did not pass until the year 1802, and then only as a means of giving countenance to the work of George Barren, who had the year before established a private school for cadets at the Point. It required the stimulus of a second war with the mother country to overcome the deep rooted prejudice of the rural legislators against an institution which they believed would become a nursery of aristocrats, and it was, therefore, not until 1812 that the Military academy became a part of the army establishment.—Frank H. Taylor in Four Track News.

A Clever Fish.

The salmon seems to be gifted with much intelligence, or "hereditary foresight," as it is occasionally called, which is more particularly acute when danger signals are abroad, says William G. Harris in Field and Stream. They have been known, when congregated in the upper pools, to become frightened by poachers approaching them with net or spear and to immediately dash down stream to a distance of thirty miles in one night, not stopping until they had reached pools so deep that they could not be taken with the appliances of the poacher. They seemed to know that if they went higher up the stream their doom was sealed.

When coming from the sea in schools and on entering the estuary they have been seen with an old leader at the head of the school, the rest forming a triangle about two and a half feet below the surface of the water, and on calm days, guided by the old patriarch, they would swim around the fishermen's nets, never approaching them nearer than ten or twelve yards.

Standing an Egg on End.

Any fresh egg can, without being boiled, be balanced on either end by any one possessing patience and a steady hand.

In order to save time the egg should be placed for a short time on the end upon which it is desired to balance it, so as to allow the yolk to settle; then both forearms of the person making the experiment should be rested on the edge of the table and the egg should be taken between the three fingers and thumbs of both hands and slowly turned around until the center of gravity is found. This experiment may at first require a little time, but after a little practice it will be found very easy to do. It would be well to try it first on the tablecloth and then on the bottom of a plate.

It is conceded, of course, that the present century is far more advanced than that of Columbus, so it is only to be expected that different ideas should have been formed, even as to the balancing of eggs.

A Defense of Dancing.

It is not necessary in these days to defend the claim of the dance to a place among the arts. As soon as we have got rid of the Puritan prejudice on the point (and one may hope that this no longer exists for the intelligent part of the population) the claim is too overwhelming to need apology, for if we take art to mean the production of beauty then the case only needs stating to be conceded, while if we understand it as self expression in some concrete form we shall find that the dance, which is a kind of fusion of music, painting and sculpture, is pre-eminently capable of giving expression beyond the possibility of words to the basic, and therefore largely inarticulate, parts of our nature—the hunger of the spirit and the joy of life.—London Outlook.

Genesis of Life Insurance.

Life insurance originated in 1706 in London. In that year there was formed the first life insurance company. It was called the Amicable Society For a Perpetual Assurance Office. It was a mutual benefit concern.

Each member, without reference to age, paid a fixed admission fee and a fixed annual charge per share on from one to three shares, and at the end of the year a portion of the fund accumulated was divided among the heirs of those who had died, in accordance with the number of shares each dead person had held. Out of this company, with its crude and imperfect methods, life insurance as it exists today has grown.

Swinging Round the Circle.

In the journey of life we often travel in circles. Therefore do today the good that is in you. Plant your blossoms. You will come back to them by and by. It is the beauty of the things that you do today that has most to do with making beautiful your tomorrow. One of the blessings of the sunset is in reaping the memories of what was planted in the morning.

The First Corset.

The first corset—not counting ancient modifications of the Grecian zone and girdle—was introduced into France by Catherine de' Medici. It was a strange affair and fashioned after the style of a knight's cuirass. The framework was entirely of iron, and the velvet, which decorated the exterior only, served to hide a frightful and cumbersome article of torture.

Good Scheme.

Hicks—You keep duplicates of all your old love letters? What an idea!

Wicks—Yes; when I have done something particularly foolish I just read over one of those letters. It is quite encouraging to know that I'm not nearly so much of a fool as I used to be.—Boston Transcript.

The Literal Truth.

Dunns—What do you mean by sending me word that you were not in?

Debts—I didn't. I sent you word that I was out. Dunns—Well, and what did you mean by that? Debts—Exactly what I said. I am out of cash.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Amplifying Him.

First Guest (at banquet)—Is this diamond backed terrapin? Second Guest—That's what the caterer calls it. First Guest (tasting it)—Well, he's a prevaricaterer.—Chicago Tribune.

A Reminder.

"There," said the tailor; "that suit certainly fits you perfectly."

"Yes, indeed. You may justly feel proud of that," replied the customer. "It's a credit to you."

"Well—er—I hope you won't forget it's a debit to you."—Exchange.

Respect.

"Children don't seem to have as much respect for their parents as formerly."

"No," answered the cynic, "and I have never quite been able to make up my mind whether this is because modern children are less dutiful or more discerning."—Washington Star.

Soothing Sirup.

Vexed Wife—There is no calamity that can befall a woman that I have not suffered! Amiable Husband—Wrong, my dear. Now, you have never been a widow. Vexed Wife—I said calamity, sir!

Spared the Historian.

On one occasion during Mommsen's residence in Italy, when making an excursion in the neighborhood of Rome with some tourists, the party was stopped by brigands. The latter, while busy rifling the company's pockets, inquired their names. "Sono Theodor Mommsen," was the choleric professor's indignant reply, whereupon the chief of the band stayed his hand. He said he would scorn to rob one who had done so much for Italy's renown.

Poisons.

Snake poison would kill the strongest man if the smallest possible drop of it were injected into his veins or laid on a cut finger or chapped lip. But the smallest child might drink a teaspoonful—probably a glassful—without suffering the least injury. The same is true of most of the poisons savages inject into their arrows, and you can suck the dangerous wound with impunity.

Arsenic eaters become so accustomed to the use of this drug that one of them could eat as much of it in a week as would kill a troop of cavalry, horses and all. If a man took a dose of lunar caustic and his wife a dose of hydrochloric acid they would be subjects for a coroner's inquest in a very short time. But if either the man or the woman took both doses together the result would hardly be different from that of taking so much strawberries and cream. If two men each took a small quantity of hemlock one might drop dead, if he had a fatty heart, and the other feel only a slight inconvenience, if his heart was all right.

Noses.

One of the most brilliant essays on nasology is the one which classes noses not by origin, but by mentality. The aquiline nose, for example, is the sign of goodness, amiability and weakness. By that nose Louis XVI. was led to the direst catastrophies. Let us have commiseration for the nose that is very slightly prominent. It is the muzzle of a sheep and belongs to people who are easily deceived. Distrust the nose with the medium part elongated. That elongation marks the extent of desires and the insatiability of appetites. Look out also for the ferret nose, with its sharp point, always on the scent for secrets. It is the nose of the inquisitor. The devil-may-care nose is slightly turned up at the end. It denotes a character without firmness. But when you see a nose that rises from the depths of the orbits and stands out in bold relief take off your hat. You are in the presence of the nose of a thinker.—Toronto Mail.

Brain Work and Longevity.

In a lecture on longevity delivered before the Royal College of Physicians Sir Hermann Weber, himself an octogenarian, gave official support to the doctrine that brain work does not kill, but rather the reverse. A few of his instances were Sophocles, Plato, Galen, Cicero, Moltke, Bismarck, Mommsen and Gladstone, to whom we might add Hobbes, Carlyle, Spencer and Kelvin. The facts are that brain work increases the supply of blood to the nerve cells and promotes their nutrition and health. Mosso, an Italian, laid a man on a delicately balanced table and showed that the head end sank whenever the subject did a mental sum or any other brain work. The increased weight of his head was due to the life giving blood. The truth is that brain work, as such, never killed anybody.—London Chronicle.

Pence and Bones.

A writer in a London newspaper says: "The other day I heard an Englishman defending our system of coinage on the ground that we are the only nation on earth who can say that the system is bone of our bone. For there are 240 bones in the body and 240 pence in the pound; there are 120 bones in the head and trunk and 120 in the limbs and 120 pence in half a sovereign; each limb contains 30 bones, and a half crown contains 30 pence; in the spinal column there are 24 bones and in a florin 24 pence, and as we have 12 ribs on each side, so we have 12 pence in every shilling. See how the proportions of the skeleton of our commerce conform to nature's teaching. No wonder it is vigorous."

The Candle Nut.

The candle nut is a native of the Pacific islands, and the name is derived from the fact that the kernels are so full of oil that when dried they are stuck on reeds and used as candles. The people of Hawaii, after having roasted these nuts and removed the shells, reduce the kernels to a paste, which is flavored with pepper and salt and is said to be a most appetizing dish. The husk of the nut and the gum which exudes from the tree have medicinal values, while the burned shell of the kukui is used to make an indelible ink with which tattooing is done.

Figuring It Out.

"Did the old lady give you anything when you took her trunk upstairs without knockin' the lid off?" inquired the first porter.

"No, but she thanked me kindly."

"Well, kind words will never die," returned the first porter.

"Neither will they buy groceries."—Cleveland Leader.

Disposing of Papa.

"I always contend, sir," said the girl's father meaningly, "that young men should be in bed before 10:30 each night."

"Yes?" replied the young man who was calling on the girl. "I hope you set that good example yourself, sir."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Unusual.

Old Chum—What made you decide to marry her?

Newly Married—Because during our long acquaintance she never once sent me a sofa pillow.—Detroit Free Press.

Family Discipline.

Dr. Tuckerman, classmate of William Ellery Channing, was one of Channing's few intimate friends through life. They were always extremely frank with one another and sometimes gave each other sharp answers. On at least one of the recorded occasions, says Mr. John W. Chadwick in his life of the great preacher, Dr. Channing came out ahead.

Dr. Tuckerman on one of his frequent visits inquired for Mrs. Channing and was informed that she had gone to Newport to open the house for the summer.

"Alone?" asked Dr. Tuckerman. Dr. Channing assented, and Dr. Tuckerman, responding, said:

"Do I understand you to say that Mrs. Channing has gone into the country alone to open the house for the summer?"

"That is what I said, Dr. Tuckerman."

"Well, Dr. Channing, you will permit me to say that I should not think of asking Mrs. Tuckerman to go to the country alone to open the house for the summer."

Then Dr. Channing laughed his small, dry laugh and rejoined:

"Very likely, Dr. Tuckerman, and if you should most probably she would not go."

Thereupon questions of large public interest were immediately taken up.

"Lots of men," said Uncle Eben, "kin look wise an' lots kin talk wise, but de men dat kin act wise is mighty scarce."—Washington Star.

HOME SAVINGS BANK

(Incorporated 1869)

75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above

$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.

Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.

GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles

— AND —

Food Products.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, a new and well selected stock of

GROCERIES.

W. J. Buckman

No. 433 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 104-7.

Winslow, Rand & Waton's celebrated

High Life Coffee

AND

Winslow Chop Tea

FOR SALE AT

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

We give Green Stamps.

Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Heating Engineer

—AND—

Contractor.

No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

Telephone 103—2.

..Are.. You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry

26 Montvale Ave.

Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE

Successor to E. A. Brooks,

Undertaker

— AND —

Funeral Supplies

Boarding and Livery Stable.

12 Park St., Woburn.

Telephone 54 - 3.

I WILL PAY CASH
ABOVE THE MORTGAGE
FOR ANY HOUSE
ANYWHERE

ALLEN, 10 TREMONT ST.,

BOSTON.

TELEPHONE: 4339-3 Main.

J. E. Herrick, Jr

BUILDER.

Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Office: 439 Main St., Woburn

SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.

Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.

Two Modern Flats.

Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent low.

Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.

Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

BEING A BOHEMIAN

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Dorothy Brockway ran gayly up the steps to the first class passenger coach as it stood in the Richmond depot.

"Ta, ta!" she called gayly to a big fellow who stood beside the coach. "By by, Teddy," and with a pretty little movement she blew a kiss to the waiting man, then disappeared within the door of the train.

The man lifted his hat solemnly. Then he strode away with a quiet, hurt look in his eyes, not even waiting to see the merry face that peered out of the window as the train panted and puffed out of the station.

"Oh, brace up, Morrison! This won't do. There's no use making a mute of yourself for any fool girl who doesn't half appreciate you."

"You don't know anything about it!" And Terry Morrison walked off, leaving the man who had been trying to cheer him up standing where he was, a little chagrined and a bit sorry for the big fellow.

As the train whizzed past the outskirts of the city Dorothy Brockway stretched out her arms and drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Free, free, free!" she breathed in a passionate whisper and leaned back in the seat with a wonderful smile in her eyes and deep, joyous satisfaction permeating her whole being. "No more mammas! No more Teddy! No more chaperons! No more tea parties!" she went on. "Just fun and work and do as I please and be bohemian. Oh, how I hate it all! Mamma's conventionalities! Teddy's bossing—dear old Ted! How broken up he looked!"—And some of the merriment faded from her eyes.

It was dusk as her train steamed into Jersey City and the tall skyscrapers on Park row were sending forth a million twinkling lights that streamed over the water. Dorothy looked about her a little bewildered, but made her way hurriedly to the gates, followed by a fat porter who carried her grips. Through the bars she spied a smiling pair of eyes, and Corinne Morrison came to meet her with an amused look on her face.

"You dear little idiot," said Corinne as she kissed her and led the way to the ferryboat. "You absurd little greenie! Why on earth did you leave my good and glorious brother to come up to this seething caldron? Why didn't you stay at home and marry him and get supported for the rest of your life?"

"Connie," said Dorothy severely, "you don't know what it is to be bossed and bossed and bossed. I want to be bohemian."

There was a queer little light in Corinne's eyes as she answered: "All right, dear, we'll begin right away. Come, we'll take a street car instead of a cab. It wouldn't be bohemian to take a cab, you know. Bohemians are all poor. I'm a bohemian."

"But—but—all these bags!" And Dorothy looked helplessly at the pile of leather satchels beside her.

"They aren't bohemian either." And Corinne relentlessly led the way to the car, tugging two satchels, while Dorothy followed helplessly with the rest.

Three-quarters of an hour later they were wearily climbing the stairs to Corinne's studio. Up one long flight, up two, up three! Dorothy sat down in a heap on the dirty floor to rest.

"Connie, is your studio in heaven?"

"Yes, when I sell anything. Come along, girly; you'll get there. It merely requires perseverance." And one more flight brought the two to a battered door in a dirty hall, smelling of mold and dampness. Corinne took out her latchkey and unlocked the door.

"Oh, how glorious!" sighed Dorothy, "to carry your own latchkey!"

"Delightful!" And Corinne's voice was a bit ironical.

Just three weeks later Dorothy rolled over wearily in her automatic combination bed and folding couch that did duty by day as an "oriental corner" with a lot of gaudy pillows piled upon it.

"Connie," she said tragically, "do you know just how much money I have between me and the cold, cold world? Just $15! And I haven't sold a single thing I've written, and, Connie, is there anything else in Bohemia besides work and disappointment and editors who won't see you?"

"Yes," said Connie doubtfully, "I believe there are the Hungarian restaurants. You need cheering up, girly. We'll do a Hungarian restaurant tonight. I'll telephone two of the boys from Park row to meet us somewhere, and we'll go to Martinetti's."

"Meet us? Meet us? Can't they call for us here?"

"Why, no," and Corinne turned reproachful eyes on Dorothy. "They are newspaper men, you know, and can only steal an hour or so from the office. Besides, that would be awful conventional. No, not that low cut frock, goosie. Pick out your plainest shirt waist if you're going slumming with me."

Dorothy set her teeth firmly and smiled away the little frown that had begun to cloud her forehead.

The tweezy orchestra was playing the latest air from a popular comic opera as Dorothy Brockway, followed by Corinne and the two newspaper men, in their morning clothes, entered the third rate bohemian cafe. The lights flashed on a hundred women in gaudy gowns, wearing every color and variety of hat. Jewels, real and paste, twinkled under the chandeliers, and the fumes from a hundred cigarettes rose to heaven. Some college boys were singing "Bola Bola!" totally oblivious of time and tune, and were pounding on the table with their forks in wild applause at their own jokes.

"How do you like it?" asked Corinne as they took their seats.

"It's choky," said Dorothy noncommittally.

"What do you take?" asked one of the men, looking at Dorothy.

"Why—why—oh, anything. I think I'd like a chocolate frappe."

A loud laugh from the other three greeted this remark.

"Bring us four Martinis to start with," said Reggie Cutting to the waiter, who wore a soiled collar and a cutaway.

Dorothy looked at Corinne apprehensively.

"Are Martinis cocktails," she asked shyly, "because if they are I've never tasted one?"

Just then one of the college boys arose, looked around and blew a kiss toward Corinne and Dorothy.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "in the presence of a lady who has just declared that she never before tasted a cocktail I blush to remark"—

"Oh, oh, I'm going home this minute!" said Dorothy, rising and looking about her with misty eyes and cheeks burning with mortification.

"Sit down, Dolly," whispered Corinne. "He doesn't mean anything. Sit down and don't notice him. Here's your cocktail."

That is all that Dorothy ever remembered of that horrible evening. The next morning she stood before the washstand, miserably, towel in hand.

"Connie, Connie, this water's so cold, and I can't find any soap, and haven't you got anything but a tin basin to wash in?"

"Other's broken," came cheerfully from the inner recesses of a closet.

"Oh, my head!" said Dorothy, sinking down on the hard pillows of the "fake" couch. "Oh my head! How could you make me drink that cocktail—and the table and everything went around and—oh, Connie, I'm sick yet. I'll never touch another—and what would Teddy say?"

"Oh, he'd just be bossy and particular about it. You'll get used to Bohemia after awhile. Are you tired of it already?" And Corinne glanced oddly at Dorothy.

"I'm tired of something. My last story came back by the post this morning, declined 'with thanks,' and I've tried the last place I know of for a position on a staff. Why, there aren't any positions here. And everybody's such an atom in New York, and editors don't take off their hats when you go to see them, but just keep right on smoking their pipes, and in their shirt sleeves too. Oh, my head," and Dorothy was sobbing violently in half a minute.

"Dorothy Brockway, if you muss that pillow up I'll make you pay for it. It's my best, so you just stop your crying on it right away."

Dorothy arose with a sudden gulp and glared at her companion.

"You're a cold, hard hearted, coarse person," she said, with blazing eyes, "and I'm going back home tomorrow."

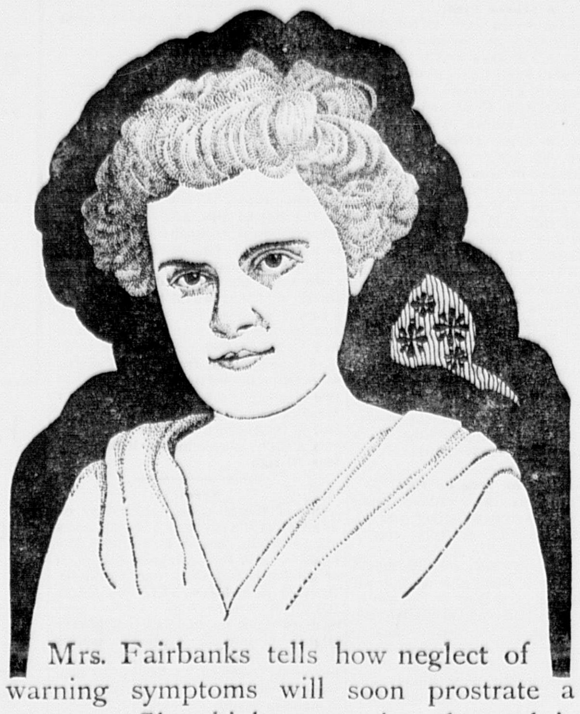
Two days later Mr. Ted Morrison sat in his office in the afternoon sunshine looking over the mail which had just come in. His hat was pushed back from his forehead, showing a fine head of curly brown hair. He was laughing softly and reading over for the third time two letters he had just received.

The first ran in this vein:

Dearest Teddy—Meet me tomorrow at the station, 6 p. m. I'm coming home forever and ever. New York is the most uninteresting place I have ever been in. Publishers up here aren't a bit interested in young talent. They seem to be anxious, above all things, to nip it in the bud. Socially, New York is degrading. People do nothing but wash in tin basins, drink cocktails and live in attics. You dear, darling old boy! I am just longing to come home and cry it all out on your coat lapel. Your penitent DOROTHY.

The other letter was quite different in purport. It ran thus:

Dear Ted—I've done the very best I could for you, and you owe me that $100 you promised me if I'd send her back. I followed her about and persuaded every publisher who might be inclined to look favorably upon her work to turn it coldly and peremptorily down. I took her to the meanest restaurant I know of and made her drink a cocktail. I even persuaded Reggie Cutting to be rude to her. All O. K. She leaves in the morning. Remember the hundred. Your affectionate sister, CONNIE.



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains, and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful, I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, MRS. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried travelling saleswomen in the West.)

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For over two years I suffered more than tongue can express with kidney and bladder trouble. My physician pronounced my trouble catarrh of the bladder, caused by displacement of the womb. I had a frequent desire to urinate, and it was very painful, and lumps of blood would pass with the urine. Also had backache very often.

"After writing to you, and receiving your reply to my letter, I followed your advice, and feel that you and **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** have cured me. The medicine drew my womb into its proper place, and then I was well. I never feel any pain now, and can do my housework with ease."—MRS. ALICE LAMON, Kincaid, Miss.

No other medicine for female ills in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Dangerous Information.

Eliza is an old retainer in a certain Philadelphia family, for whom she has labored many years. The children of the family have grown to regard her with mingled awe and fear, all but Tom, the youngest, who is now eight years old. In spite of her dominant sway, says the Philadelphia Record, Eliza is very unsophisticated.

She was horrified to learn that Tom had discovered the whereabouts of her wealth, for she had been putting away her savings for years and had about $600 in the savings fund.

Tom and some of his small cronies wanted a nickel to spend for candy, but all the mothers were out.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Tom. "I'll borrow 5 cents from our Eliza. She's got lots of money."

"Aw," exclaimed the inevitable pessimist, "she ain't got any money!"

"She has," replied Tom. "She's got a lot of money in a bank downtown next to Williams' candy shop."

Eliza chanced to hear this remark, and she rushed out into the yard, sent the other boys home, clutched Tom by the collar and started to read him a lecture on the value of prudence.

"Never tell that again!" she said earnestly. "Suppose a burglar had been round and heard you say that? Where would I be? Why, if he knew all that money was there he'd go right to the bank, break in and steal it!"

End of Their Engagement.

Gee—It was rather abrupt the way Tom broke his engagement with Miss Easy. Whiz—How did he do it? Gee—He simply took her hand in his and, clasping the diamond, said, "Ring off!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE BULLFIGHT.

Mexicans Usually Leave the Arena Dejected and Disgusted.

"I was born and reared in the republic of Mexico, and I never yet have witnessed a bullfight," said a prominent and wealthy resident of the Mexican capital.

"This form of amusement was never to my liking, and, though I have no criticism for those who go, it cannot be pictured as an entertainment that appeals to people of refined taste and humane feeling. Yet it is a sport that makes people become in a way devotees, and the bullfight habit once cultivated is difficult to break. I have heard Americans after witnessing their first exhibition declare they would never go to another, and yet these very people are apt to become the most habitual attendants. Except on rare occasions our native women do not attend the fights, but now and then they go when the proceeds are to be given to some charity.

"One of the curious phases of these performances is the enthusiasm with which the crowds start forth to view it and the subdued and melancholy way they leave when the fight is over. Instead of the eager looks and murmurs of expectant pleasure, most of the spectators return dejected and disgusted. The sport rarely comes up to the anticipation of the public. The matadore erred egregiously in this point or that, and, though advice was hurled at him on all sides, he did not profit by it. Many give vent to their disgust in angry epithets, and yet next Sunday finds them at the ring as usual."—Washington Post.

HIS FOOLISH REMARK.

A Statesman Who Was Made and Unmade by Newspaper Men.

A certain young man was sent to congress. He delivered a clever maiden speech. The correspondents liked him. They wrote him up in their dispatches. His pictures were printed in the newspapers, and anecdotes of his life appeared in many journals. He was alluded to as a prospective speaker of the house, and it was generally agreed that he would do great things after he had been elected for the second term.

One day a correspondent called upon the young statesman. He was engaged with some constituents; so the newspaper man sent in his card. When it was handed to the embryo speaker his constituents offered to excuse him.

"Oh, no," he said, with affected carelessness. "It's only one of those penny a liners outside. He can wait until I get ready to see him."

The door was ajar, and the correspondent heard the remark. He had met such men before. He hastened back to his office, and that night there was a meeting of correspondents.

"What do you want us to do," asked one of the men—"roast him?"

"Oh, no," was the reply; "not that."

"What, then?"

"Why, simply ignore him."

He was ignored. And his first term in congress was his last.—Schoolmaster.

Unique Family Circle.

A small town in Bavaria can boast of what may be described as a unique family circle. A shopkeeper resident there includes among his household three living mothers-in-law, each with a mother of her own; his own mother, his third wife and four daughters in their teens. The twelve women are reported to live on terms of the greatest amity, and the shopkeeper himself, who is fortunately in good circumstances, professes to be perfectly contented notwithstanding that he is thus the thirteenth of his family. The incessant banter to which he is subjected he philosophically welcomes as tending toward the better advertisement of his business.

An Ultra Modern Child.

Margaret's mother numbers among her friends several schoolteachers, and, although she is not yet five, Margaret has observed some things. Not long ago a family of kittens made an entree into Margaret's home, and she was most anxious to keep them all. Her mother objected on the ground that they were all girl pussies and would eventually grow up into mother cats.

"No, they won't, mother," said Margaret very earnestly. "I won't let them be mothers; I'll train them to be teachers."—Brooklyn Life.

The Silver Bridge.

One of the customs observed at a Bohemian marriage feast is that of making the bride cross a silver bridge. The bride's father-in-law lifts her on to the table, where she walks on two rows of silver coins, at the end of which her husband stands and receives her into his arms. The silver bridge typifies the wealth with which her bridegroom hopes to smooth her path in life.

A Crushed Genius.

"So Josh didn't hold his position very long?"

"No," answered Mrs. Corntossel. "But it wasn't the boy's fault. It wasn't six weeks before he knew so much more about how to run the business than the man who owned it that they got jealous and discharged him."—Washington Star.

Easily Believed.

"Many have said that if Longfellow were living today he could not sell his poems," remarked the girl with the book.

"I'm sure of it," replied the amateur poet. "Why, I haven't been able to sell mine."—Philadelphia Record.

A little boy in a Virginia Sunday school, when asked to tell something about Solomon, replied, "He's the man that knowed it all."

Very Like His Dad.

M. Crapaud—Ah! So zis ees your leetle son? He look to be similaire to you. Popley—Yes, he's very much like me. M. Crapaud—Ah! How do you call eet? "A cheep of ze old blockhead," ees eet not?—Philadelphia Press.

A Beautiful Case.

Visitor (calling on friend in hospital) —Sorry to find you here, old chap; badly hurt? Patient—Yes, I am afraid I am. I heard the doctor say I was a "beautiful case."

Of two heroes, he is the greater who esteems his rivals most.—Beaumelle.

Somewhat Confusing.

"So that heiress married a titled foreigner?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne.

"How do they get on?"

"It's a little confusing as yet. Whenever she wants to know who the distinguished members of her family are she has to ask him, and whenever he wants to know how much he is worth he has to ask her."—Washington Star.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 7.

Text of the Lesson, Mark I, 21-31. Memory Verses, *, 22—Golden Text, Luke Iv, 40—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

The events of this lesson were probably immediately subsequent to those of last week. This well filled Sabbath day included His teaching in the synagogue and healing a demon possessed man there; then the rest of the day at Simon's home, where He healed Simon's wife's mother, and at sunset all the sick who gathered about Simon's door. The record of the first part of the day is found in Luke iv, as well as in Mark, and the record of the rest of the day is found in Matt. viii, as well as in Luke iv. The record of this and every day of His public ministry is well summarized in Acts x, 38, "Anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power He went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him." This also ought to be true in some measure of every believer, for the life of Jesus should be manifest in us (II Cor. iv, 10, 11). One has said that the eye of the world takes in more than the ear and that Christians' lives are the only religious books the world reads. Therefore there is not so powerful a sermon in the world as a consistent Christian life.

Having been cast out of Nazareth, He made Capernaum His home, which is spoken of as "His own city" (Matt. ix, 1), and there and throughout all Galilee He preached the gospel of the kingdom and healed all manner of sickness and disease (Matt. iv, 23). John the Baptist was now in prison, and our Lord was probably in the latter part of His first year's ministry. As He taught the people heard that which they were not accustomed to, for He taught with authority. He said only what the Father told Him. His text book was the law, the prophets and the psalms, and He expounded in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself (John xii, 48, 49; Luke xxiv, 27, 44, 45). Just the same teaching and exposition are needed today, and those who teach otherwise than according to the Scriptures are not following our blessed Lord.

Evil spirits still possess and speak and act through men, women and children, and such are sometimes found in church and Sunday school to this day. They want to be let alone concerning righteousness and temperance and judgment to come. They say, "Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits; cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us" (Isa. xxx, 10, 11). Saying true things about Jesus Christ as this man did or as the woman did at Philippi (Acts xvi, 17) is not necessarily evidence of a true knowledge of Jesus, yet there are people even among the preachers whose knowledge of Jesus does not seem to exceed that of these evil spirits. Where there is no true reception of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners there is no life eternal (John i, 12; I John v, 12).

The Lord Jesus by His word delivered this man from the evil thing in him, and the man was whole. When people talk and act like the devil let us remember that Jesus still lives, and He is able and willing to cast out the evil spirit and give instead His own Spirit. If we trusted Him more fully in these things how His fame would spread abroad! It had been a strange morning in that synagogue at Capernaum, for such an event had never transpired there before. The power of God had been seen, for Jesus was God manifest in the flesh. As Simon, Andrew, James and John walked from the synagogue to Simon's home what may have been their musings? Possibly the healing of the demoniac may have led them to tell Him quickly of the sick one in Simon's home.

As soon as He took the sick one by the hand the fever was gone, and she was able to rise and minister to them. This is not the way that fever patients generally recover, but such recoveries are all easy to Him who made us. Demons cannot abide Him, sickness flees before Him. He is life and health and light and strength, and nothing to the contrary can abide in His presence. Soon the fame of Him and His wonderful works spread through the city, and at even when the sun was setting, the Sabbath day being then passed, all the sick and demon possessed within reach were to be found at Simon's door. He cast out many demons with His word and laid His hands on every one who was sick and healed them (Luke iv, 40, 41). We do not read that they had faith to be healed, though their faith may possibly be seen in the fact of their being there. We do see two great realities—on their part a great and felt need and on His part a great and overflowing fullness. Where the need is really felt and such come to Him in faith His fullness will be surely seen.

What a busy Sabbath day! What untold light and joy had come to hearts and homes which only that morning had been full of sorrow and sighing! Free as the air and sunshine and showers of heaven had the blessings come to all those hearts and homes. There is a Sabbath coming to this whole earth when there shall be no more sickness or pain or death because this same Jesus of Nazareth shall then be King over all the earth, King of kings and Lord of lords (Rev. xxi, 3, 4; xvii, 14; Isa. xxxiii, 24; Zech. xiv, 9). After some rest He is up a great while before day and away alone with His Father, for He lived by His Father (verse 35; John vi, 57). His words and works were all His Father's (John xiv, 10).

Dromedaries Smoke Cigars.

There is no reason why a dromedary should not be partial to a good cigar. Most dromedaries, according to a menagerie proprietor, are particularly fond of tobacco smoke and can be made to do almost anything under its influence.

"Travelers in Egypt," he asserts, "rely more on tobacco smoke for their control over these huge beasts than anything else. When traveling on long journeys the dromedaries are in many cases required to travel night and day without rest, and the beasts are kept up to their tasks by smoking cigars. The driver carries a triangular piece of wood, which is pierced at one point like a cigar holder. This is inserted in the mouth of the beast, the cigar being lit and pressed into the hole in the same fashion followed by man.

"The dromedary immediately closes its eyes and puffs away through its nostrils until the cigar is burned away. The indulgence appears to refresh it, and the keeper has no difficulty in persuading the animal to plod on without further rest."—Pearson's.

The Poison In Mackerel.

There is no more wholesome food among fish than a mackerel, yet close along the backbone of that same edible there lies a strip of flesh which may bring you to death's door even if it fails to kill you. You may eat it a hundred times and it will be as wholesome as the rest of the fish, but the hundred and first time or earlier it may cause terrible trouble. This is because it occasionally, without any sign or any known reason, distills a powerful irritant poison. There is no difference in the appearance of the fish or in its flavor; nothing to warn you of the danger. The only remedy is to leave the spine of the fish alone and not take the flesh that lies in the angle of the backbone's edges. There is never a year without a few deaths from this cause, though you might eat mackerel scores of times without taking harm. Yet animals have some way of detecting the poison, and a cat will not eat the flesh from the mackerel's spine if it is dangerous. It is not a question of staleness—a perfectly fresh fish may be deadly and a stale one harmless.—London Standard.

Lady Grey's Dull Evening.

Thomas Creevey, who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century, has presented some queer pictures of English court life. During the reign of King William IV. Creevey wrote: "The Greys had just come from Windsor castle. Lady Grey, in her own distressed manner, said she was really more dead than alive. She said all the boring she had ever endured before was literally nothing compared with her misery of the two preceding nights. She hoped she never should see a mahogany table again, she was so tired with the one that the queen and the king, the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Augusta, Mme. Lieven and herself had sat around for hours, the queen knitting or netting a purse, the king sleeping and occasionally waking for the purpose of saying, 'Exactly so, ma'am,' and then sleeping again. The queen was cold as ice to Lady Grey till the moment she came away, when she could afford to be a little civil at getting quit of her."

Curious Hunting Custom.

The Labrador Indians when on a hunt stalk on in advance of the train with their arms, while the women, heavily laden with provisions and means of shelter, drag along slowly after. When the lords and masters begin to think of food time or wish in any way to leave some guide as to their progress for the squaws they thrust an upright spear or stick in the snow and draw in the snow the exact line of the shadow then cast. The women, toiling painfully along, note the spear and the progress of the shadow and know closely the difference of time. They know, too, whether they dare to linger for a few minutes' rest or if they must hastily catch the stick or spear and hurry on.—Chicago News.

Long Journeys Made by Whales.

The whales that swim about the islands which lie off the coast of Norway and Finland in March and April travel immense distances. In May they turn up at the Azores or even at the Bermudas and sometimes pay a visit to the Antilles. They swim fast, for in June they are back again off Norway. Some of these whales have been known to bring back evidences of where they have been, for harpoons of the peculiar kind used off the coast of South America have been found stuck in them.—St. James Gazette.

Odd Japanese Customs.

The Japanese houses have no chimneys, and you are never warm enough until the house catches fire. The Japanese have beef and no mutton; the Chinese have mutton and no beef. Japanese bells, like Japanese belles, have no tongues; Japanese snakes have no poison; Japanese music has no harmony. The Japanese alphabet is not an alphabet, but a selection of seventy useful ideograms to dispense with the 30,000 in ordinary use by the Chinese.—"Queer Things About Japan."

A Story of Brahms.

A rather celebrated composer asked to be allowed to play his very latest composition to Brahms, and did so with tremendous vigor, the perspiration streaming down his face as he pounded the piano. Brahms at the end of the performance picked up a sheet of the manuscript and, feeling it between his finger and thumb, enthusiastically exclaimed: "I say, where do you get your music paper? It's first rate."

Plants Without Roots.

The "flower of the air" is a curious plant found in China and Japan. It is so called because it appears to have no root and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 600 or 700 miles, and it grows as it travels, suspended on a twig.

Thorns.

"Do all roses have thorns, pop?"

"Yes, my son."

"I can't feel any on those roses on ma's hat."

"You would if you had to pay for the hat, my son."—Yonkers Statesman.

Bobbie's Metaphor.

"What do you think now, Bobbie?" remarked the mother as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thought has been delayed by a hot box."—Town Topics.

Both.

Little Willie—Pa. Pa—Well, what is it, Willie? Little Willie—Is writing a profession or a disease?—Illustrated Bits.

Civilized and Enlightened.

Teacher—Can you tell me the difference between civilized and enlightened nations? Pupil—My dad says civilized nations manage to get along all right if they are let alone, but that enlightened nations know enough not to let the civilized nations alone.—Boston Transcript.

His Other Cheek.

"When an enemy smites me," said the pious looking hypocrite, "I always turn the other cheek."

"Why," asked the man who knew him, "do you want your enemy to go around with both hands disabled?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sentence Suspended.

"Her voice was tried by a famous English master."

"Was it found guilty?"—Princeton Tiger.

Getting in debt is like sliding down a greased pole; getting out is like climbing the same pole.—Augusta (Ga.) Herald.

A NERVOUS WAIT.

Weird Sensation When the Church Became Totally Dark.

"I went to a Fifth avenue church last Sunday night," said a man who is good once a week, "and quite unexpectedly got a new sensation. The church was brilliantly lighted, but something went wrong with the electrical apparatus, and all of a sudden most of the lights went out. Midway in the building two or three bunches of bulbs continued to shed a sepulchral twilight, but the pulpit was shrouded in darkness, and nervous members of the congregation began to fidget.

"This condition of affairs lasted for some minutes until the choir had finished an anthem. Then the preacher arose and requested the people to remain quietly seated for half a minute in total darkness, when the church would be fully illuminated again. With the words the few remaining lights went out, and for a space darkness like that of a coal hole prevailed.

"It was the weirdest, most uncanny wait I ever had. Every man and woman of the 800 or 1,000 in that church was as still as death almost. I suppose the darkness did not last a minute, but it seemed to me to be an hour. When the lights again leaped out there was a sigh of relief from every person in the church. I guess they all felt as queer about it as I did."—New York Press.

HORSEHAIR FOR BOWS.

Only Black or White From Russia or Germany Is Used.

There is a vast amount of horsehair annually used in the United States for making and repairing violin, violoncello and bass viol bows. All of the hair comes from Germany and Russia, in which countries the tails of horses are generally allowed to grow much longer than here. The foreign hair is also coarser in texture and tougher than that which grows on the American horse, and these qualities make the imported article more valuable than the domestic product.

There are only two kinds of horsehair suitable for making bows, and they are of white and black varieties. The former is used for violin bows, and the latter, which is heavier and stronger, is the best material for making bows for cello and bass viols, because it bites the larger strings better. The imported hair is put up in hanks of thirty-six inches long, which is five or six inches longer than the standard violin bow. A hank is sufficient for one violin bow, while two hanks are required to hair a cello or bass viol bow. There are about one and a half ounces of hair in a hank, which is worth from 20 to 30 cents, according to the quality of the hair.—Philadelphia Record.

THE ART OF BOXING.

Fistic Combats Were Highly Esteemed In Ancient Times.

Pugilism, the practice of boxing or fighting with the fists, was a manly art and exercise highly esteemed among the ancients. In those days the hands of the pugilist were armed with the cestus, leather thongs loaded with lead or iron. This form of athletic sport was at first only permitted to freemen among the Greeks, but gradually it was taken up as a profession and lost much of its prestige.

As an illustration of its early use we find in Virgil's fifth Æneid the record of a match between Dares, "with nimble feet and confident in youth," and Entellus, the veteran champion, "strong and weighty limbed," when the combatants—

Their arms uplift in air, their heads withdraw,
Back from the blows, and, mingling hand with hand,
Provoke the conflict.

Pugilism has been a typical English sport from the days of King Alfred, but its golden age as a profession dates from the accession of the house of Hanover.—London Standard.

Living and Working.

Few people outside of hoboes and Indians not taxed really live without working.

Those who work without really living are much more numerous, including, as they do, billionaires and seamstresses with more than six small children.

In the perfect day, when the lion and the lamb shall walk together and the rich shall go down to the college settlements and play bridge with the poor, we shall all doubtless both live and work.—Life.

Phil May's Habits.

The all night and next day habits of Phil May, the artist, have furnished material for many a story. Joe Tapley the singer, said that he came across May one night and heard that the latter had not been to bed for four nights and days. He remonstrated, and May said: "Never mind, Joe; we'll make a bargain. Don't you lose any sleep on my account, and I promise that as soon as I feel tired I'll go to bed!"

The Boston Girl.

"Will you marry me?" he asked bluntly.

"No," replied the Boston maiden. But she added coyly: "I am not endowed with sacerdotal power. Put your question properly. Ask me if I will become your wife."—Philadelphia Press.

An Eloquent Objection.

Mrs. Newlyblessed—But you certainly don't object to such a wee little baby as that? Janitor—Oh, it ain't the size as counts, mum—it's the principle uv the thing!—Exchange.

The Limit.

"He's a mighty mean man."

"In what way?"

"Why, he's stone deaf, and he never tells the barber until he is through shaving him."—Life.

A Fable on Gratitude.

The snake was trying to shed his skin.

"Help me off with this, will you?" he said to a frog that happened to be passing.

The frog kindly complied with the request, and presently the discarded skin lay stretched along the ground.

"Now," observed the frog, "I suppose you will do with that as I do with my castoff garments—eat it."

"No," said the snake. "There is something better in sight."

Thereupon he ate the frog.

The moral of this, my dears, is that there is more than one kind of skin game, and some kinds are meaner than others.—Chicago Tribune.

Panama.

It is supposed by some that Panama derived its name from the native word for butterfly. Explorers of the interior tell of swarms of butterflies which at times rise on the slopes of the mountains in dense clouds, darkening the sunshine. Others maintain that the name is from an Indian word meaning abounding in fish.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

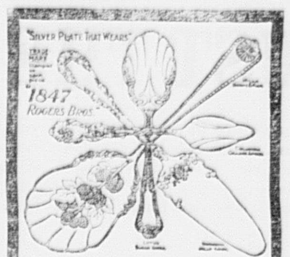
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS, 60 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and NOTIONS.

Styles and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan, Anchor, Cunard; Dominion, Leyland, White Star LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.



Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if your table is to reflect good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Remember "1847," as there are imitation "Rogers." For Catalogue No. 6 address the makers
International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Finding by Intuition.

A man asked the clerk of a big hotel in Fifth avenue if a person whom he named was staying in the house. The clerk said he was, but he was not in at that moment. "I had never seen the person for whom I had inquired," said the man who tells this story. "I had never had a description of him. I had formed no idea as to what manner of man he is, as we often do in such cases. I took a seat in the corridor, intending to ask the clerk again later on. I read a newspaper for a half hour and started to the clerk's desk to repeat my inquiry when I bumped into an individual by accident. We both apologized. In a second I said to him, 'Are you not Mr. ——?' I don't know what impelled me to make the inquiry, but as quickly as I had asked him as quickly did he reply that he was Mr. ——, the very person whom I wished to see. I suppose Conan Doyle might explain it, but hanged if I can."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Tobacco Smoke and the Blood.

Two or three mouthfuls of tobacco smoke from a cigarette were shaken up with a few drops of blood diluted with water in a bottle. Almost immediately the blood assumed the pink color characteristic of blood containing monoxide gas, and further observations with the spectroscope confirmed the presence in the blood of carbon monoxide. Similarly a few mouthfuls of smoke from a pipe and a cigar were tried, and the results were even more marked. In this experiment we have some explanation in particular of the evil effects of cigarette smoking, for it is chiefly cigarette smoke that is inhaled, an indulgence by which the poisonous carbon monoxide is introduced directly into the blood. This effect of tobacco smoke upon the blood appears to us to be of considerable significance.—London Lancet.

Christmas Tree Legend.

There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple immediately the leaves of the tree shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature and became the evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts—the curse is turned into a blessing at the coming of the Christ Child, and we have our Christmas tree.

Grows In the Clouds.

So far as is known, the highest elevation at which flowers are found growing is 17,000 feet above sea level. The homely little plant which has the distinction of being the loftiest grower in the world is found on the upper slopes of the Himalayan mountains, near the line of perpetual snow. The season during which vegetation may appear above the surface in this region is less than four months in length.

Testing Swords.

A very picturesque and effective test is applied to all the swords made for the English army before they are allowed to go into commission. A powerful man takes each in turn, swings it above his head and strikes it with all his might upon a huge round stone. If the sword shows any sign of weakness it is at once discarded.

Sarcastic.

They had been discussing the baby's ears, eyes and nose.

"And I think it's got its father's hair," said the joyful young mother.

"Oh, is that who's got it? I noticed it was missing." And as the tall girl with the suave manner said this the mother looked dubiously at her.—Judge.

In His Interest.

Jack—You know when Mabel rejected me last week I told you my troubles, and you promised to help me. Well, she accepted me last night. Am I to thank you for interceding for me? Cousin Bell—Not exactly, dear boy. I simply intimated to Mabel that I was after you myself.

Barred.

"There's one thing the women can't get into!" said the anti woman suffragist.

"What's that?" cried a chorus of feminine voices.

"The secret service!"—Detroit Free Press.

His Chance.

"That boy never will be worth anything."

"I wouldn't be so sure of that. He may marry well."—Chicago Post.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 11.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.06, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.30 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3.
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
341 Main St., Woburn

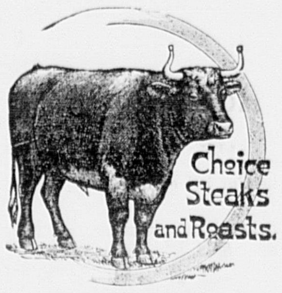
JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward


450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cahnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

WHEN JABBERWOCK RODE

By Keith Gordon

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

There was nothing at all extraordinary in its appearance, and it arrived in the usual way. In other words, it was a letter in a square white envelope, and the stolid postman stuffed it into that one of the row of mail boxes which bore the name "Loring" just as indifferently as he tucked an advertising circular into Smith's box and an envelope bearing all the outward and visible signs of a bill into the Lymans'. Then he blew a shrill note on his whistle and continued on his impersonal errand down the block.

Barbara heard the whistle and wondered with mild interest whether there was any mail for her. Being a matter of fact young person, she went calmly on about her affairs, having learned from experience that her tiny share of the United States mail was not usually of a character to make a trip down four flights of stairs worth while. Having no presentiment that something superfine was hanging over her head, it was fully an hour later when she was ready to go out on an errand. She fished a small key out of the brass bowl that stood on the mantelshelf and, making her way in an unhurried manner to the vestibule, fitted it into a narrow slot in the mail box and took out the letter.

Even then, with the momentous document in her fingers, she failed to "feel it in her bones," as her great-great-grandmother would have done, that something unusual was about to happen. A gleam of curiosity did, however, light up her face as she glanced at the superscription and, tearing the edge of the envelope off daintily, passed out into the street, reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake. All the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the ivy was just tingeing the walls with a faint green and the inevitable group of children of assorted ages and nationalities scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the usurping pedestrian. It looked precisely like West —— street, Town.

She began to read the note a second time, moving automatically down the street. The blood rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with excitement. An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passing died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the reality of things.

In the next block she ran into a portly colored woman, with a large bundle.

"Twenty million," she began in extenuation of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon!" and she continued on her way toward Fifth avenue with a somewhat flustered countenance. Once there she swung along as if she were walking on air, saying over and again to herself. "Millions—do you understand—millions?"

Then she tried impatiently to get away from that thought, to think of what the note meant in more concrete things. It would mean cabs and violets and a maid. That was her first thought, and she laughed outright at its meagerness. An imagination inured to poverty could not reach the possibilities of such a fortune all at once. It would have to be trained up to it, just as contralto voices were sometimes trained up to sopranos. Cabs and violets, indeed! Orchids and a victoria, with two men on the box, was more like it.

But what were those things? Mere bagatelles. It meant Paris, London, St. Petersburg and Rome; aye, and India and Egypt! It meant all the dreams of her life come true and in addition splendors that she had never even thought of in her wildest flights of fancy.

She drew her breath in sharply. The realization of what it would mean to be the wife of a man with a score of millions was almost oppressive. Even now she was beginning to feel the responsibility of wealth, and as she turned into an art gallery at the corner of Thirty-fourth street, where in the silence she meant to sit and think it out, there was a little frown upon her forehead.

For the third time within the hour she read over the note. Now that the first dizziness of the magnificence offered her was over, she began to have an acute sense of something else than the twenty millions meant.

It meant being the wife of a man older than her own father would have been had he lived and one for whom in her most enthusiastic moments she had never more than an indifferent toleration. Still, with the glamour of his great fortune about him, he did not seem repellent. She tried to think what their life together would be like. But in spite of her best efforts it was another face—young, strong and frank—that rose before her. She summoned Peter Milward, but it was Jack Carruthers that appeared and insisted upon taking his place at her side.

She shook herself impatiently, and from the expression of her face it was evident that she willed Satan not to get behind her, but to come out into the open with all his most alluring temptations.

"I've been poor so long," she was thinking. "Of course it won't be—won't be"—she caught her breath and then forced herself to think the unthinkable—"it won't be like marrying Jack. But I should have everything in the world besides him. No life is all beer and skittles, and, after all, if I had never met him I should have lived and been happy without him. I shall make believe that I never did."

Having reached this worldly conclusion, she leaned back in a more comfortable position and gazed at a dreamy Claude Monet on the opposite wall. Then her self communion began again.

"But there's Mr. Milward. I shall not be able to forget him. I wish he were not quite so Decembery. If only he seemed a little more alive!"

With a quickened breath she fancied herself alone with him in a beautiful home. Servants moved noisily about, but he was always cold and prim and still. She felt stifled. She felt like a prisoner. She belonged to him, for he had bought her with his twenty millions. Oh, the horror—the degradation of it!

Once more she took herself to task angrily.

"It's perfect nonsense!" she told herself vehemently. "He is a very nice old man, and in time you'll get used to him. All your life you've longed for wealth, and now when it is laid at your feet you must quibble! Wait until the next interest payment is due on the mortgage at home. You'll wish then that you had forgotten sentiment."

Thus she went on goading herself, but to no purpose. There was not another person in the room, and she hid her face in her hands and murmured in desperation: "Oh, Jack! Jack!"

Restlessly she rose and emerged into the street again. The clouds hung low, and there was a slight fog. The gray of the stone walks, the pavements and the sky all seemed to melt together into one sad toned picture. Vehicles of all descriptions, from the butcher's wagon up, filled the street, keeping so close together that even the most daring person did not venture to cross, and Barbara stood at the edge of the walk waiting for a break in the line to occur.

She never knew how long she stood there—long enough to listen to some new whisperings of his Satanic majesty telling her how much good she could do with all that money for the people she loved and the sufferers of the earth. She was beginning to believe that it was her duty to sacrifice her feelings whether she wished to or not. She might throw away fortune for herself, but she had no right to deny it to the others who would benefit through her.

Her eyes, which had been staring fixedly at the procession of carriages without seeing them, were suddenly attracted by an approaching coupe. The blood tingled in her veins, for she recognized the Milward livery.

It was a handsome carriage, with the curved glass front which enables the occupant to get a more extended view than can be had in the other kind, and the men on the box sat very straight and stiff. But it was none of these things that held Barbara's glance fascinated.

It was a pair of glittering, fiendish eyes leering at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that her blood ran cold, and she stared in stupefaction, thinking she saw the outlines of a grotesque, shadowy face around them.

Not until the coupe was opposite her did the illusion fade and explain itself. Then she drew a breath of relief, for what she saw then was only the reflection of the two large silver buttons on the back of the coachman's coat and Peter Milward bowing to her in his most gallant manner.

"I never expect to see anything so much like the Jabberwock again," she laughed to herself, and then she grew suddenly grave.

Perhaps if she accepted Peter Milward that skeleton in the coupe would be quite real after all.

* * * * * * * *

A month later, when Jack Carruthers, whose salary had been raised to $1,800 a year, asked her to share it with him, she accepted without taking any time for consideration.

"How much do you really love me, dear?" he asked fervently for the twentieth time, after the manner of lovers who like to hear the same assurances over and over again. And at last, in desperation, she replied:

"Well, if you want to know how much in dollars and cents, I can prove that I love you at least $20,000,000 worth."

And then she told him how she thought of him, and the glimpse of the Jabberwock had kept her from accepting old Peter Milward and his fortune.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

A Cruel Criticism.

She was an amateur artist and, like most of her kind, considered herself several laps in advance of the average amateur. She was eager, however, to know how her work would impress one of the masters who had managed to grasp fickle fame by the back of the neck.

One day a real painter called at her home, and she immediately conceived the idea of testing him. She would show him a specimen of her handiwork, but would reveal nothing that might lead him to suspect her as being the creator thereof.

So the fair amateur proceeded to guide the real painter toward her masterpiece.

"Of what school would you call this painting?" she asked expectantly.

"Of the boarding school," promptly replied the real painter.

And a large dark spot suddenly appeared on the brilliant future of the fair amateur.

Beefsteak Variations.

A traveler on the continent of Europe received the following bill of fare at a hotel in Versailles: Soup with very turtle—i. e., read turtle; lobster's salad with sharp sauce, according to the bigness (suivant la grosseur); shies (filets) of sole; one's muttons chops with sparagus tops; pickled pork with younk cabage; fish—fish—dabs of different dimensions; lamb epigrams with vegetables; muscles fricasseed; rumsteak with the tumled potatoes (sautees); Strasburg's pie of livers; surfine liquors and of islands (et des iles); gelly with punch." The traveler gives the following variations of the word "beefsteak" which he has noted on his travels in Belgium: "Bifstek, bifstik, bifstick, biftek, bifteek, befstick, beefstick, beefsteek, bifsteeck, beefstake, beefsteack, bufsteks, biefsteaks, bifsteack, bouefstaecks, beefteacks, bifsteecks and even bifsteeckx!"

The "Weeping Willow" Song.

Some people have heard of the ballad containing the words "I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree," but perhaps it is not generally known that the author was a young man who fell desperately in love with Queen Victoria, at that time a girl of seventeen. This young lover was heir to a baronetcy, but baronets cannot approach royalty in the guise of a suitor, though it took some time before the romantic youth could be brought to understand this fact. When at last he did so, he sat down in despair and wrote the now well known ballad, which was at that time published in a London paper, and then he emigrated to Australia.

An Umbrella Trick.

"That's no way to put on an umbrella cover, my dear," remarked the man to his wife, who was preparing to go out one cloudy day.

"Don't fuss at it like that. No; you don't want to turn the cover right side out. Leave it as it is and put the ferrule of the umbrella through the little tin top, so. Now take hold of the top of the case and pull it right up over the umbrella, just as you stripped it off. See? It doesn't take half a minute and is much easier than laboriously turning the narrow case right side out."

Felt His Importance.

A boy, having left school, started to work in a factory. At the end of his first day's work he returned home, evidently feeling quite a man. Taking off his hat and coat, he threw them on the floor, with a meaning look at his sister.

"Look here, Jim," said she; "hang your clothes in their proper place."

"Hang them up yourself," he replied. "Who do you think's keepin' ye?"—London Standard.

The Gentle Lover.

Wife—You do not speak to me as affectionately as you used to, George. I think you have ceased to love me. Husband—There you are again! Ceased to love you! Why, I love you better than my life. Now, shut up and let me read my paper.

Disraeli on Lawyers.

In discussing lawyers one day Disraeli wittily remarked: "Everybody knows the stages of a lawyer's career. He tries in turn to get on, to get honors, to get honest."

Her Hand.

Suitor—Will you give me your daughter's hand, sir? Mr. Candid—Certainly; I shall be very glad to get rid of it, for it's always in my pocket.

NO THOROUGHFARE

By RUTH EDWARDS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Well, I never!" Gladys sat down on the bank of the little stream and gazed despairingly at the rustic bridge above her. "If that isn't just like him: 'No Thoroughfare' and the gate locked and too high to climb. Now, what on earth am I to do anyway?"

The whispering wind and the lapping waves gave her no reply, and, pulling a letter out of the front of her blouse, she read it for the third or fourth time that day. It seemed to restore her self confidence. She laughed to herself wickedly. "Hum! Mrs. Graham is a dear, but I fancy I've fooled that conceited Jack of hers. No, thank you; no four mile drive with him. I'm down here, to be sure, but I won't speak two words to him all the time I stay if I can help it. So! Oh, dear, I wish I had a boat!"

As if in answer to her desire a red canoe shot out from beyond the bend and came noiselessly down the river. A man sat in the stern wielding the paddle with a swift grace. Gladys arose among the long grass and the daisies. Her mind was made up.

"I beg pardon," she called as he came abreast of her. "Can you tell me if there is a way of getting to Mr. Graham's estate except by this bridge? It seems to be closed."

The man in the canoe rested his paddle across his knees and gazed at her admiringly.

"Why, I"— he began, then stopped. "There is an approach by the road," he said, "but it is quite two miles to the other side."

"Oh," she said, "I know! But I've walked so far already." She glanced ruefully down at her dusty patent leather ties.

"Would you allow me?" he asked eagerly. "I could take you across in my canoe."

She blushed charmingly. "I hate to trouble you."

"I assure you it would give me the greatest pleasure," he said, with another admiring glance.

With a dextrous stroke or two he brought the graceful little craft up to the bank and landed. He was tall and brown and broad shouldered, and as he stood looking down at her he saw a little slender girl with the longest eyelashes that ever drooped over a pair of gray eyes, in a dark blue foulard, bareheaded in the golden sunlight, a big black hat held in one hand. On her forehead and around her ears danced little truant wisps of curly hair.

He helped her into the canoe and piled the gay cushions at her back, then stepped in after her.

"Where are you going?" she asked as he pointed the canoe up stream. "I understood you to say you would take me across," she added, with some stateliness.

"That's such a nasty place to land," he replied apologetically. "It's much better a little farther up."

His dark eyes sought hers, and they both laughed. It was obvious to the most casual observer that the sloping shore on the other side was most admirably adapted for beaching the canoe.

"You seem well acquainted with the river," she said demurely. "Do you know the Grahams?"

He did not answer immediately.

"Yes; charming woman, Mrs. Graham," he admitted at last.

"Oh, yes; lovely. It's a pity her son doesn't take after her," Gladys replied, with high scorn.

Her companion grinned. "It's evident you know him," he said.

"Well, I haven't seen him in years, but when I saw him last he was absolutely the most disagreeable, most conceited and altogether most hateful boy I ever came across." Gladys sat up quite straight among her cushions with a sudden energy.

"Poor Jack!" murmured her companion. "Still, if you haven't seen him for years it isn't impossible that he has improved."

"Improved! Well, I'm sure I hope so. There certainly was room for improvement. But I don't believe he has. The idea of shutting people out by locking up that bridge the way he has! It's just like him. So afraid any one would get into his domains. Just as though any one with sense would want to."

"Exactly. But possibly he wants to keep out that class of people supposed to be braver than angels, you know."

"Fools?" she questioned. Then they both laughed again.

"You're not very polite," she said.

"How can you expect me to be sympathetic when the bridge being locked has given me this pleasure?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with incredulous eyes. "Anyway, I forgive you. But if I'd had my way I shouldn't have been here at all."

"Now, it's you that are impolite," he said.

"Yes, and ungrateful," she admitted frankly. "It's simply lovely out here. It's the only pleasant thing about the whole trip. Goodness, if you only knew how I hated to come! I wept day and night for weeks. But mother was adamant."

He looked at her appreciatively, wondering how any human being could be proof against eyes like those filled with tears.

"Mothers are inconsistent at times," he said. "Mine, for instance, has been systematically indulging and spoiling me all my life and now has taken it into her head that I must marry a girl she had picked out for me whether I want to or not."

"Why, that's just the question on which mother and I differed," Gladys gasped. "She and his mother arranged it all years ago, it seems, and he's unmanly enough to keep her to her word, though he must know I hate him. You wouldn't find a girl doing a thing like that!"

"Wouldn't you, though? This particular young lady of whom I speak is of so clinging a disposition that, according to my mother, she will never know happiness unless I brace up and woo. Why in thunder she should be in love with a man she hasn't seen since she was a child is more than I can conceive!" He paddled angrily for a moment. Then once again his eyes met hers, and they laughed.

"We seem to be figuratively as well as literally in the same boat," she remarked. "The thought makes me quite fond of you."

"Ah, if I could but believe you in earnest!" he sighed, with exaggerated gallantry.

She darted him another look from under her lashes.

"Weren't you smoking when I called to you?" she asked presently. "Why, there's your pipe. Do let me fill it for you. I love to fuss with pipes."

"It's all I need to complete my happiness," he assured her as he handed her his pipe. "My pouch is in the left hand pocket of my coat. Can you get it? It's right behind you there."

She leaned back and secured the thin serge coat, rummaged in his pocket and brought forth a chamois pouch elaborately embroidered with the initials "J. G." in crimson. She looked at the inscription for a moment, then at its owner.

He watched her as she pressed the tobacco into the bowl with a delicate thumb. "There," she said as she handed it to him. "Lean over, and I'll light it for you."

She shaded the sputtering match with her hand and applied the flame to the tobacco. Her face was very near his, and it was a face to set a man longing.

She settled herself once more among the cushions. "Isn't this comfy?" she sighed, with satisfaction. "When I remember that walk from Digby in all the dust, I can't realize it's me!"

"Great Scott! Did you walk from Digby?"

"Yes. You see, they wrote that a certain person would meet me at Grahamsford, so I got out at Digby and walked. Anything was better than a four mile ride with the person who was coming to meet me. That's why I'm here."

"What a coincidence!" he exclaimed as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "At this moment I am supposed to be driving home from Grahamsford with a young lady whom I didn't want to meet. That's why I'm here!"

She was busy watching the ripples that followed the canoe.

"It appears to me our mothers have been fibbing," she said musingly.

"Bless their hearts!" he exclaimed fervently. "I forgive them, don't you? Besides, I am just discovering that your mother at least spoke the truth. And I mean to be obedient in all things from this time forth forever more," he added boldly.

"Amen," she said, with mock solemnity. "But how self sacrificing!" Then, with a look that set his heart beating, "Well, I will not be outdone in filial devotion." Her lashes flickered against her reddening cheek. With one stroke he beached the canoe among the shadows of the trees.

An hour later Mrs. Graham came to meet them down the long avenue bordered with oaks.

"My dear children!" she cried joyfully. "I see it is all right. I knew that ride from the station would be just the thing."

The Stem Winder.

When Michael McGurck was a longshoreman Mrs. McGurck took in washing and called herself a "washer lady," but when Mike became a stevedore and gathered together the emoluments of his bossing his wife put on airs and decided that her two daughters should be educated and marry millionaires. Bridget McGurck found it somewhat difficult to induce "fine people," as she called them, to invite her girls to their parties. Once she got them in at a "social" and went with them as chaperon, dressed in a stunning sea green silk with red trimmings.

They had decided to get there early and not miss anything to be seen of "sassiety." Other guests were, as usual, late in arriving, and one lady of very humble lineage fidgeted nervously till Mrs. McGurck beamed upon her and said it was "a foine avenin'." And, the ice being broken, the nervous lady asked the lady in green the time. That lady felt around her corpulent anatomy and, with a sigh of regret and a look of sadness, said:

"Begorra, ma'am, I'm sorry, but I've left the self feeder at home."—New York Herald.

Not to Be Blamed.

He—A self made man is common enough, but we never hear of a self made woman. She—Considering the kind of article the men who are in the self making business turn out, you can hardly blame the women for not taking it up.

When his wife's mother comes on her first visit a man has the same feeling as if there were a private detective in the house.—Atchison Globe.

Ayer's
Take cold easily? Throat tender? Lungs weak? Any relatives have consumption? Then a cough means a great
Cherry Pectoral
deal to you. Follow your doctor's advice and take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heals, strengthens, prevents.
"For 40 years I have depended on Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. I know it greatly strengthens weak lungs."
MRS. P. A. ROBINSON, Saline, Mich.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Weak Lungs
Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Impeachments.

In 1797 Senator William Blount of Tennessee was impeached for treason in negotiating personally with Great Britain and was acquitted. On March 3, 1803, Judge John Pickering of the federal court in New Hampshire was found guilty on the trial of an impeachment of drunkenness and profanity on the bench and was removed. On March 13, 1804, William Chase, associate justice of the supreme court, was impeached. He was acquitted on March 1, 1805. Meantime, on Dec. 13, 1804, Judge James H. Peck of the federal court of Missouri was acquitted by the senate after impeachment by the house. On May 6, 1862, Judge West H. Humphrey of the federal court of Tennessee was removed for treason. In 1868 Andrew Johnson, president of the United States, was impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors and acquitted. In March, 1876, the former secretary of war, General W. W. Belknap, was impeached for bribery in making appointments. He was acquitted on Aug. 1, 1876. His was the last impeachment.

Loving Pals In Misery.

Two cots stood side by side in the Emergency hospital. On one was the form of a man, a great big, strong looking fellow. On the other was the figure of a boy, a little fellow not more than ten years of age. The head of each was swathed in bandages, and while the man bore his suffering in silence the boy cried and moaned and sobbed.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked the man as the boy cried aloud.

"I fell off a roof," was the answer the lad returned between his sobs.

"Hurrah for you!" returned the man. "I fell down a ship's hatch. Let's shake."

An hour later the nurse came into the ward and walked over to the cots. Both the patients were sound asleep and in the hairy fist of the sailor rested the tiny hand of his little companion in misery.—San Francisco Call.

A Bit of Curran's Wit.

An Irishman loves a joke so well that he keeps the memory of a good one always green. In a book of recollections by an old member of the Irish parliament is an amusing illustration of Curran's ready wit.

A certain judge, Lord Norbury, was famous for the alacrity with which he condemned prisoners to death when he might have pronounced a more merciful sentence. On one occasion when he was dining in public with the foremost members of the Dublin bar he helped himself to some meat, at the same time asking:

"Is this hung beef?"

"Not yet," said Curran quickly. "Your lordship has not tried it."

Peculiar Highland Remedies.

A popular highland remedy for both consumption and general debility was what is known as sudh nan cabar (the juice of deers' horns). These were gathered in the hills when the animals cast them in the springtime. They were boiled for some hours and the juice thus obtained bottled after being strained. Candy sugar and whisky are usually added to it nowadays. Crabs' shells pulverized and eaten on bread and butter were used for consumption, asthma and whooping cough in the Hebrides.—Caledonian Medical Journal.

Robbers Make Use of This Herb.

In New Caledonia there is said to be an herb which has the rare property of revealing one's secrets. It is known as the Datura stramonium and has white flowers and rough berries full of dark grains. They are treated of in the "Annals of Hygiene and Colonial Medicine." A person who has swallowed the tea made of this herb will after falling asleep tell where his money is hidden and will also arise and go direct to where his treasure is concealed. Robbers often use this tea as knockout drops with which to rob their victims.

Crab Shells as Barometers.

A curious barometer is said to be used by the remnant of the Araucanian race which inhabits the southernmost province of Chile. It consists of the cast off shell of a crab. The dead shell is white in fair, dry weather, but the approach of a moist atmosphere is indicated by the appearance of small red spots. As the moisture in the air increases the shell becomes entirely red and remains so throughout the rainy season.

Sleep For Insomnia.

Patient—Can you give me something for insomnia? Physician—I can recommend something, which amounts to the same thing. Patient—For heaven's sake, tell me at once. Physician—There is, in fact, only one sovereign remedy for sleeplessness, and that is sleep. Three dollars, please.—Boston Transcript.

Lucky Dog.

"My luck is the best any man ever had."

"The deuce it is!"

"Yes, sir. A girl refused me yesterday, and I see by the morning paper that her father has lost all his money."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 1904

THE FIGHT IS ON.

Before any formal declaration of war was made Japanese ships attacked the Russian fleet at Port Arthur captured one and sank another, of the largest of them and thus won a splendid victory; with Yankee shrewdness and bravery the Japs made the onslaught in the night, found the enemy napping, and took them in. Besides the two Naval vessels the Japs have captured several richly laden merchant ones, and secured from them valuable stores.

The Japanese-Russian war is on, but how or when it will end nobody pretends to hazard a guess on. The Japs are smart, but there are only a few of them compared with the Russian nation, and the chances of ultimate victory seem to favor the Russian Bear.

MORE COMMISSIONS.

If the present Legislature of this State should grant the applications that have been put in for additional State Commissions, superannuated politicians and chronic officeseekers will be well provided for. To create all that have been asked for up to date this winter would cause a considerable drain on the ranks of those worthy classes of statesmen and patriots, and make the taxpayers hump to provide means for their support.

Commissions come high, but we must have them.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Ninety five years ago today, Feb. 12, Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in Kentucky of poor but respectable parents who subsequently moved to and settled in Illinois.

Lincoln was the second savior of his country, and the anniversary of his birth is entitled to especial and honorable recognition by the American people.

☞ A few days ago we received a copy of the semi centennial issue of *The World's Crisis*, the official organ of the religious denomination known as Second Adventists. The Supplement, dated Lowell, Mass., January, 1854, was a reproduction of the first sheet from the press, and the 50th birthday anniversary number, published in Boston, was filled with portraits and biographical sketches of the most eminent ministers and laymen of the denomination. The copy received is a fine specimen of typographical work, for which Mr. Charles B. Leathe, a Woburn boy, and one of the best printers in the State, is entitled to the credit, for the mechanical work of the neat, fine appearing weekly has been, for years, done under his supervision. Mr Leathe has a right to feel proud of the "Anniversary Number" of *The Crisis*.

☞ It has been suggested that a practical and probably successful plan for raising funds for the District Nurse Association would be to make a house to house, store to store, factory to factory, and street, canvas for members at one dollar apiece. A thousand members could soon be obtained by such a method, for not many persons would refuse to pay a dollar, and in that way a permanent income might be secured. This, with larger donations from rich and generous people, would place the Association on a solid working basis, and prove of incalculable benefit to the community.

☞ The annual Encampment of the Massachusetts Department of the Grand Army of the Republic and their auxiliaries, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Sons of Veterans; and the Ladies Aid Society of the G. A. R., assembled in Boston last Tuesday, Feb. 9, for business. There was a large attendance of the several Orders, and the meetings were harmoniously and profitably conducted. Woburn Posts, Corps and Camps were well represented. The National Encampment is to be held in Boston next August.

☞ Now that Hon. Joshua B. Holden of Boston, ex-State Senator, has taken hold of the business in real earnest the citizens of Woburn feel greatly encouraged respecting their application for a Federal building in this city. He has already taken measures for ascertaining the condition of the Congressional purse on the matter and will accelerate and strengthen its beats by influence and work later on.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

J. C. Ayer Co.—Hall.
E. H. Richards—To Let.
J. F. Daland—Real Estate.
Geo. A. Woods—Real Estate.

— Homemade candy at Copeland & Bowser's tomorrow afternoon.

— Div. 5, A. O. H., gave a fine whist party last Wednesday evening.

— Ald. Henry L. Andrews, printer, has recovered from an attack of grip.

— The Johnson-DeLoriea party of southern tourists left Nassau on Feb. 9 for Cuba.

— Mr. and Mrs. Herbert B. Dow sail today for Jamaica for a season of pleasure.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of reol estaie.

— President Aylward of the City Council has been under the weather of late, but is now much better.

— Mr. E. H. Richards has a "To Let" notice in this issue of the JOURNAL which ought to interest people.

— Mrs. Mary Fifield of Salisbury, N. H., is visiting the family of her brother, Dr. George H. Hutchings, in this city.

— Please read the advertisement of Mr. George Adams Woods in this paper. His proposition is worthy of consideration.

— The S. of V. and S. of V. Club are to bring out "Our Jim," a war drama, on April 11. Mr. F. E. Fowle is the Director.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

J. FOSTER DELAND

General Real Estate

— AND —

Fire Insurance Agent

Room 5, First National Bank Building,

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE that he is prepared to place FIRE INSURANCE on HOUSES, FURNITURE, STOCKS, etc., in FIRST CLASS COMPANIES.

SPECIALTY: - - - Management and CHARGE OF ESTATES
THE DELAND SYSTEM: Judicious care of RENTABLE REAL ESTATE

Office Hours: 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Office closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday after six o'clock, P. M.

— The Woman's Club are to give a Colonial Tea on Feb. 22.

— The city is talking of buying an addition to Woodbrook cemetery.

— W. R. C. 84 will give one of their pleasant whist parties this evening.

— Hope Circle, I. O. O. F., gave a delightful dancing party in Odd Fellows Hall last Wednesday evening.

— Mr. C. E. Tripp, of the firm of B. A. & C. E. Tripp, undertakers, was housed with a sore throat last week.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. minstrel show is to be given on March 17, St. Patrick's Day; also, Evacuation Day.

— Washington's Birthday is the next holiday to be attended to. It comes in a week from next Monday, Feb. 22.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Mr. J. E. Herrick, Jr., contractor, has sold one of his residential properties on Vernon street to Mr. James A. Hadley.

— About twenty of the young people of the First Baptist church went on a jolly sleigh ride to Arlington and Belmont last Monday evening.

— Mrs. Abbie W. Dimick of Arlington Road is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ella Putney, and her husband, at Putney, Georgia.

— Dr. Daniel S. Jones has compounded and sells a remedy for scratches on horses, which, it is said effects a cure speedily and effectually.

— February 14 is Shrove Sunday; Feb. 17, Ash Wednesday; Feb. 21, first Sunday in Lent; March 27, Palm Sunday; and April 3, Easter.

— Miss M. Evelyn Flagg visited friends in this city last Monday. Her home is in Boston, and has been nearly all the time since she left here.

— At 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, Feb. 13, the Lend-a-Hand Club hold their great sale of homemade candy at Copeland & Bowser's dry goods store.

— John Burke, an employee at the leather factory of Beggs & Cobb, was quite seriously injured by a piece of machinery falling on him last Friday.

— Mrs. Jennings's stock of Valentines beats them all. It contains every kind of a Valentine that can be thought of. Go early, young folks, and get your pick.

— The officers of the Trustees of the Thompson Memorial Library are, Andrew R. Linscott, Chairman of the Board, and Philip H. O'Brien Secretary.

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of Arlington Road is visiting her son Julian at Birmingham, Alabama, and happily escaping a good deal of awful cold weather.

— The funeral of Mrs. Rose Murphy, wife of Mr. Lawrence Murphy, who died at her home, 12 Spring Court, on Saturday, Feb. 6, was held on Tuesday morning, Feb. 9.

— An Old Folks concert is to be given by the women of Trinity church on Wednesday evening, Feb. 22, the anniversary of Washington's Birthday. It will be a fine one.

— Mr. Samuel Leeds, Dean of the Woburn Station Hackmen's Federation of Unions, who has been confined at his home with boils for a fortnight, or so, is much better.

— Notwithstanding the intense cold the lecture by Henry H. Clayton in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday evening was well attended. The lecture was an able and interesting one.

— Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., Lawyer and Politician, made up his mind to decline a reelection to the honorable office of President of Towanda Club, and stuck to his word.

— At the meeting of the Congregational Woman's Missionary Society in the parlor of the church at 3 o'clock this afternoon, Mrs. Elizabeth Harding will speak on her work in Sholapur, India.

— John J. Hern's Orchestra is to furnish music for the Rebekah's great minstrel show on Feb. 17. It is one of the finest music companies to be found anywhere in this part of the State.

— Riding merrily along in a government pung one day lately, Water Commissioner Hayward and Supt. Spencer were capsized near City Hall, but no lives were lost, or serious injuries sustained.

— Mr. Herbert B. Dow thinks the Florida climate would about suit his complexion for a couple of months to come; so does Mrs. Herbert B. Dow; at anyrate, they are going to try its virtues.

— Mrs. George H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street makes elegant fancy candies, and is the smartest seller of them in town.

— Mrs. Marshall Wood reported to the JOURNAL that the temperature at her home in Burlington last Tuesday morning was 5 below zero, or 12 degrees higher than on the coldest morning this winter.

— Miss Marian T. Hosmer attended the meeting of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs at Milford yesterday as a delegate from the New England Woman's Press Association, of which she is an officer.

— Fred K. Bixby, son of Dr. Josiah Peet Bixby of North Woburn, has a fine position with the American Book Company of New York. He is a capable and promising young man, and comes of sterling Puritan stock.

— Capt. John E. Tidd, Court Officer of the Middlesex Superior Court, and a most excellent gentleman, was elected a member of the Executive Board of the Middlesex Deputy Sheriffs and Court Officers Association last week, and richly deserved it.

— Deacon Samuel Cook of Bow street left here last Monday morning for his business headquarters in New York City, after a visit of a week at home. He is connected with a wholesale shoe house and a large part of his time is spent at the Metropolis.

— This being Leap Year, some surprise is felt at the small number of marriages that have taken place in this city since the advent of 1904. Is it possible that the girls are neglecting to take advantage of their opportunities and failing to "pop the question?"

— Mrs. Lucy Carswell, Miss H. Josephine Ellis, Messrs. Winthrop Hammond and Nathaniel S. Watson, were the prize winners at a pleasant whist party of 13 tables at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Bond, N. W., last Monday evening.

— Other real estate enterprises in this city besides the Cummings Park improvement are in process of incubation, so rumor has it. The parties who make judicious investments in good building sites here at the present time will reap large harvests from them.

— The Woburn Gaslight Company are under the weather this week. Supt. Gilcreast has a return of the grip and is housed; Clerk Wyman is sick; and Overseer Walter Knapp isn't feeling very well himself. Severe colds and grip are too prevalent for comfort just now.

— William Fred Davis, son of ex-Mayor William F. Davis of this city, passed a successful examination and has been admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, which allows him to practice law in all the Courts of the State. He has in him the making of a good Lawyer.

— Sunday last was a soft and spring-like day, with a little rain towards evening, and the hope was expressed that "cold waves" had spent their force, and fears of more of them this winter need not be entertained. But the night told a different story, and stiff winter weather resumed its reign.

— Business at the numerous leather factories in this city is reported to be in a satisfactory condition. The establishments are, as a general rule, running full handed, and but few idle men are seen on the streets. A great amount of leather is being turned out every day, and the manufacturers cannot complain of prices.

— Mr. William B. Jones, C. E., is surveying and mapping out the grounds on which the Foss houses are to be built, and as soon as he completes it work on the buildings will begin. Mr. Cobb, the architect, promises that 12 of the residences will be ready for occupancy next June.

— During the prevalence of a mild kind of a snowstorm last Saturday Mr. Daniel H. Richards, the most reliable weather recorder in the city, came to the JOURNAL headquarters and reported it as the 24th of the season. About 3 feet and 6 inches of the "Beautiful" fell here in January, 1904.

— A fine and well attended concert was given at the North Congregational church last Friday evening under the management of Miss Leila Tilton. The artists were: Mrs. Jeannette C. Hall, Miss Mary B. Baldwin, Miss Dora Winn, Mr. John C. Andrews, and Miss Helen Sylvester. The audience enjoyed it very much.

— The cast of characters of the war drama "Our Jim" to be presented by the Sons of Veterans and S. of V. Club in Lyceum Hall, April 11, will be announced next week. It is made up of some of Woburn's finest entertainers and in consequence the people of Woburn will witness a good entertainment.

— Towanda Club have in preparation "The Pirates of Panama," a musical production of mirth and jollity, to be given on March 23 and 24. Private information warrants the statement that it will be a gallbuster.

— The Ladies' Auxiliary of Div. 5, A. O. H., held a successful whist party last Tuesday evening at their Hall. Prizes were won by Miss Mary Weafer and Mr. Patrick Rowan, while the consolation went to Mrs. Celia A. Mahern and Mr. Thomas H. Manley.

— C. E. Cooper & Co., Real Estate Agents, have sold the Henry F. Davis homestead on Arlington Road to Mr W. C. Daly, who will improve and occupy it as a residence. The same Agency have sold Mrs. Julia A. Garland's house on Fowle street.

— A story is going the rounds, with how much foundation nobody seems to know, to the effect that another street railway for Woburn is contemplated. It is to run over Mishawum Road and New Boston street to Perry's Corner in Wilmington, past the chemical Works, to Lawrence. It would run through a populous section of country and be a help to the business of this city.

— The portrait section of the JOURNAL's art gallery has been greatly enriched this week by the addition of a pair of companion pieces, one of which is "George H. Gilbert walking on the Beach," and the other, "George H. Gilbert, and Frank Driving 'Blue Bell' on the Beach," both taken on Sept. 12, 1903. They have been given choice places in the gallery.

— Some folks say that last Tuesday morning was the coldest of the season. At the Woburn Bureau of Weather Observation, James H. Callahan, Superintendent, it was 10 below zero at sunrise; at Cummingsville 12 below; at Wilmington Centre, 14; at North Chelmsford, 18; and mercy only knows what the figure was at the Chemical Works. How's that for winter weather?

— A social function of more than ordinary importance, to be held on Feb. 29, is to be managed by Miss Dora Buss, aided by Miss Grace E. Bond, Mrs. Daniel R. Beggs, Mrs. L. K. Green, Mrs. John S. Jaquith, Mrs. Arthur H. Linscott, Mrs. W. W. Hicks, Miss Bertha Trull, Miss Helen Ramsdell, Mrs. J. H. Linnell, Miss Annie A. Skinner, Miss Florine York.

— At noon last Tuesday Mr. James R. Kendall was presented with a fine gold watch, chain and charm by the employees of Robinson's patent leather factory, with which he has recently severed his connection as Superintendent to set up business on his own hook. Mr. Levi J. Armstrong made the presentation speech, which was happily responded to by Mr. Kendall.

— Mr. J. Foster Deland opened the doors of his new real estate agency in room 5, National Bank Block, last Monday morning, and is now all ready for customers. He is composed of just the right sort of stuff to make a big success of it. He knows everybody here and everybody here knows him; they, also, know that he is a pusher, and a squaretoed business man. He has also added Fire Insurance.

— Advertisements in the Boston papers for new schoolhouse plans from architects stipulate that they must be submitted on or before Feb. 18, 1904, to the School Board and committee, which looks like business. It is rather a short time in whitch to furnish plans and specification, but a goodly number will, doubtless, be presented. It is high time that this forward move was taken.

— Dr. Charles T. O'Brien, son of Mr. William O'Brien of 20 Church avenue, came from Ware last Wednesday to attend the great Charity Ball in Lyceum Hall on the evening of that day. He has a large medical practice, and is getting well up in the profession, but a stout cord fastens his affections to the old Woburn home. The Charity Ball, which he greatly enjoyed, was a large and splendid terpsichorean event in this winter's social affairs.

— The Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company have "pricked anew," as the Lawyers say, and entered another petition for a franchise on Arlington Road and Lake avenue in this city, on which a hearing by the City Council is advertised to be held on Feb. 17. The Company have "the courage of their convictions" and pluck that deserves success. They have had many hard knocks from the Woburn Council in past years and it must be that they think they see light and favors ahead this hitch, else they would be slow to try it again. At anyrate, the owners and occupants of the fine residences on Arlington Road must marshal their forces in battle array and make a valiant stand against the Goths and Vandals who would commercialize and transform that beautiful thoroughfare into a waste place and a howling wilderness, figuratively speaking.

— A sacred concert is to be given this evening, Feb. 12, in the Scandinavian Evangelical Free church on the corner of Montvale and Greenwood avenues, under the auspices of the Young People's Society of that church. It will open at 7.45 p. m., and the tickets are 25 cents for adults, and 10 cents for children. Rev. J. A. Hultman and Master Paul Hultman are to give the concert, which, we are assured, will be firstclass in quality, and that those who patronize it will be furnished with a fine musical treat.

— Miss Irene F. Boone, formerly of Woburn, a niece of Mrs. William H. Spear, is still living in Melrose. She was graduated from the Melrose Hospital in June, 1903, but remaining in Training School until last week, completing required time. She says that the nurses being insulted by the Superintendent, demanded an apology which was not granted. They, therefore, refused to go upon duty. Most of the graduates of the Hospital, with many influential citizens and doctors of Melrose, sympathize strongly with the nurses.

— The annual election of officers of the Towanda Club was held Wednesday evening, February 10. The following were elected: President, Joseph F. DeLoriea; Vice Presidents, George A. Day, William A. Prior; Secretary John C. Andrews; Treasurer, Harry Brown; Directors for two years, John M. Portal, Frank H. Sawyer, G. Wm Buchanan. Mr. Mendum, the retiring President was obliged, on account of pressure of business, to decline a renomination. The 10th anniversary of the Club will take place sometime in March.

—FIRES.—The alarm from box 49 at 9.50 Tuesday morning was for a burning bed in the house of Joseph Burton on Gregg street, Montvale. The alarm from box 35 at 4.30 Tuesday afternoon was for a fire in the basement of the house of Michael Ryan, 18 Sheridan street. On Tuesday evening Patrolman Tarr extinguished a fire in the stable of John A. Hartshorn on Pleasant street. The alarm from box 46 at 11.20 Wednesday morning was for a fire that seriously damaged the house of Daniel Marlow at 169 Washington street, Montvale.

— Early Sunday morning Patrick Hanlon found the dead and mangled body of Michael Fitzgerald of Winchester on the track of the B. & M. Railroad near Crane's Lane just north of Cross street in this city. Fitzpatrick was seen on lower Main street Saturday evening and was known to start for home about midnight. Walking on the railroad track it was supposed he was hit by the late northbound train and killed. One of his legs was cut off. Dr. H. G. Blake, Medical Examiner, who was called, pronounced it an accident. He was about 42 years old.

— The Rebekah's minstrel show, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 17, promises to be the greatest burnt cork entertainment of the winter. O. W. Stevens is to conduct it, and he knows all the ins and outs of the business as well as any man in the community. John J. Hern's Orchestra is to furnish the music, which will be another strong drawing card, for it alone will be a treat worth more than the price of admission to the show, for which Mr. Stevens has marshalled the best minstrel talent that could be secured. Everybody is talking about the Rebekah's minstrel show, Feb. 17.

— If wisdom, by any possibility, should happen to characterize the deliberations and decisions of any future Woburn City Council, the part of the Dow farm not used for the new schoolhouse and grounds will be set apart and dedicated for a city park. As a park the lot of land in the upper part of the city is an abortion; Rag Rock is out of the question; Horn Pond, ditto; Town Meadow is a long way in the future; and there you are—Parkless! Why not, then, take the 30 acres left over from the schoolhouse site and make a beautiful park right in the centre of the city where it will do somebody some good?

— Last Monday Archie Ralston, Jr., of Green street, had a narrow escape from serious injury, and perhaps death, by a moving B. & M. train at Highlands Station. He and his brother Otis reached the car platform, but Archie fell to the rails, and but for the prompt action of Mr. James M. Callahan, the Station Agent, he would have been run over. Callahan snatched him from the moving train just in time to prevent the trucks from running over one of his legs, and quite likely saved his life. He was conveyed to his home in an insensible state, but finally recovered not much the worse for his fall and narrow escape.

— At 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, March 1, next, the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church are to give an entertainment and hold a Winter Picnic. It will be something in the amusement line different from anything ever seen here. The artists engaged to execute a fine programme are: the Highland Orchestra; Miss Jennie Trecartin, soprano soloist in First church Quartet; a Quartet from St. John's Baptist church; and Helen Sylvester for a reader. The entertainment will be followed by a Winter Picnic, for which the house is to be transformed into a picnic grove, and all the accessories, with tables of lemonade and homemade confectionery furnished. Admission 15 cents.

— A few days ago news was received in this city of the accidental death of Charles E. Carroll at San Francisco, California, about the middle of last December. It came from Mr. Samuel R. Dolliver of that city. His death was caused by falling from the top of a freight car under the wheels, by which he was terribly mangled, and which he survived only a few hours. The accident occurred about 3 a. m., while switching freight cars on the belt line. The deceased was born in Woburn about 45 years ago, the son of Charles E. Carroll, who served in the Civil War with Co. G, 5th M. V. R., from which he was discharged on July 3, 1863, at the expiration of his enlistment. He went to California with his family about 1865, near the time the Dolliver Brothers settled in San Francisco. The father is remembered by old members of the Mechanic Phalanx and citizens. The son left a wife and children.

—The weather has mellowed a little.

— Tonight the No. Woburn A. A. close their successful minstrel show.

— W. R. C. 81 will give a whist party this evening.

— Please read J. Foster Deland's new notice. He is starting in all right.

— St. John's Baptist Church are to hold a Candlelight Rally next Sunday evening.

— War Veteran William T. Kendall of Ward 5 has reason to remember that the number of days in February "is 28 in fine, till Leap Year gives it 29," for on Feb. 29, 1864, at a big mass meeting held in Lyceum Hall on the evening of that day he enlisted in Company H, 59th Mass. V. Reg't. and on March 12, 1864, was duly mustered in. He had previously served a 9 months term of enlistment in Co. G, 5, M. V. R., of which William T. Grammer was Captain, and mustered out July 2, 1863. He was mustered into Co. H, 59th as above stated, transferred to Co. H, 57th Regiment, and discharged on July 30, 1865, at the expiration of his term of enlistment. So far as he knows, Mr. Kendall is the only survivor of Co. H, 59th Regt. who enlisted at the mass meeting in Lyceum Hall on Feb. 29, 1864. He is a respected citizen of Woburn, having many good friends, all owing probably to the fact that he has been a subscriber and constant reader of the JOURNAL since 1852, the first receipt for which (Oct. 1852) he showed us the other day.

Polo.

Woburn defeated Stoneham in a fast game at the Auditorium last Saturday night; score 7 to 6.

Maynard dropped out Saturday night, and left but three clubs.

Stoneham was awarded the championship. A meeting was held at the Revere House and the League disbanded.

The Woburn team will play Stoneham a series of games for a purse of $250 a side. Hot times are expected in Woburn and Stoneham when they begin.

There will be a hurley game at the Auditorium Friday evening, March 11, between the Celtic Athletic Club of Malden and the Woburn team. Malden will bring 16 men with them for two teams who will play, and the winner will play the Woburns.

Water Dept. Report.

The average daily consumption of water in this city in 1903 was 132,369 1-4 gallons more than in 1902. The total consumption in 1903 was 502,997,250 gallons, increase over 1902 of 58,314,900. The were 34 new services put in, making the total 2996. The receipts were $4,758.63 greater than the year previous. The receipts for the water rates were $46,871.68; other services $744.53; total $47,616.21. The expenditures included: maintenance $13,995.10, maturing bonds $27,500, interest $2,660, deficit of 1902, $730.42, transfers $1031.23, balance $1699.46, total $47,616.21. Balance in sinking fund $1699.46.

Basket Ball.

There will be three games of Basket Ball tonight at the Auditorium; the Woburn A. C. will play the People's Institute of Roxbury; the T. P. girls team will play the Crimsons of Winchester; and the X. L. O. girls will play the Revere High School girls. The price of admission is 15 cents.

The X. L. O. girls went to Lawrence last Saturday and defeated the Connor's Commercial College team; score 11 to 2; and the Woburn A. C. went to West Quincy last Saturday and were defeated by the St. Mary's of that place; score 27 to 4. It was a rough game all through.

Vespers at Unitarian Church.

Sunday, Feb. 14, at 5.15, "A Neighborhood Service," the Medford parish uniting.

Address by Rev. Henry C. DeLong of Medford and by Rev. Henry C. Parker. Music by the chorus choir under direction of Miss Carolyn A. Brackett. Mr. Ralph Lyford, Organist. Soloist, Mr. Charles Delmont, Basso, a member of quartet. Mr. Geo. W. Chadwich Director of the Columbus ave. Universalist church, Boston.

PROGRAMME.

Organ Prelude.
Anthem. Praise ye the Father. — Gounod
Choir.
Solo. The Recessional. — DeKoven
Mr. Charles Delmont.
Anthem. Large are the Mansions. — Emerson
Choir.
Solo by Mr. Delmont.
Anthem. The Homelight.
Solo. God that madest earth and heavens. Old Welsh Melody.
Mr. Delmont.
Organ Postlude.

Woman's Club.

At the meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club held on Friday, Feb. 5, Mrs. Sarah Clough Phinney sang a group of songs. Miss Dora A. Winn accompanied Mrs. Phinney. Her selections were:

"Heart Fancies." — Thomas
"Where Shall I Find Thee." — Mulder
"Spring Song." — Leighter

The meeting was in charge of the Education Committee, Mrs. J. F. Winn, Chairman. The lecturer of the afternoon was Heloise Husey, B. A., of Boston. Her subject was "Daniel Webster, A Study in Patriotism." In closing Miss Husey said she would urge every woman to see to it that the children of this generation make a special study of the period of 1862 to 1870, and that they make an annual pilgrimage to Bunker Hill and be taught all that it means to an American, so that they could say "Thank God! I also am an American."

The next meeting will be on Feb. 19. A reception is to be given to the Presidents and Secretaries of the Federated Clubs of Massachusetts. Mrs. Maud Conway Blanchard will lecture on the "Music of Tennyson."

Preparations are under way for a Candle-light Tea some time in February.

A. C. K., Rec. Clerk.

WANTED

IN WOBURN

Moderate cost house in good neighborhood, in exchange for first-class investment property.

GEO. ADAMS WOODS,
50 State St., Boston.

TO LET.

Tenement of 5 rooms, No. 4 Court St., $10.50 per month. Also one of 5 rooms, No. 76 Salem St., $9.00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS.
25 Fairmount street.

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

25 DOSES 25 CENTS

Whitcher's IS HEADQUARTERS DR. MILES' PREPARATIONS.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 21-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Reduction Sale

To close all our Heavy Weight Goods before stock taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Combs and Hair Brushes

We carry an immense line of Combs, including Coarse, Fine and Pocket, made of hard rubber, metal, horn and celluloid, at prices ranging from 5 to 50 cents. Superior Drug Combs 25 cents. A Special Hair Brush for 25 cents, better ones from 50c to $2.00.

TOOTH BRUSHES

Our assortment comprises of over a dozen kinds from 5 to 50 cents.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The Cut Price Store. Green Stamps.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Another Good Man Gone Wrong.

Warren Teel has been a Federal officeholder in Davenport, Iowa, 40 years without a break, and is still at his post of duty.

In January, 1857, the "coldest month on record," when the Capital of Iowa was solidly frozen up in a slough midway between Iowa City and Des Moines, to which hamlet the last legislature had voted to remove it, the people of Davenport held a meeting and resolved to organize a State Groundhog Association as a means of protecting themselves from the severity of their winter climate. This was done.

Warren Teel was elected President of the Association, and has filled that position continuously ever since. Having been born and partly raised in Woburn, Mass., the Davenporters concluded that he couldn't be anything else than honest and upright, try ever so hard, and his daily walk and conversation strengthened that belief.

Mr. Teel attended to the duties of the office faithfully and intelligently, never failing to superintend the ceremonies attendant on Groundhog Day (Feb. 2) personally each year, and promptly reporting the same to the local newspapers. He enjoyed the confidence and respect of everyone for his integrity and ability.

In January this year President Teel had caused it to be bruited about that the Groundhog business would be all right "and the goose hong high" on Feb. 2, instant. The good people of the fair town on the banks of the Mississippi were happy, for the winter had been a severe one, and the prospect of an early breaking of its backbone was joyously contemplated.

Groundhog Day was promptly on hand, but, alas! not so President Teel. His absence caused intense surprise. At precisely 12 m., Feb. 2, 1904, the Groundhog emerged from his hibernating quarters, took a careful survey of the surroundings, saw his shadow on the snow, and immediately returned to finish his winter's snooze. An oral proclamation from President Teel had prepared the people to look for an entirely different condition of things, and intense indignation was expressed by the people who had assembled to witness the Groundhog Day ceremonies. It is now suspected that Teel caused the favorable promises to be promulgated to aid him in his campaign for reelection to the Presidency of the Association.

An investigation by a committee composed of leading citizens of Davenport disclosed the fact that Teel was a traitor. It was proved, and he finally confessed his treachery, that he had sold out to the Davenport Coal Trust for two tons and a half of coal, and pledged himself that the Groundhog should conduct matters on Feb. 2 in a manner entirely satisfactory to the Trust, which the animal did by assuring them that there should be 6 weeks more of cold and good coal selling weather this season.

The rage of the populace was without bounds over Teel's perfidy.

Teel lost his election; was dropped from the Executive Committee; and is likely to be expelled from the Association.

The Appointees.

On Feb. 4, His Honor Mayor Feeney made the following appointments of City officials. Dr. Joseph T. Callahan declined a reappointment as City Physician. The choice of George W. Norris, Esq., as City Solicitor, and Edward Simonds as City Messenger, are highly satisfactory.

Mark C. Felch, Sinking Fund Commissioner, unexpired term.

Dr. Thomas E. Caulfield, City Physician, one year.

George W. Norris, City Solicitor, one year.

Edward Simonds, City Messenger, one year.

Edward F. Johnson, Sinking Fund Commissioner, three years.

Thomas H. Dolan, Principal Assessor, three years.

William J. Mahoney, Overseer of Poor, three years.

Dr. William H. Keleher, Board of Health, three years.

"Do It To-Day."

The time worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it TO-DAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,

Instructor in Pianoforte.

Studio: First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Claviæ System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,

Violin Instruction,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

4 Fairmount St.,

WOBURN, - MASS.

Cooper—Prevost.

Mr. Charles W. Cooper and Miss Margaret M. Prevost, both of Salem, were united in marriage in that city on Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1904.

The groom is the son of Mr. Charles E. Cooper, and formerly resided in Woburn.

After the ceremony and reception the happy pair departed for a wedding trip to New York and elsewhere. They will be at home on March 1.

Rebekah Minstrels.

An idea of the good things the Rebekah Minstrel Show, on Feb. 17, has in store for the public may be gathered from the following enumeration of features:

8 Ends—4 ladies, 4 gents; 8 end songs, with incidental dancing; jokes between each song; solos by Mr. Fred Babcock and John Robertson; 30 mixed voices in chorus; novelties introduced in first part, all new; 2d half, reading and dances by Helen Sylvester, cornet solo by Master Carl Page, and a short farce, entitled "Manager's Troubles."

J. J. Hern's 8-piece orchestra will furnish the finest kind of music.

Mrs. H. E. Lord is to be the accompanist, and O. W. Stevens, director.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mind." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. Subject: "Crises and Character."
12 M., Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Evening Service. Series—"The I Ams of Jesus." The Way and the Truth and the Life.
Wednesday, at 4.15 P. M., Pastor's Class.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: Typical Israelites—Isaiah the Prophet.
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service. Subject: "The General Rules of Methodism."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "What Lack I Yet?"
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 5.15 P. M., Neighborhood Vesper Service in which Unitarians of Medford will join. Subject: "What Religion can do for us, intellectually and morally." Addresses by Rev. H. C. DeLong and Rev. H. C. Parker.

Married.

In this city, Feb. 8, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, George Frederick Barr and Minnie Eisner, both of Woburn.

In Brookline, Feb. 3, by Rev. George M. Gerrish, Charles Henry Kimball and Mrs. Sarah Ann (Hutchings) Gerrish, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices [illegible]

In this city, Feb. 7, Rose A. Murphy, aged 33 years, 9 months, 8 days.

In this city, Feb. 7, Peter Grento, aged 20 years.

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

The Way They Point---

Everything points to a big busy season with us. Just as real as is the magnet's attraction is the attraction of our goods and prices. No one can fail to appreciate values they can test. The needle always points to the pole, and the people always point to us for business.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches

Dalobe Farm CREAM 18c. Jar.

5c. allowed for empty jar when returned. This is the Best and also the Cheapest Cream on the market.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery Hous
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 108-6.

Pure Water!

One of the principal essentials in preserving health.

Cadwell's Crystal Spring Water

One of the purest and best in New England, especially recommended by physicians for rheumatism, kidney trouble, dyspepsia, and malaria.

Address C. H. CADWELL, Woburn, for Free Samples.

Strictly Home-Made
Caramels
CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.
JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 2998-3.

To Let.

House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.
Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms and furnace.
Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER, 4 Church Ave.

Removal.
DR. JOSEPH ASPRAY
Has moved his residence and office from 299 Main street to
55 1-2 PLEASANT STREET,
Mrs. Hudson's new house, where those needing his professional services will now find him.

Desk Room To Let
at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

The Best
Cough Reliever
Wild Cherry and Tar
COUGH BREAKER.
25 Cents.
PREPARED BY
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a. m. hourly until 9 45 p. m.; also 11 p. m., for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m., and hourly untill 10 30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m., hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12 15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a. m., hourly until 10 45 p. m., Billerica 7 39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Lawrence McGrath, Mary A. McGrath, Patrick McGrath, Kate McGrath and Almira C. LaPurl of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a duly existing Corporation, having a place of business at Boston, in the County of Suffolk and said Commonwealth, and Gershom L. Fall now or formerly of Malden, in said County of Middlesex, and Samuel Curry now or formerly of said Boston, or their heirs, devisees or legal representatives, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by James Kerr of said Boston, to register and confirm his title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Being on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue (formerly Railroad street) in the easterly part of said Woburn and bounded Northerly on said Montvale Avenue; easterly by land now or formerly of Lawrence McGrath, Trustee; southerly by land now or formerly of the Boston and Lowell Railroad; westerly by land now or formerly of LaPurl. Premises contain about one half acre.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the twenty-ninth day of February, A. D. 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year nineteen hundred and four.

Attest with Seal of said Court. [SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Hugh P Maguire, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased

WHEREAS, Catherine T. Maguire, the administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and final account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased, showing a balance due the accountant:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Hub Crumbs
better bread crumbs
makes all fried food better; saves time and work while cooking; as handy as salt to use; made of bread from our own ovens; totally different from other crumbs.
Makes better puddings. better stuffing. better fish-balls. Better Digestion.
10¢ 10¢
At your grocer's or S. S. Pierce Co. Cobb, Bates Yerxa Co.
Mrs. Howard's Cook Book and sample on request. 244 Purchase St. Boston Mass.

Literary Notices.

THE AMERICAN BOY for February with its title page showing boys snowballing, its skating story, The Honor of the School, its How to Hunt Muskrats, and its first chapter of a biography of Washington, is a model February number for a boy's paper. Other timely features are an illustrated article entitled Get Ready for the Flowers, written by Dr. Hugo Erichsen, a short biographical sketch of Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee, and a description of Tarbucket night, Connecticut's pet name for Washington's birthday, further chapters of Kirk Monroe's famous story, The Blue Dragon, the editor's Three Yankee Boys in Ireland, The Drawing Room Magician, and How to Become Strong appear in this number. Other stories which serve to make the paper one of the most interesting that has as yet appeared are The Life of Blackbird the Omaha, an Indian story; Spike Hennesey, a dog story; A Crack Military Company, telling of the Mountain Springs Rifles; A boy's voice and how to preserve and train it, Teaching boys and girls how to use both right and left hands, Quakers try to solve the Doukhobor problem, Uncle Sam's young men in King Menelik's court, A Winter Enterprise, A Prairie Adventure, On the Little Sweet Water, Through the ice on a duck hunt. The first half of a two-part article on How to make tackle for trout and bass fishing, by J. Harrington Keene, will attract the boys' attention. All the regular departments are well represented, viz: The prize contests, The Order of the American Boy, Stamps, coins and curios. The boy photographer Boys at home and school, Boy money makers and money savers, and The American Boy Lyceum, and a splendid puzzle department. $1.00 per year. The Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan.

WINCHESTER.

The 5th annual rollcall of the Baptist church will occur on Feb. 18

Chief of Police McIntosh entertained distinguished Androscoggin county (Me.) and Lewiston officials last week.

Our postmaster isn't worrying to any alarming extent over the investigations of the Department's "spies and informers." He isn't likely to be molested by them. McCall will look out for him.

There is but little stir in political circles in view of the near approach of Town Meeting. The nominating caucuses are to be held on Thursday evening, Feb. 18, when more life may possibly become apparent.

The Second Baptist church (colored) have a new pastor in the person of Rev. D. H. Mitchell. They worship in Waterfield Hall. A portion of the church have sloughed off and hold meetings at Cross street with Rev. Mr. Johnson as preacher.

Dr. B. T. Church, one of the hardest worked physicians in this town, and a highly popular gentleman, has been a member of the Board of Health continuously for the last 18 years, and is beginning to think he has done his part of public service. He is not desirous of a reelection next month and in this respect differs from a large majority of the people. He has been a valuable member of the Board, and it is not likely that his "no for an answer" will be accepted at the Town Meeting.

Boston Theatres.

AUSTIN & STONE'S.

At Austin & Stone's Museum in Boston are the wonderful Hovarth Midgets, said to be the smallest people on earth. The tallest of the five is Princess Rosie, who stands 20 inches high and is 24 years old. The most diminutive of the quintet is Count Ferry, who is 20 years old and whose height is 16 inches. All of the midgets are intelligent, accomplished and speak several languages. They have appeared before the crowned heads of Europe, by whom they have been remembered with valuable gifts and trophies. Women and children especially will find the midgets a fascinating as well as wonderful attraction.

Basket Ball.

The Methodist Episcopal church Gymnasium is now fully armed and equipped for Basket Ball, and all its variations. Its Physical Director, who knows the whole business from start to finish, has organized it to take the place of the class drill, and below is given the result.

The Gym is growing in popularity every day, and as an agency for furnishing young people with a clean, healthy amusement the benefit of its influence cannot be overestimated. The teams are as follows:

For Seniors:

Team 1—H. McDonald, Capt.; Ralph Munroe, Howard Woods, John Fitzgerald, Neil Duggan.

Team 2—J. I. Peters, Capt.; Fred Taylor, Rowan Parker, Walter Danforth, Harold Waters.

Team 3—A. L. Brown, Capt; Robert Beaton, Clifford Trull, John Purtell, Lorraine Duncan.

Team 4—Miles Brown, Capt.; Chauncey Nichols, Edward Caldwell, Hammet Weldon, James Bryenton.

Team 5—John McKittrick, Capt.; John Winchester, James H. Hoy.

Team 6—Elmer Waters, Capt.; Harry Dow, E. M. Walsh, John Halladay, Everett Dickinson.

Team 7—Harry Little, Capt.; Warren Ray, Robert Stanley, Robert Tillotson, James Wood.

Team 8—J. Thompson, Capt.; W. Emery, S. B. Loomer, Hiram West, E. Woodside.

From the juniors the following have been selected:

Team 1—Earl True, Capt.; Elwyn Fowle, Elwyn Daw, George Wyer, Robert Portal.

Team 2—Sidney Beggs, Capt.; Allen Prior, Charles Trull, Harry Leathe, Harold Marion.

Team 3—Arthur Ray, Capt.; Harold Richardson, Carl Brooks, William Hooper, Edward Cottle.

Team 4—Ward Brown, Capt.; Norman Francis, Eugene Place, Ralph Johnson, Charles Munroe.

No. 5—Willie Estabrook, Captain; Chas. G. Lund, B. H. Nichols, David Bailey, Chester Caldwell, Clifford Soles.

The schedule of games for the senior tournament is as follows:—

Feb. 13—The winners from Feb. 6 games.
Feb. 16—The winners from games of Feb. 9.
March 3—First night of opening exhibition when champion team will play Boston Y. M. C. A. 2nd team.

CLEANLINESS
HEALTH
HAPPINESS

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS

is the only perfect GERMICIDAL CLEANER which will prepare the first, upon which the other two depend. It is unequalled for removing dirt, filth, and unsanitary conditions; destroying foul, poisonous odors, etc., and every thing which makes for disease. Look for above Trade Mark. Avoid cheap, inferior (just as good) imitations and substitutes.

HOME-MADE
Candy Sale
BY LEND-A-HAND CLUB
At Copeland & Bowser's,
Saturday, February 13,
At two o'clock.

O. B. SANBORN,
Furniture and Piano Moving,
Jobbing of all kinds.
Out of town moving a specialty. Storage for furniture. All mail orders promptly attended to. Telephone connection, 103-7.
Residence, - 117 Montvale Ave.
WOBURN

The Hardiness of Trees.

An expert nurseryman says the hardiness or nonhardiness of trees depends largely upon where the seeds from which the trees in question sprang came from. Satisfactory results are seldom experienced by planting a seed obtained from the sunny south, say. By planting seeds generally farther north, however, trees may be at length hardened and acclimated until a seed from such a tree may be reasonably expected to thrive and mature its fruits.

Trees, like people, acquire their habits from the climate in which they live. The northern tree knows instinctively when the time has come to ripen its fruits. The southern tree follows the same instinct, being in no hurry, as there is little likelihood of real cold. With transplantings farther north its habit changes.

The great trouble with most people is that they want to jump a tree from south to north at one move. This same idea is evident in the attempt to bring various fruit trees from Russia to the northern United States.

Apples and plums from the land of the great white czar have taken kindly to the below zero conditions of the gentle Dakotas.—Philadelphia Record.

Queer Korean Ways.

The women of the commonalty are voluble and vixenish and ever ready to slap a handful of stars into the eyes of a husband or into those of a timid and shrinking tourist should the occasion arise. The women of the upper class are rigorously excluded from masculine eyes, and a hearty vote of thanks is due the committee who fathered this unwritten law. The dainty little Japanese musmee, teetering along in sandals or on wooden geta, is a genuine relief to the eye after a view of the uncomely Korean woman.

Until Korean boys are married and acquire the pseudo dignity of the topknot their hair is worn girl fashion in twin plaits down their backs. So much do they resemble girls that it is sometimes difficult to determine the sex, and one is oftentimes uncommonly surprised to observe what he is positive are two girls sprawling and viciously fighting in a Korean street.—Outing.

A Wife's Stratagem.

A London journal tells an admirable story of beauteous Kesa, who loved her husband, but who was herself sought by her wicked and powerful cousin, Molito. Knowing that Molito would take her husband's life unless circumvented by guile, she laid a terrible plot. Summoning Molito, she told him that on a certain night her husband would be sleeping in a certain room and that she intended to unloosen his hair so that under no circumstances could he be mistaken for another man. On the night in question Molito entered the room, severed the sleeper's head with his sword and, holding it up to the moon by the hair—beheld the face of Kesa herself.

Customs of Colliers' Wives.

The wives of north country colliers observe a very touching and pathetic custom when an accident occurs in the pit. Directly it is known to the wife of a collier that an accident has happened in the pit where her husband works and that his fate is uncertain she throws open the house door, and, however inclement the weather may be, she keeps the door open and a candle burning in the window, night and day, till the man is brought home, dead or alive. In some cases the door has remained open and the candle alight during several weeks.—London Chronicle.

A Strict Grammarian.

"You think a great deal of your husband, don't you?" said the visiting relative.

"You have the wrong preposition," answered Mr. Meekton's wife, with the cold tones of the superior woman. "I think for him."—Washington Star.

More to the Point.

Hicks—I suppose you heard that our house was robbed?

Wicks—Yes. I understand the way the thieves ransacked the place simply beggared description.

Hicks—Not only that, but it very nearly beggared me.—Exchange.

As Wasps Do.

Jinks—I'll never get into an argument with him again. He's entirely too bitter.

Winks—Is he really?

Jinks—Oh, a regular wasp.

Winks—I see. He always carries his point.—Catholic Standard.

A MOUSE THAT "SINGS."

Man Who Caught It Says It Warbles Like a Canary.

Singing mice are rare, but a correspondent writes from Yorkshire asking whether we can give him any information about a specimen he captured.

He adds, "It has been warbling just like a canary for the last month in our workshop, and although I have it in a cage it still continues to sing."

That mice do occasionally "sing" is undeniable. Some observers say that their "song" is softer, sweeter and more delicate than that of the canary, which one can believe quite easily. Others go so far as to compare it to that of a warbler or even a piping bullfinch. But the question as to why they lift up their voices in this tuneful manner still remains to be answered.

Three explanations have been suggested:

First.—That all mice are potential vocalists and can learn to sing, by imitation, from singing birds.

Second.—That many mice possess an exceptional talent for mimicry, together with a keen sense of the ludicrous.

Third.—That some mice are subject to bronchitis and that the so called "song" is only the wheezing of rodents which suffer from the distressing complaint.

A certain amount of color is given to the last theory by the fact that a mouse which was caught by the neck in a wire trap not sufficiently strong to kill it "sang" while its throat was under compression, but never again during its subsequent life as a captive.—London Mail.

JADE AS MEDICINE.

It Is Used In Various Ways For Many Diseases In China.

Everything in China of any rarity whatever is certain to be dragged into the pharmacopoeia of the Chinese physician. Jade is no exception to the rule. It may be swallowed as a powder or in little pieces the size of hemp seed for various stomachic complaints. Even pockmarks and scars may be obliterated by being daily rubbed with a piece of pure jade. It is also considered to be of a moist nature, and we read of an imperial favorite of the eighth century who was cured of excessive thirst by holding a fish shaped jade in her mouth. And so when the tomb of the great commander, Ts'ao Ts'ao, third century, A. D., was opened 200 years after his death, among the usual objects found in such circumstances was a large silver bowl full of water. That the water had not dried up was accounted for by the presence in the bowl of a jade boy three feet in height.

Jade is chiefly brought from the K'un-lun, or Koulkun, range, between the desert of Gobi and Tibet; from Khoten or Ilchi in Yarkand, and from Lan-t'ien, on the Belurtagh mountains, still farther to the west. In the tenth century, A. D., the latter was actually known as the Jade hills district, though it does not appear that any jade has ever been found there.—Professor Herbert A. Giles in Nineteenth Century.

St. Patrick's Purgatory.

Mediaeval songs and legends, which are rich in all sorts of mythical and fantastical lore, locate the entrance to St. Patrick's famous "purgatory" on the island of Lough Derg, Ireland. The opening itself was through a cave, the existence of which was revealed to the saint by Christ, who informed the good Patrick that any one with the moral courage to go down into the cavern would be saved the pangs of the real "purgatory" after death. Patrick built a monastery at the entrance of his earthly "purgatory" and secured the way to the pit by an iron gate provided with strong chains and locks of peculiar and intricate workmanship. Lough Derg, next to Jerusalem, was the most celebrated spot on earth during the middle ages. Thousands visited "purgatory" every year, and the whole island had the appearance of a populous city.

Reversible Snakes In India.

A snake not often heard of, at least in America, is the liver colored snake with two heads, or perhaps they should be called mouths, though it does not have two mouths at the same time. They are reversible mouths, occupying the opposite end every six months. It lies with the two ends crossed on each other, as with folded hands. Every six months the change of the seasons reverses the functions of the two ends, the head becoming the tail and the tail becoming the head. The mouth at one end heals or closes up all but a small opening, while the opposite end becomes the mouth for the next six months.

Breton Children.

The Breton children are pious, superstitious, stolid, strong, patient and very thorough. The girls are intelligent and interesting. They are the mainstays of the family. A child of ten undertakes to superintend both household work and the farm. The boys are more or less stupid, handsome, bronze faced country urchins. Bee culture seems to be the favorite occupation of the Breton boy. The insects will come at his bidding and will even cover him from head to foot without stinging.

Turning Away Wrath.

"I don't believe you love me any more," pouted she.

"I couldn't," replied he.

After thinking it over she smiled and told him she could make the same old dress do another season.—Houston Post.

Could Not Guarantee Them.

"Have you any eggs?" inquired the customer.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "I can bring you some eggs, but I want you to remember that this is a ten cent lunch counter."—Chicago Tribune.

The Trouble.

"I wonder why Mr. Oldbow goes to see Miss Frocks after she has rejected him so emphatically," remarked Hojack.

"Just to pass away the time," suggested Tomdik.

"But the reason he was refused was that he had already passed away too much time."—Detroit Free Press.

Rather Deeply.

"Does young Squiggles go much into society?"

"Not now. But he did when he first came here. He got into it about $2,700, thanks to his pleasing manners and his power of touch."—Chicago Tribune.

Paying For It.

"Before I was married," said the confirmed pessimist, "I spent my money on candy, and as the result I now have to spend it on my wife's dentist bills."—Portland Oregonian.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—O'Connell.

Things Japan Has Not.

In a book on Japan Douglas Staden recounts the things that the Japanese have not. They have no bread, no beds, no boots and shoes, no trousers for the men, no petticoats for the women. This sounds alarming, but both sexes wear instead several dressing gowns, one over the other—the kimonos of commerce. In their houses they have no windows, no doors, no walls, no ceilings, no chests of drawers, not even a washing stand, and the wardrobe is only a lot of boxes piled one on top of another. In the kitchens they have no range, no pots, no pans, no flour bins, no flour, no kitchen tables. But, then, they have no tables or chairs in the drawing room, and in the real native house the drawing room itself is only a lot of bedrooms with their walls taken down. There is no reason why you should find anything in a Japanese house except mats and a charcoal stove for warming your fingers and the teapot and committing suicide. Japan is full of cherry trees and plum trees, but they do without fruit. The cherries are used for the blossoms and the plums for hanging poems on.

Men and Animals In Water.

The animal has no advantage in any way in water over man, and yet the man drowns, while the animal swims. The dog, the horse, the cow and even the cat all take to the water and are able to walk as they do when out of water. Throw a dog into the stream, and at once he begins to walk just as he does on dry land. Why should a man, woman or child act differently under like circumstances?

It seems strange that people have to be told to do what the animals do instinctively and instantly. Man's ignorance of so simple a thing as treading water is remarkable. It is without reason or excuse. There is a popular notion afloat that in some way the dog and other animals have an advantage over man in water. Nothing could be further from the truth. The advantage lies with man, who is provided with a paddle formed hand and knows enough to float when tired, something the animal rarely or never does.

Ancient Sports Among the Hebrews.

Pigeons as letter carriers, tradition tells us, were employed at the time when Joshua invaded Palestine as mediums of communication between headquarters and camps in lands far off on the other side of the Jordan. At the time of the Talmud they were used in amusing games. The Talmud tells us that betting was indulged in at the pigeon play. The owner of the pigeon which reached first the point designated was the winner.

Another play connected with betting was the kubya. Kubya means a small pot (Arabic kubeia, small glass). The kubya was a little pot wherein dice were shaken and thrown upon the table. The dice were numbered as our modern ones are. Against these two games the Talmud was in arms, and their players were not allowed to appear as witnesses before the bar.

Columbus and the Gulf Stream.

It is curious to note in the history of the gulf stream how great its influence has been on the fortunes of the new world. Before the discovery of America strange woods and fruits were frequently found on the shores of Europe and off lying islands. Some of these were seen and examined by Columbus, and to his thoughtful mind they were confirming evidence of the fact that strange lands were not far to the westward. These woods were carried by the gulf stream and by the prevailing winds from the American continent, so that in part the gulf stream is responsible for the discovery of the new world.

Washing Off the Russian.

England is always glad to get another citizen, but sometimes she goes about it in a strange manner, according to the Springfield Republican. A sailor deserted from a Russian battleship and joined an English crew on a faraway island. He told them that he was tired of the rule of the czar and wanted to become an English citizen. They were at a loss how to naturalize him, but finally each one threw a bucket of water on him and so washed off the Russian.

A Tart Retort.

In arguing a case in an English court the late Frederic Rene Coudert, whose wit was rapier-like, took occasion to deprecate the legal learning of Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon, whom his opponent was quoting. The trial judge took timid exception to this. "I have read his opinions," he said, "and I have often wished I knew as much law as he did." "I wish you did!" retorted Coudert.

Long Range Prayer.

The Swiss mountaineers have a custom of calling through speaking trumpets at dusk each evening, "Praise the Lord God!" This call may be started by one herdsman and is answered by others from neighboring peaks, the sound being much prolonged as it reverberates from one mountain to another. After a short interval, supposedly devoted to prayer, a herdsman calls in the same manner, "Good night!" this, too, being repeated by his fellows. Then all retire to their huts. The impressiveness of these calls, echoing and re-echoing from rock and mountain to mountain, can easily be imagined.

Asking a Great Deal.

"Yes, sir," said the lady principal of the college for girls, "we are proud of the thorough athletic training we give our students. We see that they have every attention from competent instructors and develop their physique along with their intellect."

"Um—yes!" observed the father. "You make them strong and lively, do you?"

"That is one of our chief aims."

"Well, do you think you could educate Lizzie here so that in time she will be strong enough to help her mother do the dishwashing when the cook is on strike?"

The Pansy and the Butterfly.

She was a pansy. There she stood in the great garden of Japan, coquettishly fanning herself with a leaf. And he was a butterfly, a handsome fellow. Daily he flew to her to embrace her slender form and to kiss the tears away the night had left upon her brow. Wah Hu, the gardener, one day espied the beautiful flower, and soon the pansy found herself installed amid the most luxurious surroundings in the dressing room of the geisha. There she rested in the costly cloisonne vase. And she longed for her mother, the earth, and her father, the great sun, and her lover, the butterfly. No more tears bedewed her eyes. Her soul left her, she pined away, and one day she died. And the butterfly who missed her—well, he found another pansy.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Shopping In Japan.

Japanese ceremoniousness makes it a serious matter going to a Japanese shop unless you are going to buy silk handkerchiefs—the only things foreigners buy often enough to spoil the manners of the shopkeeper. You get out of your rickshaw, and the rickshaw boy explains your high and mightiness. Then all the attendants in the shop salaam till you wish they would get up and let you catch their eye and explain what you want. When they do get up the Japanese equivalent of the shopwalker and three or four counter jumpers in rotation ask you to repeat your order while they offer you five cups of tea. It is Japanese tea, and there is no milk or sugar, but you can have salted cherry blossoms if you want if it is a good shop. This is the Japanese way of offering the customer a drink. Good Japanese shops contain nothing except the attendants. When you have got as far as explaining what you want the proprietor gives orders to attendants. Off they go at a run—good servants always run—and bring back the goods tied up in faded green silk handkerchiefs or green cotton cloths.

His Little Bill.

When Brander Matthews went to his club one evening, according to the Bookman, he went to the letter box and looked through the compartment marked "M" and found therein a very peremptory dun from a tailor. Mr. Matthews was puzzled, as he had had no dealings with the insistent tailor, until he again looked at the envelope and found that he had unwittingly opened a letter belonging to another member of the club; so he put the bill back in the envelope and returned it to the compartment. As Mr. Matthews was turning to go he noticed the member for whom the bill was intended coming toward the letter box. A minute later he came into the reading room, where Mr. Matthews was sitting with several others. Taking from its envelope the bill, he read it attentively for a few minutes, sighed, tore it into bits, then, with a wink and the leer of an invincible conqueror, commented, "Poor, silly little girl."

The Fable In Russia.

This fable, dealing with the fall of Witte, the Russian finance minister, is related in a brochure entitled "A Glance at the Secrets of Russian Policy," published at Vienna: "The czar dreamed the following singular dream: He saw three cows, one fat, one lean and one blind. The next day he sent for the metropolitan Palladius and begged him to explain the dream, but the metropolitan declined. The czar then sent for Father John of Kronstadt and made the same request of him. Father John stroked his long curly hair with his hand and made reply in the following words: 'Your majesty, I understand your dream in this way: The fat cow is the finance minister, the lean one is the Russian people and the blind one'—'Don't be afraid. Go on,' said the czar. 'The blind cow is your majesty!'"

Leaves and Colors.

Bright colors assumed by maples, sumacs and ampelopsis during the autumn months are the result of the oxidizing of the color compounds, or color generators, of the leaf cells. Long protracted cool weather is most favorable to the production of autumn tints, and slight frosts that are not severe enough to kill the cells hasten the display of beauty by producing an enzyme that brings forth the bright purples, oranges and reds. Leaves containing much tannic acid never give bright autumn tints, while those containing sugar give the very prettiest.

The Dangers of Fox Hunting.

Crowds "go hunting," but few ride to hounds, so statistics are absolutely useless. Of the thrusters, the ones who come to grief least, are the sportsmen who keep their eye on the leading hound and try to land on his tail every time. The golden rule is: Throw your heart over first, and then you and your horse and the leading dog and the fox are certain to be in the same field. It is level money which of you gets killed first.—London Mail.

Not Guilty.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" asked the reporter.

"My which?" queried the oldest inhabitant.

"Your longevity," repeated the reporter.

"Never had it. As far as I can remember I ain't never had such a complaint."

A Grand Success.

Mrs. De Style—I've got ahead of Mrs. De Fashion for the first time. Husband—How? Mrs. De Style—At Mrs. De Fashion's last party two of the guests fainted, but at my grand reception last night the crush was so great that six of the ladies had to be carried out, and one had to have a doctor.

The Maids.

Mrs. Ascum—I'm surprised to find you looking for another servant. I thought you engaged one yesterday. Mrs. Hiram Offen—Oh, she's a lady's maid. She merely waits on me. I'm looking for another one to wait on her.—Catholic Standard.

Ingenious and Effective.

"Three new families have moved into the neighborhood," she said, "and I want to find out who they are, but it would be beneath my dignity to go chasing about the neighborhood. I'll just invite Mrs. Gossip to dinner."—Chicago Post.

When Woman Is Growing Old.

When a woman gets so she doesn't care about the size of her feet and turns her attention entirely to her soul, you can set it down that old age is creeping on.—Pendleton (Ore.) Guide.

Good Play of a Golf Enthusiast.

"The Wilkie shot is what we call a special stroke in the game of golf," said a New Orleans man. "This stroke is so called all over the south and was given its name because it was made by a man named Wilkie, a member of the New Orleans Golf club.

"It was one of the prettiest plays I ever saw and was made during a match. Wilkie drove off from the ninth hole, and his ball landed in a small creek, which was one of the hazards in the course. The ball was lighter than the water and floated. To take it out and begin play over again meant the loss of two strokes and the hole, so Wilkie waded into the water, which was about two feet deep, and played the ball from there. He made a pretty stroke and was on the green, making it in two. He holed out in three, which is bogey for that hole. It was a cold day, and that water was not pleasant, but the act gained Wilkie lasting fame, and his stroke will always be with us be called a Wilkie shot."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HOME
SAVINGS BANK
Incorporated 1869.
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE
Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000
Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours. Every business day 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles
— AND —
Food Products.
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Also, a new and well selected stock of
GROCERIES.
W. J. Buckman
No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 104-7.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's celebrated
High Life Coffee
AND
Winslow Chop Tea
FOR SALE AT
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
We give Green Stamps.
Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn
Telephone 103—2.

..Are..
You Particular
About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.
Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29-4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks.
Undertaker
AND
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

I WILL PAY CASH
ABOVE THE MORTGAGE
FOR ANY HOUSE
ANYWHERE
ALLEN, 10 TREMONT ST.,
BOSTON.
TELEPHONE: 4339-3 Main.

J. E. Herrick, Jr
BUILDER.
Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Office: 439 Main St., Woburn
SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.
Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.
Two Modern Flats.
Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent low.
Write to JOHN W. SHAW, 15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.
Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

'TWIXT LOVE AND DEATH

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

If Millie had not worn her blue gown the story might have been different. Whether it was the color or the fluff of it or the way it clung to and molded her slim suppleness, nobody could say, but the fact was patent, somehow it transformed her from a very pretty girl into an elfland queen. Millie was, you see, a Spanish blond, with velvet dark eyes and hair of the palest gold. Small wonder in the blue gown she swept John Eustace off his feet and made him forget some things he ought to have remembered.

His betrothed, Alice Ellison, for example. Alice was as good as her plentiful gold, but stubby, dull colored and on the surface dull witted. She was, above all things, dutiful. Duty was indeed the early root of her love for John. If she had not happened to be born, the Ellison fortune would have gone to John's father, Ellison Eustace. Her father had married in a fit of pique when he was on the edge of seventy. He lived to see his daughter nine years old and to impress upon her that she must marry her second cousin and so keep the money in the Ellison blood.

John, five years older than Alice, had accepted his fate philosophically. Until chance flung Millie across his path he had never repined. An only child and motherless, he had grown up his father's intimate comrade. Thus women, especially young women, had never worn for him the roseate glamour of unschooled youth. Still his father had by no means tried to put an old head upon young shoulders nor to breed in his son contempt for womankind. It was only that love and women were pushed to the background, reckoned mere episodes beside the rush and scurry of truly manly pursuits. Marriage was honorable in all men—marriage with Alice would be thrice honorable, safe and profitable. Thus when she came to eighteen John had a certain satisfaction in putting the ring upon her finger and even chafed a little over the fact that by her father's express desire she was to stay single until she was one and twenty.

He honestly believed himself in love and truly felt for her a tender fondness that had begun when, a sturdy little lad, he had guided her tottering baby steps. He meant always to guide, guard and cherish her as became a gentleman, even though in his swelling visions of the future she was no more than a dumb, submissive shade. If she would never be a brilliant figure still less would she be one of whom a husband must needs be ashamed. Indeed he was altogether a little more than content with the ordering of things until six months before his wedding day he came under Millie's spell.

He saw her first upon a spring morning full of hot, shining and languid ruffling airs. Dew still sparkled on the grass, and overhead in the green gold of new leafage robins fluted delicately the joy of life and love. To his enchanted eyes Millie embodied the shining, the bird song, the softness of the south wind, the warmth of the sun. What they said is immaterial. For two hours they walked together over the ragged lawn turf or stood in rapt contemplation of newly open roses. And then in a safe seclusion of greenest shade he drew her within his arms and kissed her, not lightly, but as one who takes what is supremely his own.

Then followed a heavenly fortnight. Eustace masterfully pushed out of his mind all thought that might mar this new bliss. He rarely spoke his love and after that first kiss was sparing of demonstration. There was no need of it when each understood so perfectly what was in the other's heart. Yet at the end of every day's comradery Eustace had a sense of something impending ever drawing nearer. He refused to let himself look further than the next day's end, but somehow, somewhere, he knew he would be called to pay a bitter scot.

His chiefest care was for Millie. No harm must touch her, however it fared with him. She was so young, so innocently gay, so innocently foolish, he was doubly bound to protect her, even against himself. It was heaven to see her bloom and sparkle at his approach. She left herself so artlessly undefended now and again there came a lump in his throat. A man who could speak, who could even think, lightly of her would deserve death twice over.

So the idyl drifted through hours sunlit and starlit. Perhaps it was some ill star in its course that brought home Joe Cantrell, Millie's brother, who lived out in the big world and knew its ways. He came unannounced just as dusk fell down, making his way through the devious side path all tangled with sweet shrubs. When Millie met him a little later, her eyes were starlike, her cheeks of damask bloom; but sight of her could not win him from icy anger. He never explained anything. "You will be ready to go back with me two days hence," he said, frowning heavily. Millie got very white, but went silently toward the stair foot. As she was mounting it her brother said, with a taunting laugh, "Next time you choose to kiss and fondle a man take care that I am not in sight or that he is not engaged to marry another woman."

She knelt, shivering, by her bedside until she heard him go out after a leisurely supper. And she was still kneeling when he came in, stamping heavily, well toward midnight. He stopped beside her father's high black secretary, flung down the lid with a bang, then after a minute came upstairs, still moving ponderously. But his footsteps did not mask another sound—the clicking of pistol locks. Intuitively she understood—he had strolled over to the Country club, picked a quarrel with Eustace and would have him out at daybreak next morning.

No thought of appeal to him stirred in her. Instead there came a firm determination matching his own. She knew her name had not been mentioned in the quarrel quite as well as she knew herself its real root. The men must not fight. She could not have her brother's blood upon her conscience, still less her lover's. There was but one way to stop them, a way bitterer than death; still she set her feet toward it unfaltering.

She got up and sat by the window, watching with noteless eyes the wheeling stars, the waning moonlight. But at the first pale dawn light she was tensely alive. Below she heard a stealthy stir, the cautious opening of a door, with muffled voices and cautious steps outside. She got up and crept to her brother's room. Lighted candles still glittered there. Upon the table there was a brief will, the ink not dry in the heavily scrawled signature. Beside it was a briefer statement: "Let it be understood of all men if I die I shall have died in a man's quarrel founded on no personal grudge, but resenting unjust aspersions upon my native state." She almost smiled over it. The native state counted to Joe for so very little in the ordinary course of life.

Twenty minutes later, just as the sun peeped over rimming trees, she came out in a little clearing upon a wooded hilltop and saw two men standing weapon in hand, face to face, ten yards apart. Three other men a little way off had scared, white faces, but neither combatant had lost wholesome color. Millie sprang between them, white as a dawn wraith, but with eyes like glowing coals. She flung up her arms and said clearly: "Fire, gentlemen! If anybody deserves death, I do!"

"Millie! Go back!" Joe Cantrell thundered. Eustace dropped his pistol and leaped to the girl's side. In her ear he whispered brokenly: "Darling, let him kill me. It is the best way out of it all!"

Millie shrank from him a little. "There is no need for bloodshed," she said. Then, raising her voice so the seconds could hear: "I call all here to witness that I have not been deceived. I knew at the very first of John Eustace's betrothal. We have done no wrong to anybody. We—we love each other because we cannot help it. Oh, it is hard that my own brother brings me to such open shame!"

"Come home," Cantrell said roughly, flinging away his pistol and clutching her arm. Eustace caught the other hand, saying: "Stay with me, Millie. The whole world may go if I have you!"

"Goodby," Millie said, drawing away her hand. "I shall love you always, John, but your wife need not be jealous."

* * * * * * *

By the strange orderings of fate that was a true word. John Eustace went straight to Alice and told her all the truth. She gave him back his freedom and would have given him half her money only he would not have it. But he could not persuade Millie to marry him until Joe, the masterful, had wooed and won Alice Ellison and her fortune.

Lord Roberts' Dish of Ortolans.

When Lord Roberts was out in India he went to visit a hill station where there was much difficulty in securing a variety of food. In fact, as far as meat went, the officers were practically reduced to living on ortolans, which, as every one knows, are tiny birds much esteemed as a table delicacy. On the evening on which the commander in chief arrived he was asked what he would like for breakfast. "What is there?" asked the visitor. "Well," was the answer, "we have ortolans." "That will do," replied Lord Roberts. "Let me have some ortolans." Now, the officer who superintended these matters was in the habit of going out every morning and shooting his own ortolans, but as he was busy on this occasion with extra parade and staff duties he gave his gun and cartridges to his "boy," bidding him go out and shoot as many ortolans as possible for breakfast. The "boy" went off and after a time returned, not with dainty ortolans, but with common hedge sparrows. There was nothing for it but to serve them up, and when the cover was removed, lo and behold, thirty sparrows cooked on toast! The commander in chief, it is said, ate four of them with a good appetite and without making any observations.—London M. A. P.

Very Easy For Her.

A "woman's reason," with all its traditional lack of logic, came out in an amusing fashion at a recent dinner party in Brooklyn.

In the course of the evening the conversation drifted around to those odd little mathematical bits of the "How old is Ann?" variety, when one of the company, with explanations that the next problem would not be a very difficult one, questioned as follows:

"If a bottle and a cork together cost $1.10 and the bottle cost a dollar more than the cork, how much did the cork cost?"

Almost instantly one of the ladies was ready with the answer:

"Why, the cork cost 5 cents and the bottle $1.05. That's too easy."

The lady's husband, familiar through years of experience with her woeful lack of skill in figures, looked up in astonishment.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "How did you come to get that so soon?"

"Why, my dear," was the reply, "corks always cost 5 cents, don't they?"—New York Times.

Dinner Time.

Englishmen in Queen Elizabeth's time dined at 11 a. m., and Shakespeare rang up the curtain at the Globe theater at 1 p. m., the performance ending between 5 and 6 o'clock. By the time of Charles II. dinner had advanced to 1 o'clock and the play began at 3 p. m., as Pepys records. A century later Horace Walpole complained of dinner being as late as 4 o'clock and evening not beginning until 6 o'clock. Up to the middle of the last century theaters opened at 6:30, dinner being proportionately earlier.

Sounds.

The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards through the air, the noise of a railway train 2,800 yards, the report of a musket 1,800 yards, an orchestra or the roll of a drum 1,600 yards and the human voice reaches to a distance of 1,000 yards. Distinct speaking is heard in the air from below to a distance of 600 yards; from above it is only understood to have a range of 100 yards downward.

Cheaper to Move.

"I am told the Stimlers have but $5,000 a year."

"What are they going to do with it?"

"Going abroad."

"Why?"

"They can't afford to stay at home and keep up with their set."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stupid Man!

Mrs. Ascum—But why didn't you buy the material if you liked it? Mrs. Nurich—The salesman said it was domestic dress goods. Mrs. Ascum—Well? Mrs. Nurich—You don't suppose I'd wear anything meant for domestics, do you?—Philadelphia Press.

Made Quite Plain.

"Say, pa, it says here in 'Lady Clare,' 'I trow they did not part in scorn.' What does 'I trow' mean?"

"That's the poetic way of saying 'you bet.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Mourner.

Mike—Did ye attind Casey's funeral? Pat—Oi did. Mike—Was ye wan av th' mourners? Pat—Oi was; somebody stole me hat.

A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or **falling of the womb.** The words sounded like a knell to me, I felt that my sun had set; but **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily, and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—MRS. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

"FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN."

Women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear. It is free, and has put thousands of women on the right road to recovery.

Horse Sense.

My maternal great-grandfather, Van der Meerschaut, had a little Cossack horse captured from the Russian invaders in 1814. The old gentleman was lame in one leg as the result of a hunting accident, but withal a good horseman when once in the saddle. When out on his trips in the country on business and coming home at night, he would frequently fall asleep in his commodious Cossack saddle. The horse would make a bee line for home at an easy but swift pace. Arriving there, it would rap at the front door with its foot until the watchman would open the porch and take the old gentleman out of the saddle. My grandmother told me this happened almost every week. Horse and master understood each other. Not being able to walk very well, he would hunt from horseback, the horse following the setters and coming to a standstill when one of them was on a point, the old gentleman guiding him entirely by pressure of the knees and voice and having both hands free for his fowling piece. The horse died of old age on the place, as most of our servants. Peace to his ashes!—Forest and Stream.

Humiliating a Bull.

A magnificent red bull owned by an English farmer had an unpleasant notoriety as a man killer. A strip of oak board had therefore been bound firmly across his forehead, and on this as an added insult to the monarch of the herd was painted "Dangerous." When the beast held his muzzle to the sky he could see in front of him, but the moment he lowered his head for mischief or grazing all view except of his own forefeet was cut off. "Clambering one day down a tor near his haunts," says a writer, "I came on a stretch of level green. In the center of this sat an imperturbable artist painting, and round him in furious tangents charged the ineffectual bull. Up went the beast's head while aim was taken under the board at this disturber of the solitude, but then, with lowered horns, the plank again shut the bull into a mistaken memory of where his target was. The painter said he had spent half a morning in flight and the next half in laughter."

A Clause In Napoleon's Will.

Peter the Great is said to have made a will in which he exhorted his heirs to approach as nearly as possible to Constantinople and toward India, but the authenticity of this document has been disputed, and it is shrewdly suspected to have been forged late in the eighteenth century by August von Kotzebue. Of the genuineness, however, of the last will and testament of Napoleon I. there can be no manner of doubt. One of its clauses was as vindictive as the testamentary injunction of Queen Austrigilda to her husband to have her two doctors killed and buried with her.

The exile of Longwood absolutely bequeathed 10,000 francs to a fellow called Cantillon, who had been tried in Paris for an attempt to murder the Duke of Wellington. The man was still surviving in Brussels when Napoleon III. came to the throne, and Cantillon was duly paid his legacy.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

TRADE MARK.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

DUODECIMALISMS.

In Theory the Number 12 Is a Better Unit Than Is 10.

Herbert Spencer was ever opposed to the metric system. He was no such fool as to call the present British reckoning in pounds, shillings and pence satisfactory. His point was that the number 12 was a better unit than 10. Twelve is twice divisible where 10 is only once divisible. One-quarter of 10 is 2½, not an integral number. There are other reasons, based upon the observed workings of the human mind, all tending to show that to reckon in dozens is more natural than to reckon in tens as soon as man grows beyond the finger counting stage.

In scientific duodecimalism new characters would have to be designed for 10 and 11, while 12 itself would be written 10. The number now called 144 would be written as 100, and 1,728 would be 1,000. The present number 100 would be 84. In the course of a hundred years or so, when people had got used to it, the duodecimal system would be just as convenient as the decimal. Twelve inches would make a foot, twelve feet a rod, and so on.

In theory duodecimalism is sound.

But it is not an easy thing to change a people's standards of money, weights and measures.—New York World.

WASHINGTON'S METHODS.

The Way the Father of His Country Conducted Receptions.

Presidential receptions at the White House nowadays are vastly different from those given by the Father of His Country when he was at the head of the government. Philadelphia was then the scene. The president rented a house at Sixth and Market streets for $3,000 a year and dressed himself much more elaborately than he had for similar occasions in New York.

On the occasion of a presidential reception a chosen few were admitted and formed a circle around the reception room. Then the president made the round, favoring each with a formal bow and a few words. Then he returned to his position before the fireplace, and they in turn were conducted to him, bowed and retired.

There was no handshaking, his hands "being so bestowed as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands." At these levees our first president shone, too, in the matter of dress. Washington is described as resplendent in black velvet, silver knee and shoe buckles, long black silk stockings, his powdered hair tied in a silk bag or cue behind. He wore yellow gloves and held a cocked hat in his hand.—Exchange.

WEEPING AT A WEDDING.

A Chinese Marriage Is a Moist and Solemn Ceremony.

A Chinese marriage is a solemn ceremony—no talk, no levity and much crying. The solemnity of a funeral prevails. After the exchange of presents the bride is dressed with much care in a red gown—brocade or silk, if she can get it; her eyelashes are painted a deep black, and she wears a heavy red veil attached to a scarlet headdress from which imitation pearls hang over the forehead. A feast is spread upon a table, to which the blushing bride is led by five of her friends. They are seated at the table, but no one eats. Deep silence prevails, when finally the mother starts crying, the maids follow, and the bride joins in the chorus. Then all the bridesmaids leave the table, and the disconsolate mother takes a seat beside the chair of state, where the bride sits. The bridegroom now enters with four of his men friends. The men pick up the throne on which the bride sits and, preceded by the bridegroom, form in procession and walk around the room or into an adjoining room, signifying that he is carrying her away to his own home. The guests then throw rice at the happy couple, a custom we have borrowed from them.

Macedonian Girls.

In Macedonia girls usually marry at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and a husband will pay £15 to £20 for a wife if she is a good reaper and expert at housework and spinning. When girls from the villages marry townsmen no money is paid, the bride instead bringing her trousseau with her in exchange, as it were, for the privilege of becoming a "town lady." In the latter case the bride most likely will be required to do little or no work in the fields, and that is the great ambition of most girls there.—London Globe.

For Her Blood.

Lady de Vere—So you wished to see me, Mrs. Farmer? Mrs. Farmer—Yes, lady, an' 'oping as you are full of 'ealth an' 'appiness. Well, I cum cos your Wiolet sez to my Emily as she's gotten blue blood in 'er weins. So I makes so bold as to bring up a bottle of the famous blood mixture as set my old man on his pins, thinkin' you would give it a trial!—London Chronicle.

Presumptive Evidence.

"What evidence have we," asked the teacher in the night school, "that people live longer nowadays than they used to live?"

The young man scatched his ear and reflected.

"Well," he said, "the people that used to live are all dead, ain't they?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Superlative.

"I have looked over the whole field," said the young author, "and the only thing that pays is a good novel."

"Wrong again," said the philosopher.

"What pays better?" said the author.

"A bad novel," said the philosopher.—Life.

A man's real possession is memory. In nothing else is he rich; in nothing else is he poor.—Smith.

Lawrence Barrett's Memory.

I have seen Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the actor, receive 300 visitors, most of them strangers, at a party and afterward bid them all farewell by name, making no mistakes as far as I could discover.—London Express.

Too Late.

"Advice to a newly married couple is so useless!"

"Yes—all the harm is done then."

We may glean knowledge by reading, but the chaff must be separated from the wheat by thinking.

Dogs as Collectors.

Dogs with collecting boxes attached to their collars are comparatively common in Europe. It may not, however, be generally known what large sums they earn for the charities they represent. It is stated in the Animal World that one which used to beg for a hospital in Ireland collected in five years nearly $15,000. He had a special banking account, which was submitted periodically to a chartered accountant.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 14.

Text of the Lesson, Mark ii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 3-5—Golden Text, Mark ii, 12—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

The healing of the leper, which seems to follow, in the order of events, the Sabbath day in Capernaum of last week's lesson, shows us the power of God over an utterly incurable disease, which in the Old Testament is very suggestive of sin in us. How mighty and wonderful were those five words of our Lord in answer to the leper's cry, "I will; be thou clean" (i, 41), and instantly he was clean. Just as long, and no longer, does it take to save a sinner. The leper's joy was so great that notwithstanding the Lord's command to say nothing to any man he so blazed abroad the matter that Jesus could no more openly enter into the city, but was without in desert places, and they came to Him from every quarter (i, 45). As soon as He returned to Capernaum and the people knew it they gathered in such numbers that they not only filled the house, but it was impossible to get near the door.

But only the sick need a physician, and only the lost need a Saviour, and these Pharisees and doctors were in their own estimation neither sick nor lost (Matt. ix, 12; Luke xix, 10), so they came and heard and saw and went away without the blessing that was to be had for the receiving. The rich He sent empty away (Luke i, 53). Yet Jesus preached the word unto them (verse 2), and it was the same word that cast out evil spirits, that healed the leper, that stilled the storm, that created the worlds, but it did these wise and learned people no good, for they did not receive it. The god of this world had blinded their minds (II Cor. iv, 4). There was another day when the people thronged Him, but one poor woman touched Him to some purpose (Mark v, 30, 31); others might have done so, but this one did.

While the self sufficient, self righteous, see in Him only one to criticise and condemn there is brought to Him a helpless one for whom and in whom His power can be manifest, for He giveth power to the faint and helps those who have no helper (Isa. xl, 29; lxxii, 12). He filleth the hungry with good things. The four friends who brought their palsied friend manifested a zeal and determination sure to accomplish their end if it be at all possible to be accomplished. Their thoughts seem to have run in this channel: Our poor friend is helpless, and in that house is the Man who can help him if we can only get at Him, and we think we can, and we'll do it at once, for every moment is precious.

Let those who talk of coming to Jesus in a very proper and becoming way think of the method of these men and our Lord's approval. The people gathered in the house, those Pharisees and doctors, saw a most unseemly thing when the roof was broken up over their heads and a helpless man was lowered into their midst. Perhaps never before nor since did a man come to Christ after that fashion. The one thing that Jesus saw was their faith, the one thing that pleases Him most, for without faith it is impossible to please Him (Heb. xi, 6). Contrast the "Great Faith" and the "Little Faith" of Matt. viii, 10; xv, 28; viii, 26; xvi, 8. Probably all were surprised when our Lord said, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee," for he had been brought for healing of the body. Yet the Lord read the heart, and it may be that He saw before Him one who was more troubled about his soul than his body. He at least saw, as He always sees, that the healing of the soul is the most important, for if only we are truly saved a perfect body is assured us in due time (Phil. iii, 20, 21).

There are many texts which assure us of the forgiveness of sins. Those which help me most are I John ii, 12; Isa. xliii, 25. Do not fail to observe the Lord's "Be of good cheer" (Matt. ix, 2, 22), and let Him make us such a "good cheer" people that He shall be glorified in us. It may be that the man was much terrified by his manner of approach to Christ and our Lord graciously quiets him at once, as when He appeared in the midst on the first resurrection evening and said, "Peace be unto you." For a speaker to know that in the minds of his hearers there is unjust and cruel criticism would be very upsetting to most people, perhaps to all but to our Lord Himself, but our Lord lived before His Father rather than before the religious leaders of the day.

Had these Pharisees and doctors been teachable they might have said, Here is One who forgives sins and heals the sick and is quite undisturbed by this unheard of proceeding. He must be our expected Messiah. But, as we said before, they were blinded by unbelieving criticism, just as many are today. Turning again to the sick man, see him now carrying that which had carried him, all sins forgiven and his body healed, going forth before them all a living evidence of the grace and the power of the Son of Man.

No wonder that they glorified God, saying, We never saw it in this fashion. What a praise meeting the man and his friends must have had! Where is the faith of these four seen now? How much of it is there in you? In me? Where is the faith that takes no denial, that says, like Jacob, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me?" Let us not look around and criticise others, but ask the Lord to search us according to Ps. cxxxix, 23, 24, and bring us into such manifest union with Himself that His power may be seen in us.

"The Oldest London Kitchen."

Perhaps the oldest relic in London of a mediaeval kitchen is at Westminster abbey, though little remains to indicate it save the rubble flooring, the buttery hatch and an adjoining cellar, now the handsome dining hall of Canon Wilberforce. The monk who acted as kitchener or refectorian had a responsibility as great as any hotel manager or chef in these days, for among his fellow monks, to say nothing of the pensioners, were critics as keen as any among the world famed diners of today. Yet the abbey kitchen was scarcely more elaborate than any one of those which linger on in the remote cottages of the rough Cornish coast or on the Yorkshire moors, where the entire cooking of the family is done on a flat hearth, with no other fuel than turf or peat or twigs. The "broth pot" hangs from a crane or stands on a tripod and is most accommodating in its uses. Would you make bread? Lay the dough on a clean iron plate and invert the broth pot over it, then heap up all round it your lighted turf or wood.—Windsor Magazine.

A FIERCE ANATHEMA.

The Pious Wish a Woman Flung at Jean Paul Richter.

Jean Paul Richter once observed that if a lady officer wanted to give the word "Halt" she would do it in the following strain: "You soldiers, all of you, now mind what I say. I order you as soon as I have done speaking to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be. Don't you hear me? Halt, I say, all of you!"

Upon this a strongminded woman made the following comment: "Now, M. Jean, it was an unlucky day on which you wrote that sentence. May you never hear anything but that little, concise word 'No' from every rosy pair of lips you meet. May you halt wifeless through life. May your buttons be snappish, your strings knotty and your stockings full of holes. May your bootjack be missing, your feet corny and your shaving water cold; your razor dull, your hair stand up, your collar lie down. May your beard be porcupiny, your whiskers thinly settled and your mustaches curl the wrong way. May your coffee be muddy, your toast smoky and your tea water bewitched, and, with a never dying desire for affection, may you crawl through creation a meek, miserable, nasty, forlorn, fidgety, fussy, ridiculous, ruined, dejected old bachelor."

THE ABUSED OYSTER.

Fattened For the Vulgar Crowd and Deprived of His Fine Flavor.

The oyster in his glory is a rich, dark colored, shapely inhabitant of salt water. He is plump, but not swelled up, and has a delicious, incomparable salty flavor which nobody who really knows him and has the taste to appreciate him would ever dream of spoiling with crude condiments. But rarely will the oysterman send such an exquisite creature to market. It is not fat enough or white enough for the vulgar crowd. So he puts it in fresh, or nearly fresh, water to "fatten"—that is, he draws off the fine natural juices by a process of osmosis and substitutes therefor a quantity of water which distends it like a balloon and makes it just as tasteless. But it looks fat like a scrawny Christmas turkey judiciously fed by an air pump. Then it is put before the American as an oyster, and the American, who judges his food and drink largely by labels, pours over it salt, pepper, tabasco, Worcestershire, horseradish or what not and thinks it is all right. He might as well have any sort of sea urchin that was soft and puffy and wet as a vehicle for the concoctions which he used to make himself believe that an oyster tastes like something.—New York Tribune.

A DRINK OF WATER.

Why It Is a Good Plan to Take One Before Breakfast.

In the morning the stomach contains a considerable quantity of mucus, spread over and adherent to its walls. If food enters at this time the tenacious mucus will interfere to some extent with the direct contact between the food and the stomach necessary to provoke the secretion of gastric juice. A glass of water taken before breakfast passes through the stomach into the small intestines in a continuous and uninterrupted flow. It partially distends the stomach; it thins and washes out most of the tenacious mucus; it increases the fullness of the capillaries of the stomach directly if the water is warm and indirectly in a reactionary way if it is cold. Care must be taken not to take cold water when the circulation, either local or general, is so feeble as to make reaction improbable. We should not risk it in an advanced age nor in the feeble, whether old or young, nor should it be taken in local troubles like gastric catarrh. In these cases it is best to give warm or hot water. The addition of salt is very beneficial.—London Family Doctor.

If Quail Are Scarce, So Are Turkeys.

"I don't know whether you ever noticed it, but it's a fact just the same that whenever we have a year in which quail are scarce the same is true of turkeys," said a prominent meat dealer the other day. "Prolonged wet weather in the spring or in the early summer is fatal to young quail and turkeys alike. Both are extremely tender, and the weather has much to do with their successful rearing. I have watched this thing for years, and invariably a poor quail year means a scarcity of turkeys and high prices."—Youngstown Herald.

Rather Fruitless Advertising.

It is an open secret that tailors make presents of elegant clothing to prominent persons, in consideration for which the latter are expected to mention the maker, casually, to be sure, but as often as possible. Other firms are known to employ persons who, when occasion offers, say in a crowded street car, converse naturally, but quite audibly and energetically, on the merits of their employer's establishment.—International Quarterly.

The Wail of the Victim.

"You can't get something for nothing," said the man who affects proverbs.

"No," answered the easy man; "I can't. But the people with whom I do business seem to manage it every now and then."—Exchange.

Social Tact.

Mrs. Chic—In the closest analysis, what is social tact? Mrs. Au Fait—My dear, it is getting familiar with all sorts of people without letting them get familiar with you.—Indianapolis Journal.

We must not sit down and look for miracles.—Eliot.

Misunderstood.

This illustrates the way in which children are misunderstood:

A car, crowded full of people, a little girl squeezed down in one corner among bundles and looking over the top of a bandbox containing a dress for a fashionable lady uptown—a poor, little, half pinched up, shriveled little girl.

In walks a fashionable young woman, superbly dressed, and bounces herself down on a seat. This little girl keeps her eyes on this young woman; never takes them off. The young woman gets a little restive about it. Finally as she starts to get out she says:

"The next time a lady gets into the car I'll thank you not to stare her out of countenance."

The little girl says, "Ah, miss, I was only thinking how beautiful you were."—Schoolmaster.

Too Much Chin.

Gasaway—My razor's in pretty poor condition. I believe it's tired. You know, they say razors get that way. Sharply (wearily)—Ah, yes; tired of your chin.—Pittsburg Post.

THE VANITY OF MAN.

Illustrated by the Way He Feels About His Photographs.

The man was about fifty-five. He was rather bald. His wrinkles were many. His mustache was gray. Nevertheless he looked vigorous and intelligent. He was handsomer, take him altogether, than he had been at forty. But he brought out a photograph of himself at forty, which hardly resembled him, so much had he changed, and "if you want to print my picture use this," he said to the reporter. "But don't lose it, for it's the only one I've got of myself at that age, and I'd like to keep it, for, you know, I don't grow any younger." "I'd rather have your picture as you are today," said the reporter, "for you are handsomer now than you were at forty." "Oh, no. I am too old and wrinkled and bald now," said the man. "Use the forty-year-old picture." The reporter exclaimed, with a puzzled laugh: "So many men are like you. Though they are old, they insist on having young pictures printed. They fail to realize how much more interesting and pleasing their face is in old age if they have lived a fairly wise and industrious life. I've had men of seventy actually who have given me for reproduction photographs of themselves at thirty-five. Women don't do this. I believe men hate old age more than women do." "I hate it," said the other grimly.—Exchange.

THE NATURE OF STARS.

Why They Range From White to Dull Red In Color.

The very constitution of stars implies the presence of some that are dark. Every one of them is more or less quickly using up fiery matter which is never long at one temperature; hence their range of colors, from incandescent white or bluish white to dull red preceding darkness, the ultimate goal of all.

The so called temporary stars, of which no fewer than twenty-seven have been noticed in historic time, wax and wane with maximum and minimum brilliancy, sometimes within the short period of sixteen months, as Tycho's star in 1572, and then become dark bodies only to be lit up afresh by the downfall of a vast mass of meteoric matter from some neighboring swarm.

Many bright stars are known by the periodic doubling of certain spectral lines or by curious perturbations to be attended by dark companions. The companion of Sirius was found shortly after its existence was pointed out by Bessel; so was the tiny green fellow to the fiery red Antares, while the dark companion of Procyon still eludes astronomers.

The absorption of light in passing through space, especially in distances so infinite, causes the number of faint stars to exceed by millions the bright ones, and this is supposed to render many of them quite dark to us.

The Cream of Tartar Tree.

The oldest tree now extant is probably the baobab (Adansonia digitata) of Africa, alias the sour gourd or cream of tartar tree (Adansonia gregorii) of Australia. This remarkable tree has a rather short and branching trunk not more than sixty or seventy feet high, while its girth at the ground is from eighty-five to ninety-five feet. One of them has names cut upon it which date back to the fourteenth century, and the naturalist Adanson, who gave the genus its botanic name, calculated from certain data that its age must be upward of 5,000 years. The hollow trunks of these trees, which are capacious enough to hold comfortably thirty or forty bodies, are used as tombs by the native Africans, where the suspended corpses soon become thoroughly mummified and preserved.

Her Double Turn.

"Is there any foundation for the popular belief that the constituents of man's body are renewed once every seven years?" inquired the female medical student.

"I do not know how it is with a man," replied the grumpy old professor, who does not approve of having women attend his lectures, "but I have read of a certain female whose body underwent two complete physical changes in the course of a very few minutes."

"How and when did such a wonderful thing happen?"

"It was Lot's wife. You remember, she turned to rubber and then almost at once turned to salt."

Security For the Future.

Wife—Darling, we dined at the Squatsons just one week ago tonight. Do you realize that we must make our dinner call? Husband—Suppose we don't. Wouldn't they like it? Wife—Why, they never would forgive us. I'm sure they would never ask us again. Husband—Good! Then we won't go.—Brooklyn Life.

What He Wanted to Say.

"So," demanded the cross examining lawyer, "you desire to make a categorical denial of all these charges, do you?"

"No, sor," answered the witness, "but I'll say there ain't a worrud of truth in any of them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wifely Optimism.

Husband—When I see all these bills I am tired of life. Do you think the time will ever come when we shall be out of debt? Wife (cheerfully)—Why not, darling? You know that you are carrying an exceptionally large life insurance.—Harper's Bazar.

When She Listens.

He—A woman would rather talk than listen. She—Well, that depends. He—Depends on what? She—Whether or not a man is making her a proposal.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Philosophy.

If we would realize the fact that life is pain, not pleasure, our quarrel with it would be gone, and we would accept thankfully a little scrap of dripping on our daily bread, but we go on expecting happiness, stand, empty plate in hand, beggars to an invisible cook, and we grow old standing there, but we won't budge.—Helen Mathers.

Macbeth as a Comedian.

She—I suppose you attended the amateur theatricals last night? He—Yes, and there wasn't a dry eye in the house. She—The idea! I never heard of "Macbeth" affecting an audience that way before. He—No. You see, we simply laughed till we cried.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Reminder.

Singleton—I say, old chap, what have you that string around your finger for? Wedderly—To remind me of something I am to get for my wife. Singleton—What are you to get? Wedderly—Why—er—I've forgotten what it was.—New Yorker.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 43 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

Knife, Fork and Spoon Experience

Over half a century of it is one of the reasons why goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

the product of this long experience are best. They are sold by leading dealers. For catalogue No. 6, explaining points of interest to buyers, address the makers

International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute. Remember 1847

Newton's Blue.

It is well known that under the action of gravity the water composing such a thin shell as a soap bubble tends to run down on all sides, so that the walls of the bubble grow thin at the top and thicker toward the bottom. After a time the bubble becomes so thin at the top that further flow of water from this point can hardly take place, and finally the bubble bursts. But before this last stage is reached a degree of thinness in the walls of the bubble is attained which causes it to glow with brilliant iridescent colors. Newton noticed that on top of the thin bubble illuminated by white sky light a black spot is formed. With increase of thickness downward from this point on all sides, a red band next appears; then a blue one; then again red and blue, red and blue, and so on, the colors showing more extremes of red and purple in the higher orders. This blue band which first expands outward from the black spot at the top and descends slowly with the subsidence of the water Newton called the "blue of the first order," and, although somewhat dingy, he judged it to be of the same tint as the blue of the sky.—T. J. J. See in Atlantic.

Inquisitive Birds.

Of the birds undoubtedly the blue jays have the most inquisitiveness. And they are the most noisy in expressing it, although crows will hold a close second place, if not fully the equal. How the jays screeched and whistled and called—a confusion of all the sounds of jaydom—near my home! More than a dozen darted into a small evergreen tree on the lawn. People came from several houses in the vicinity, all curious to know what was the matter with the birds. It seemed to be a "want to know" on both sides. The jays had discovered a cat walking meekly along by the fence in the low shrubbery near and under the spruce tree. There was no nest in the vicinity, and, so far as could be ascertained, the cat had not attacked the jays. But what a pandemonium of jay jargon over one meek looking, quiet cat! The jays outdid themselves and called out nearly all the occupants of the many houses on that street.—St. Nicholas.

To Restore Leather Bindings.

To restore the leather bindings of books wash them first very lightly and carefully with clean warm water in which a tiny piece of soda has been dissolved, in order to free the leather from grease; then wash with clear water to remove the soda, and dry. Dissolve a bit of gum arabic the size of a small bean in a teaspoonful of water and beat it up with a teaspoonful of the white of an egg. With a bit of sponge go lightly over the leather with this glair and let it dry.

Should the glair froth up on the leather, as it is very likely to do if there is much tool work on the book, dab it until it subsides with the palm of the hand or with the sponge squeezed as dry as possible.

Her Husband's Male Friends.

One of the most complicated duties of a wife is the shuffling off of her husband's male friends, says the Ladies' Field. Fifty per cent can go at once, for half a man's bachelor associates are, according to his wife, not fit for polite society, either because they have no manners or because they wear the wrong sort of collars. Ten per cent she may genuinely dislike, or possibly they may not take to her. Some of the rest are on the borderland of toleration, but most of them have a knack of dropping off by slow degrees. Possibly this is the inward and spiritual meaning of the farewell bachelors' dinner most intending bridegrooms give, though they never realize it at the time.

The Lion Didn't Roar.

It is related that Pinnow, the faithful servant and personal valet of Prince Bismarck, once trod on his master's gouty foot. Instead of swearing at him or even declaring he was a clumsy fool, Bismarck, noticing that Pinnow himself was frightened, said: "Consider yourself honored. No other person, my dear Pinnow, not even the kaiser himself, would have been suffered to tread on my corns."

Something Was.

Rivers was smoking a cheap cigar.

"Seems to me," said Brooks, "I smell something like cloth burning."

But Rivers was game.

He touched the lighted end of his cigar to his shirt sleeve.

"No wonder," he said, exhibiting the burned spot.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 12.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.17 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.10, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.46, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 4.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.30, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 4.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.28, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 7.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co. for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.15, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson)
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 5-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director.
341 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward

450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10 37 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1 22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8 07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10 07 P. M.; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
712	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Modern Pandora

By Luellen Teters

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Janet Allston quickly seized her suit case and started out as the train thundered into the station at the little resort, eager to make her escape before Carrington, who sat in the back of the car, should espy her. In his party she recognized a supercilious beauty whose name had lately been significantly linked with his, and several comfortable looking dowagers who had come down, as she, to either stay with friends or at the big hotel over the regular Saturday night hop.

She felt ashamed of her innumerable bundles, each breathing its own secret of chocolates, early hothouse peaches for dear Aunt Caroline, and some magazines.

Cousin Tom's happy, ruddy face was not visible among the crowd of people on the platform. She glanced around in desperation, anxious to secure the services of a hackman to carry her at once to her destination, but beyond a few private vehicles there was nothing available.

Over her shoulder sounded Carrington's deep voice and Lilian Royer's silvery, airy laughter. She started nervously, dropping the telltale parcel of peaches, which scattered compromisingly in all directions through the throng.

"Let me help you!" Carrington jumped with alacrity to her aid, restoring the downy, pink cheeked fruit to her arms.

An icy "Thank you" rewarded him. Womanlike, angry at the innocent offender, she felt like venting her displeasure on him.

"I suppose your cousin meets you?" he inquired, pausing for a second as the ladies accompanying him moved on.

"Oh, yes," she replied lightly, hoping that he would not detect the delinquent's absence.

She squared her back on the group as the Carrington trap, in the hands of a trim groom, rolled noiselessly up, and the ladies were helped in. There was a whir of rushing wheels, and a cloud of dust indicated its flight down the country road. Tears of mortification and anger welled up in her eyes. Were it not so far she would walk the distance, bundles, suit case and all. A black speck was coming rapidly toward her far up the highway. It finally revealed red and black wheels. A sensation of mingled annoyance, pride and timidity swept over her as she saw that, after all, it was not her cousin, but Carrington, who had evidently lost no time in returning from his stables.

"I suppose your relatives didn't expect you until the 5:30," he said pleasantly as he drove up. "I was afraid you would attempt to walk the distance. Won't you let me drive you over?"

"Thank you—I will wait for Tom," she said, blushing at the falsity of her position.

"I came back purposely to get you," he went on, ignoring her discouraging glance. "It's hard on the peaches They'll be overripe if you keep them in this hot sun much longer. Come, please."

She hesitated visibly. "For the sake of the peaches, then," she assented, reaching him her parcels.

"I will not question the conditions," he replied.

"It would be of no use," she answered in his vein, "for I never argue."

They drove smoothly over the white, threadlike road, under the canopy of trees, talking indifferently on superficial subjects, the man not insensible to the charm of her laughing eyes and nut brown face, the girl responsive to every flash of his blue eyes and inwardly delighting in his slightest mannerism. Between them lay the unconfessed joy of a past summer time, when he had been her constant attendant at this same place, until golden haired Lilian Royer arrived one day as a guest of his mother. Involuntarily she sighed, and the man, finding its echo in his own heart, repeated it.

"You will be at the hop tonight?" he asked as he deposited her at her destination.

"My frock is here." She pointed to her suit case.

"Your cousin said Egerton was coming down too." He watched her face narrowly as he spoke.

"A later train," she said evenly. "I decided to come on the 3 o'clock special."

He could make nothing of her explanation, however, as he thought her words over after leaving her. Surely, if report were true that the two were in love and to be married, it looked odd that they did not plan to arrive on the same train. His mind revolved on Janet's speech in spite of his attempts to dismiss it.

Janet promptly thought no more about him, unable long ago to find an excuse for his changed behavior. Opening her suit case, she began to draw out her small wardrobe. The articles seemed peculiarly unfamiliar. She shut it hastily, intently scanning the modest initials, "J. A." on the side. It surely was hers, but how could it be when before her was a vision of fluffy, lace trimmed pink crepe de chine, with a low cut bodice bordered with dainty wild roses; pink silk stockings, a pink fan, a rose spray for the hair and down in one corner a pair of high heeled pink slippers? What hallucination of the brain was this, or was it the triumph of an aggregation of the day's annoyances?

She laughed and cried hysterically. They belonged to somebody else, but she either had to wear them or remain at home. The ample dimensions of Aunt Caroline's dresses forbade any further consideration of them.

Like her prototype, Pandora, when she opened the case she let the witches out. The woman who hesitates meets the proverbial fate. By the aid of pins the waist was adjusted trimly to her more slender figure, the toes of the frivolous slippers were stuffed out with tissue paper, and the balance of the toilet was made to her complete satisfaction.

The hop progressed as all similar affairs do where there is a sprinkling of black coats and pretty girls. Janet, promenading the room on Egerton's arm, recognized a familiar white frock coming toward her. With sickening dread of an impending scene she saw that its wearer was Lilian Royer, and Carrington walked beside her.

"I am afraid there has been some mistake in our suit cases," Miss Royer cried sharply. "I don't see how it could possibly have happened. You must have taken mine—by mistake."

Janet drew herself up ominously, indignant at the insinuation.

"The initials were the same as mine," she explained, with very red cheeks. "To all outward appearance it looked like my suit case. Since I came down here for the dance I had no alternative but to wear this dress or stay at home. It was no fault of mine that the mistake was made, I assure you."

Miss Royer glanced contemptuously at the white dress she wore. "I was forced to wear yours," she said, "not having any other with me. I took my sister's suit case, Mrs. Adams—Julia's. She used mine, for it held more. I am sure you will not object to coming with me now to the dressing room and exchanging."

"Certainly not," Janet said proudly.

There was a frown settling on Carrington's brow. He was conscious of a strong desire to take Janet in his arms and anathematize Miss Royer in forcible terms. But the sting of a broken half promise and forgotten vows held him aloof.

"What a little hypocrite she is!" Miss Royer exclaimed to him as she took her across the floor. "She knew all along it was mine." Carrington made no comment.

Half an hour later, after a solitary smoke in a retired corner of the piazza, he came upon a little white figure crying all alone.

"Janet," he whispered anxiously, bending tenderly over her, "don't cry. Where is that confounded Egerton? He shouldn't leave you here alone."

She raised her head proudly, her tear clouded eyes flashing. "Why always that man?" she cried childishly. "I hate him. I only want to be alone. Please go away."

"You're not engaged to him? You don't like him?" He could hardly accredit what his ears heard. "They told me the day was set and"—

Janet put a soft little hand over his mouth.

"You did not seem to care sufficiently to find out—the truth," she said.

"I was afraid of hearing the deathblow to my own hopes," he answered her. "Janet"—he grasped her hands boldly in his—"tell me now—I want my fate settled at once—can't we go back to that last sweet summer time and start all over again, you and I? Can't we, dear? And we'll let the world know it tonight, so that they will leave us alone hereafter. Will you, Janet?"

The throb of the orchestra drowned the silence. Carrington put his arms around her, and she did not protest against it.

She Was Grateful.

Mr. Brown's business kept him so occupied during the daytime that he had little opportunity to enjoy the society of his own children. When some national holiday gave him a day of leisure his young son was usually his chosen companion. One day, however, Mr. Brown, reproached by the wistful eyes of his seven-year-old daughter, reversed the order of things and invited the little girl to go with him for a long walk.

She was a shy, silent, small person, and during the two hours' stroll not a single word could Mr. Brown induce the little maid to speak, but her shining eyes attested that she appreciated his efforts to amuse her—indeed, she fairly glowed with suppressed happiness.

Just before they reached home, however, the child managed, but only after a tremendous struggle with her inherent timidity, to find words to express her gratitude.

"Papa, what flower do you like best?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know, my dear—sunflowers, I guess."

"Then," cried the little girl, beaming with gratitude, "that's what I'll plant on your grave!"—Woman's Home Companion.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

No Green Cheese Moon For Her.

The little girl was on a visit to her grandfather, a clergyman who is celebrated in the city for his logical powers.

"Oh, my! Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Open the Bible on the table and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she was half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and animals she turned to her grandfather, her eyes bright with the excitement of discovery, and said:

"I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

A Madman's Delusion.

Dean Pigou tells the following story of a brilliant man who lost his mind temporarily through overwork and was confined in an English asylum: "His delusion was that his stomach was full to repletion of rats. There was no room for anything else. Hood said to me, 'Go and talk with him and lead up to the subject of rats.' I found him, as is very common, perfectly sane on every subject but this. After some conversation I said to him, feigning not to know who he was: 'You seem to be a very well informed man. Have you given your attention to natural history, because I notice that the question is being discussed as to whether the species of the genus rat called the Norwegian still exists?' Instantly he replied, 'Oh, certainly,' and unbuttoning his dress, said, 'Every known species of rat, sir, is here in my stomach,' and, localizing the rat with his finger, said: 'Here in this part of my stomach is a Norwegian rat. You can assure your friends that as long as I am alive no species can die.' Under the kind and humane treatment of Bethlehem he was soon at work again and had, of course, no recollection of his delusion."

Reading In Bed.

Commenting upon the recent discussion of the habit of reading in bed, American Medicine concludes that if the position is literally prone the habit is bad, because in such a position the eyes are fixed upon the book in a straining and harmful way and the book cannot be sufficiently illuminated.

But if one sits propped up by pillows, in much the same position of the head and trunk as when in a chair, there can be no evil consequences, provided a good rich light is rightly placed behind and at one side of the head.

The greatest argument for reading in bed is that the attention is not distracted by the discomfort of the body, the noises and interruptions usual at other times. Let one take an erect position of the body and head, be assured he has a good oculist and that his light is strong, white, steady and properly placed. He may then read with impunity until drowsiness cautions him to stop.

He Died Cured.

There used to live near Dunbarton, in New Hampshire, a physician who had a reputation for pigheaded stupidity.

A good story about this physician used to circulate in the town. According to it, an old woman stopped his gig one day and pointed toward a house with crape on the door.

"So, doctor," she said maliciously, "Mr. Brown is dead, for all you promised to cure him, eh?"

The doctor looked at her in his pompous, stupid way.

"You're mistaken," he said. "You didn't follow the progress of the case It's true Mr. Brown is dead, but he died cured!"

A Kicking Deferred.

Aunt Clara (to her young nephew, who has just brought a bucket into the parlor where she is sitting)—Good gracious, Tommy, what are you doing with that bucket? Take it down to the kitchen at once. Tommy—I want you to kick it, Aunt Clara, 'cause I heard papa saying when you kick the bucket we'd get at the very least $25,000.

Suspicions are weeds of the mind which grow of themselves, and most rapidly when least wanted.—Wallace.

IN LOVE and WAR

By Kate M. Cleary

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Doris was singing as she came flying down the wide stairway and out into the warm brilliancy of the young day, for it was midsummer, the time of roses, of fragrance, of romance.

And Doris seemed the veritable spirit of it all—at least so thought the young fellow watching her from his seat under the great elm. But it was not till she was quite close to him that she was aware of his presence. The gay little chanson she had been lilting ceased, and the pretty, startled color deepened in her soft cheeks.

"Bon jour!" she cried blithely and paused in her Atalanta-like flight. "Mercy! What a morning to be poring over a book! Why, instead you should"—

"I know!" He had risen and was towering before her, straight and stately, a man with an air that was more that of a soldier than a student. "You think I should prefer to cultivate Dame Nature."

There was a quizzical flicker in the gray, black lashed, black browed eyes that met her accusing gaze.

"If you will put down that book you may walk with me as far as the abode of Mrs. Melinda Parsons, who is expecting me this morning to write her monthly letter to her son in the Philippines."

"The permission is tempting," confessed John Jardine, "but there is Freddie"—

"Oh, if you prefer Freddie's society to mine!" The little chin with the dimple went up in the air.

"But I'm paid to teach your brother, Miss Ware," he hastened to explain.

"And not to accompany me. I quite understand." And then, with much dignity of demeanor, "Good morning, Mr. Jardine."

"Good morning," he replied ruefully. But the quizzical smile was dancing again in his handsome eyes as Miss Ware flashed open her parasol, whisked up the skirts of her embroidered batiste and turned loftily away, only to pause when she had taken a few steps and look back over her shoulder with eyes full of infinite reproach.

"There's that dog at Brown's, and—he might bite. And—and it's hard to get over the pasture stile—alone. And"—a pitiful quiver in her voice clinched the sincerity of her assertions—"I am afraid of snakes—and there may be snakes. Freddie saw one last summer."

There was no questioning the triumphant truth of the final declaration. Nor was refusal longer possible. Conquered, John Jardine found himself walking along the avenue, adjusting his long stride to the gait of Miss Doris Ware, who, now that she had her own way in persuading the most stubborn individual with whom she had ever come in contact, was radiant and bubbling over with merriment.

Since six months before their acquaintance began the little flirt, belle, beauty and heiress had vainly tried all her graces and fascinations on the serious and stately instructor of her boisterous young brother. It had seemed so natural since she was a schoolgirl in short dresses to have admirers by the dozen that the difficulty she experienced of bringing Jardine to her feet piqued her and made her more than ever determined to make him capitulate. She would have opened her pansy purple eyes very wide indeed and have been honestly amazed had any one accused her of being heartless. She would have said that no one meant to be serious. Anyhow, all knew—for it was an open secret—that she was not free. Her marriage had been arranged—oh, ages ago—by parents and lawyers and solicitors and that kind of people. It was purely a marriage of convenience. But it appeared to be very convenient indeed, and quite satisfactory all around.

Some day, when she was old, very old—perhaps twenty-four or thereabout—Lord Lessington would come sailing over the sea and wed her and bear her back over the billow to a magnificent historic old home in Sussex, and she would be a great lady and lead a good and beautiful life and be happy forever and ever. Which, as her heart had never been touched, and she was only a wild and winsome little maiden, seemed quite right and natural.

Only of late she had begun to wonder why her eyes would droop when suddenly encountering those of the man beside whom she now walked, rattling on in light, inconsequent fashion. She was furious when she found her cheeks grow burning hot at the moment of a chance meeting. What was he to her that her heart had come to beat more quickly when in his presence? Defiantly she summoned all her bright audacity to conceal this strange new unrest.

Homeward bound an hour later, they secured their mail at the village. In the green gloom, gold pierced, of the forest pathway the girl sat down to read her letters. Leaning against a tree, grave and silent, Jardine stood watching her.

"Oh!" she cried out suddenly and turned very pale. "He is coming! His lawyer writes he is coming. Oh, I didn't think he'd come for years and years!" There was downright dread in the eyes that looked piteously up at her companion. "Lord Lessington is coming."

He nodded. "You've never seen him?" he asked. "He is old, I suppose, and ugly and altogether detestable!"

"No. Oh, no. It was all arranged. But they say he is young and good. He is very rich, of course. I didn't think I'd mind—and now." She rose trembling. The tears brimmed over and ran down the cheeks from which the rose bloom had faded. "He will be here today, and I—soon I will have to marry him."

"You poor little thing!" The compassion in his voice thrilled her—that and something more. "Don't you know—you do know, my darling—that you are going to marry me."

Then he had her in his arms and was holding her close in their strong and sheltering embrace.

For an instant or two she did not resist. The sweet shock of it all, the sense of being protected, more than all the ecstatic knowledge of her own heart, overwhelmed her. His kisses were on her cheeks, her lips, and his passionate words in her ears.

"No, no!" she cried and drew away. "It isn't right! I must marry Lord Lessington. It was all arranged long ago. I never objected. I didn't know"—

"That—no, I shan't touch you again unless you come to me. You didn't know that you were going to fall in love with me!"

Her color came back with a rush.

"Is this," she faltered—"is this—love?"

He laughed, a low, contented, joyous laugh.

"I will answer that only with you in my arms. Come!"

She hesitated. Aware of a bewildering sense of happiness, she still hesitated. But his eyes compelled her. She took a step forward, and again his arms infolded her. It was with dread of the battle to be possessing her that Doris Ware heard the first dinner bell that evening. But it was a determined young lady who held her head high and went down the stairway to meet the English nobleman whom it had been decided should make her his wife. Would her always indulgent father be furious to learn she was to marry a penniless tutor? Would her weak, ambitious mother weep and protest? What matter? She would have him whom she loved—loved—loved.

"Go in!" Her parents, standing at the foot of the stairs, kissed her. "Go in, and God bless you both! He is waiting. Go to him!"

Then the slender figure, all in snowy draperies of clinging lace, was walking up the room.

"I am sorry to have to tell you, Lord Lessington"—she began, but the words she would have spoken were never said.

The tall, handsome man in evening dress had her held tightly to his heart, and the arms that closed around her were those that had been her refuge that morning in the forest.

"John," she whispered. "John!"

"Cedric John Jardine Dynely, Lord Lessington!" he corrected her. "Beloved, I've won you! I've served for you, if not as long as Jacob served for Rachel, as faithfully. It's fair—all's fair, sweetheart, in love and war!"

Absentminded Mommsen.

Professor Theodor Mommsen, the great German historian, was very absentminded. One day he was engaged in his study in profound researches and failed to notice the presence of his servant, who announced that his lunch was ready. The servant asked if he might bring the courses to the professor and, receiving no reply, laid the table near the writing desk. Returning ten minutes later with some fish, the menial found the soup untouched. Thinking it too good to spoil, he sat down and finished soup and fish unobserved of the professor. The remaining courses suffered a similar fate. About an hour later Mommsen looked up from his work and proceeded to the kitchen to ask why luncheon had not been served. "But the professor had his luncheon an hour ago!" expostulated the servant. "Dear me," said the historian, "how could I be so forgetful!" and returned peaceably to his study, where he continued working through the afternoon.

The Barbarous Suttee.

Suttee, or the practice of immolating widows on their husband's funeral pyres in India, was first attacked by the British government in 1829. It was on Dec. 4 of that year that Lord William Bentick carried a resolution in council by which all who abetted suttee were declared guilty of "culpable homicide." In the year 1817 700 widows were burned alive in Bengal alone, but since the passing of the act the practice has entirely died out. Suttee was really a primitive rite, a survival from barbarous times, and not sanctioned by Hindooism, the passage in the Vedas supporting it being a willful mistranslation. But no previous governor had the courage to violate the British tradition of religious toleration. Lord William Bentinck also suppressed thuggism, which made strangling a religious rite to the goddess Kali.

Two Good Rules.

"Why is it," asked Robinson, "that you always appear to be happy and contented?"

"I suppose," replied Barker, "it's because I never borrow trouble or lend money."—New Yorker.

Sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise and being as we appear to be.

Ayer's
Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only
Hair Vigor
hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.
"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."
MRS. J. H. FIFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Short Hair

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

HEREDITARY RANK.

Precedence In England as It Struck an American Girl.

I knew a young American girl who, going to England under the care of an ambassador's family and attending her first large dinner party and looking about her, selected as the guest in the room who most interested her one man of distinguished aspect, whom she resolved to watch. When the guests were ushered into the dining hall according to the laws of precedence she found herself at the very end of the brilliant procession as one of two untitled plebeians in the room, assigned to the escort of the very man who had interested her and who turned out to be Samuel Rogers, the poet and patron of art and the recognized head of literary society in England. She always said that she secured two things at that entertainment—namely, the most delightful companion that she ever had at a dinner party and, moreover, a lesson in the outcome of mere hereditary rank that would last a lifetime. Rogers' poems are not now read so much as formerly, but at that time the highest literary honor a man could have was to dine with Rogers. He was also one of the richest bankers in London and was very possibly the only person in the room who had won for himself a reputation outside of his own little island, but he was next to nobody in that company, and the little American girl was the nobody.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Atlantic.

SEED IS NATURE'S GEM.

It Is the One Priceless Jewel In Her Treasure House.

In nature's great treasure house the seed is the one priceless gem. Compared to it the great deposits of coal, the mines of silver and gold and of diamonds and precious stones are as nothing. Man counts his wealth in dollars and cents, in mining and railroad shares and in houses and lands, while his primal necessities are limited to food and clothing. Without these all other tokens of affluence are void. These indeed are the sources of true wealth, and the grass of the field supplies them all directly or indirectly.

The cereal grains—wheat, rye, oats, barley, rice and Indian corn—which are the seeds of true grasses, are convertible directly into food. The succulent leaves and culm of the wild grasses furnish sustenance to millions of cattle, sheep and goats and are transformed by them into flesh, milk, wool and hides, thus indirectly providing meat and clothing. They also protect the soil from flood and drought and landslide. Sending their fibrous roots down among the shifting sands of the seashore, they bind the unstable particles into a mass so dense as to check the erosion of the waves. Thus grass, the synonym of frailty, is able to raise its tiny green scepter against the destructive power of the elements.—Outing.

A Neat Retort.

Dean Farrar soon after he went to St. Margaret's, Westminster, was dining at Professor Jowett's and toward dessert took up the parable against Dives. His voice rose higher and higher, he spread silence around him, and he was heard thundering out: "What I complain of as a clergyman is that I have to do what no layman has to do. I have to beg and beg in vain. Fashionable ladies come to my church glittering with precious gems, and yet they will not sacrifice one diamond from their grand tiaras in order to save some erring sister from destruction." When he finished the silence grew sultry. All the hearers looked gloomily at their plates. Then Jowett, who had been looking as though he meant mischief, squeaked out, "What I object to as a clergyman is that I have to exaggerate so!"—St. James Gazette.

Death Scenes In Poetry.

Poets are, if possible, worse offenders in the matter of their death scenes than are novelists. A man pulls a two dram vial of some poison from his breast, swallows the contents, proceeds to make a 200 line speech without a pang or a gasp, staggers gracefully backward to a conveniently placed seat, drops upon it, clasps the region of the heart with both hands and dies after a little convulsive movement of the legs. Heart disease, too, carries off heroines in a fashion quite unknown to doctors, and, although it is of the variety known as "broken heart," has characteristics which must not be generally associated with fracture of so important an organ.—British Medical Journal.

His First Shad.

Abner Stone had lived "inland" all his days and knew all there was to be known about pork and beef as articles of food. His acquaintance with the products of the sea, on the other hand, was very slight. Once, however, when at the seashore he was introduced to shad and asked how he liked it.

"Well," said the old farmer, with a brave attempt at a smile, "I calc'late I shell when I get kinder wonted to it, mebbe, but it does seem, jest at fust, ye know, consid'able like tryin' to eat a paper o' buttered pins!"

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 1904

"GREATER BOSTON."

There are a small coterie of visionaries in Boston who persist in harping on their scheme for annexing to that city all the municipalities within a radius of 10 miles of the State House for the formation of what they are pleased to call "Greater Boston," after the fashion of New York, and, although the folly of it has been demonstrated time and time again, they, like a famous ghost, refuse to be downed. It was dreamed out and brought to public notice some years ago, and the creation of Metropolitan Commissions, and establishment of sub stations of the Boston postoffice, may have been attributed, in part, at least, to its influence, but it has never yet appeared in evidence that the towns and cities which constitute Boston's environs are aching to surrender their municipal rights and privileges for the sake of building up the "Greater Boston" which the visionaries have in mind, and that may account for the slow progress the scheme has made. It has failed to receive the endorsement of a single suburban municipality, so far as we have heard.

This matter of "Greater Boston" was brought fresh to our mind the other day by the actual, or proposed, introduction in the Legislature of some sort of a wild eyed measure to give the suburbs representation in the Boston city government, than which nothing could possibly be more absurd. The suburbs crave no closer political or civic relations with Boston than now exist.

But it is probable the impracticables and visionaries, and those who would swell the "Hub of the Universe" to greatly increased proportions at the expense of their rural neighbors, will keep right on harping and working for the success of their scheme.

DELEGATE-AT-LARGE.

As a Republican leader Hon. E. N. Foss of Boston is forging along rapidly towards the mark of the high calling He bids fair to land ultimately, and within a reasonable time, in a seat in the National House of Representatives, for which he is eminently fitted, and has a laudable ambition.

Just now Mr. Foss is a prominent candidate for one of the four Massachusetts delegates-at-large to the Republican National convention. The Boston papers say his chances for election are good, and improving every day. His principal competitor for the honor is ex Secretary of the Navy, Hon. John D Long, of Hingham, but a good many think he has had his share of official plums and fair play demands that he should now step one side and give the younger men a chance to come to the front and make their mark on the politics of the State.

Mr. Foss is rich and one of the leading business men of Boston. He has a sound head and heart, a combination not so very common to be met with, but one that commands public confidence and respect wherever found.

SENATOR HANNA.

Hon. Marcus A. Hanna, United States Senator from Ohio, died at his home in Washington, D. C., at 6 40 o'clock Monday afternoon, Feb. 15, 1904, in the presence of his wife and children. He was 66 years old last September.

About two months ago he had an attack of grip, but after an illness of a few days resumed work, although still weak, and contrary to the advice of his physician. He suffered a relapse, which soon ran into typhoid fever, and finally resulted in his death. He had been reelected, only a few weeks before, to the Senate, of which body he was a leading member.

He possessed wonderful business ability and had accumulated a vast fortune; was a remarkable organizer of men and forces; a friend of the workingmen; large hearted; and those who knew him best say he was honest. He made McKinley President; and the assured success of the Panama canal undertaking is largely due to his devotion and work for it.

The funeral was held in Washington last Wednesday, Feb. 17.

CHIEF WADE.

In the death of Rufus R. Wade, Esq, who for 25 years past had been Chief of the Massachusetts District Police, and a public officer previous to his appointment to that position, the State lost an honest, faithful and efficient servant, and the community one of its best members. He was about 75 years old, but had the appearance of being a much younger man. The cause of his death was pneumonia.

Chief Wade enjoyed to a high degree the confidence and respect of everyone who knew him, and during his long term of service he commanded the esteem of State officials, from the 11 Governors by whom he was appointed and reappointed, to the lowest in the ranks. He was never the subject of an official investigation, for his work was always well done; and never was a suspicion of his integrity, in office and out, thought of.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican State convention to elect four Delegates at-Large to the Republican National convention, is to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on April 15, 1904.

Caucuses to elect delegates to the State convention will be held on April 5, 1904.

We have been informed that it is as good as settled that Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, ex Governor Crane, and Col. J. H. Benton of Belmont, are to be three of the four delegates, and that the fourth choice lies between Hon. John D. Long and Hon. Eugene N. Foss.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Next Monday, Feb. 22, will be the 172d anniversary of the birthday of George Washington, the Father of his Country, a date that is always celebrated, in one way and another, by the people of this great and glorious Republic. Social festivities generally predominate, and balls and parties come to the front on the anniversary of the birth of Washington, and why not?

J. FOSTER DELAND

General Real Estate

— AND —

Fire Insurance.

ROOM 5,

First National Bank Building

Offers some desirable Bargains in Real Estate. Call and I will show you some extra good values for investment. There is a demand for GOOD RENTS. Now is the time to invest in good REAL ESTATE. It is bound to advance in value.

THE DELAND SYSTEM: Judicious care of Rentable Real Estate.
SPECIALTY - - - - Management and Charge of Estates.

Fire Insurance placed in Reliable Companies. Mortgages negotiated.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Office will be closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after six o'clock.

☞ During the sessions of Legislatures the Country Editor's sanctum is enlivened by the receipt of stacks of literature and copies of bills, with requests for Editorial approval, or disapproval, as the case may be, from "many men of many minds" scattered over the State. Yesterday we received a written request to favor House Bills 818 and 819 to compel Railroad Companies to issue 12-ride tickets to suburban commuters. We have an idea that the Companies know how to manage their affairs tolerably well, and this question had better be left with them for settlement. Another asked our opposition to a petition for abolishing capital punishment. So long as we can keep our own neck out of the halter the subject will have but little interest for the Editor of the JOURNAL. The movement for biennial elections is worrying some people, pro and con, but while Boston continues to be the State they'll fail to put in an appearance, unless Boston changes her mind. And so on to the end of the chapter.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

W. R. Lang—Lawyer.
M. E Church—Supper.
J. H. Trainor—Wanted.
J. F. Daland—Real Estate.

— Miss Tilton of N. W. is a fine musician and successful musical conductor.

— Towanda Club have issued a fine programme of sports for Washington's Birthday.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Teamsters say country roads were drifted in the worst possible manner last Tuesday.

— Miss Bessie Temple of N. W. is a popular and successful teacher at Chester, N H.

— Delegates from St. John's Baptist church attended the convention at East Boston last Wednesday.

— The minstrel show of the North Woburn A. A. was a fine affair and highly successful.

— Treasurer Charlie A. Jones of the Savings Bank has been housed for a week with a bad cold and is still hugging the radiator.

— Herrick Brown, son of ex-Ald. Brown, is enjoying Mardi Gras at New Orleans this week.

— Librarian Cutter has experienced an uncomfortable touch of the prevailing distemper this week.

— Mr. Adam Foster is fitting up a cucumber factory at N. W., for which he utilizes the greenhouse.

— Two months of steady zero weather, with snow to match, will do very well indeed for one winter.

— Snowdrifts on the tracks compelled B. & M. trains to be a few minutes late last Wednesday evening.

— C. M. Strout & Co., dealers in stoves, furnaces, plumbers, tinsmiths, etc., are a good firm to trade with.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to vacate their present quarters in Savings Bank block on March 1.

— The new barrel making establishment will begin manufacturing in about a month. It occupies the old pantesote factory.

— On March 11 a hurley game will be pulled off at the Auditorium by the Celtic A. C. of Malden and a picked Woburn team.

— The date of the Old Folks concert by the Trinity church choir is Monday evening, Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday.

— The S. of V. and S. of V. Club are getting a good ready to bring out a war drama called "Our Jim" in Lyceum Hall on April 11.

— The postman's lot has not been an enviable one for a month past. Wading through snow hipdeep in zero weather isn't a pleasant business.

— Towanda Club are talking of celebrating in a suitable manner the 10th anniversary of their organization next month. They'll do it up brown!

— Feed the poor birds. They have had a hard time this winter and, for want of food, are as lean and lank as church mice. Feed the hungry little chaps.

— Master Harold Leslie Child was soloist at the Prospect Hill Congregational church, Somerville, on Feb. 7 and Feb. 14, at both morning and evening service.

— Robbins Drug Co. have an interesting communication in this paper. They advertise an honest and effective remedy, for which Supt. McLaughlin is ready to vouch.

— Several parties are being formed in Woburn and Stoneham to go to Winchester on the evening of Washington's Birthday to see "A Noble Outcast" at Town Hall.

— Water Registrar Walsh has started out to make more trouble for those who pay water rates. He has began on the April bills covering the coming 6 months, and no one need fear but that they will be promptly presented for payment.

— Early Monday morning the "no school" signal rang out loud and clear, and many young people were glad to hear it. It was a tough morning, for an old fashioned snowstorm held sway, and the roads and walks were hard to travel.

— Last Saturday Miss Dora Gilbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Gilbert of 120 Montvale avenue, gave a nice Valentine party to a number of young friends, and everybody there had a lovely time, for Miss Dora is a fine hostess.

— It was provoking that St. Valentine's Day should have fallen on Sunday, for it did not give the youngsters a fair chance. However, quite a good many "hearts and darts" found their way through the postoffice on Saturday, and more, perhaps, on Monday.

— A large Valentine party was given in the St. Charles Auditorium, on the corner of Main and Myrtle streets, which has recently been converted into a fine hall, with stage, etc., last Monday evening. It was somewhat in the nature of a dedicatory entertainment.

— Several of the members of the cast of "A Noble Outcast" which is to be performed in Winchester Town Hall on the evening of Washington's Birthday were associated with the famous old stock company at the Boston Museum during its last days of existence.

— Rev. Dr. Calkins, pastor of the Montvale Congregational church, is traveling in the West and Rev. Dr. Adriance of Winchester is filling the pulpit during his absence. The church is getting on finely, with an encouraging prospect ahead. Dr. Calkins is an able and faithful pastor.

— It took two days and a night, plus, to repair a big break in the 10-inch water main near Sumner Jones's residence. The break occurred on Monday morning. Commissioner Hayward volunteered to aid the Superintendent in the work of repairs. Several houses were necessarily cut off from their water supply.

— Hugh Martin, Superintendent of Streets, and his men were on hand with commendable promptness last Monday morning armed and equipped to battle with the storm, and they did it well. The sidewalks were plowed out in good season and good shape, for which pedestrians felt thankful. Martin does the business all right.

— Many readers of the JOURNAL may have no candidate in the WOBURN NEWS voting contest, and if so, I wish they would save their coupons for me. If they will bring them or send them to the JOURNAL office I will be greatly obliged, or I will call for them at residences if notified.—ROBERT SULLIVAN, WOBURN JOURNAL OFFICE.

— It has been a grand good winter for the men and boys who earn money by shoveling snow. The city, street railroads, and private persons have furnished them with a great deal more than the usual amount of work in this line, and it has come to them without canvassing, as is commonly the custom. Therefore the snow this winter has been a blessing to many willing workers.

— The "Winter Picnic" to be held by the Congregational Y. P. S. C. E. on March 1, is to be a good thing with no flies on it, or in the lemonade. The best kind of a musical and literary entertainment is being prepared for it; candy and things will be on sale; and a nice young lady, who is one of its Chief Engineers, tells us that it is to be a very fine affair indeed. No doubt of it.

— "Pirates of Panama," the extravaganza, to be produced under the management of Towanda Club on March 23, 24, will be a big thing. An attractive advertising card has been issued and placed in shop windows by Secretary Andrews, on which is a picture of the "Pirates," drawn by A. T. Torrrose of this city, that sets off the scheme of the extravagant music in fine style.

— At 8 o'clock Thursday evening, Feb. 25, the Woburn Woman's Club, first and foremost in all fashionable functions, are to give a Colonial Tea party which, as its name indicates, is to be an old fashioned affair, and, no doubt, an exceedingly pleasant one Costumes of the Colonial period of American history will be worn, old songs sung, old dances danced, including the minuet, Virginia reel and Fisher's Hornpipe; old stories told, food like that of ye olden time eaten, and a Colonial atmosphere pervading the whole business—an affair that will "try men's soles," as at Valley Forge.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— The weather yesterday was just a little more vernal-like than on any day since last digging potato time.

— E Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Eighteen members of the First Baptist Sunday School attended the Boston East Bible School Convention in East Boston, Wednesday.

— Mr. Charles P. Pollard isn't doing a great amount of heavy lifting this winter, but he gets around on the streets and among his hosts of friends on time and in good shape, and is about as happy as they make 'em these days.

— Janitor Simonds was sick las Wednesday, in consequence of which Master Owen dismissed the High School in the morning because of a lack of sufficient heat to keep the scholars comfortable.

— At 6.30 o'clock next Monday evening, Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday, the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church are to furnish a Patriotic Supper at the church. These ladies are famous for their rich and generous providing for public feasts.

— The office of Winfield R. Lang, Esq., Lawyer, is 847 Tremont Building, Boston, where he is doing well in his profession, and has excellent prospects for future success. He has good knowledge of the law, is a worker, is square and reliable, and bound to make his mark.

— As to weather, last Tuesday was a ripsnorter, and don't you forget it! But it was no worse than it used to be every winter up in Bolton when Rufus R. Whitten was a boy. He told about the menfolks breaking out the snow piled roads with ox-teams, and the boys riding on the sleds, snowballing, and having heaps of fun. But that sort of fun lost its attractions for him years ago.

— In accordance with the revised notices published in the Boston papers architects who are to make plans for the new schoolhouse must submit them to the Board of Public Works and sub committee of the School Board on, or before, Tuesday, Feb. 23, the first notice having been too short to produce desired results. It is expected that a considerable number of plans will be offered for inspection.

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Course, and next to the last on the list as heretofore published, is to be given on Feb. 23, by Senor Ramon Reyes Lala, his subject to be "The Philippines and their people," illustrated. With the subject properly handled, as, of course, it will be, the lecture cannot but be intensely entertaining and an educator. There will probably be a great rush of people to hear it and see the pictures.

— From what is heard concerning it we are bold to say that the Old Folks Concert, to be given by the choir of Trinity church on the evening of Washington's Birthday anniversary, Feb 22, will be a musical treat that everybody ought to attend and enjoy. As musical matters go in this city it will be outre in character, a novelty, for which reason, and others, people will flock to it, and they will be absolutely sure to get their money's worth.

— At the "Winter Picnic" to be held by the Y. P. S. C. E of the Congregational church on March 1. Miss Esther Bean is to give mandolin solos, which part she is amply qualified to execute in the very best manner. Her contributions will be additions to those mentioned in the JOURNAL last week The proceeds of the "Picnic" go for the support of Home and Foreign Missions to which the Congregational church regularly contribute.

— The date of the Colonial Tea, to be held under auspices of Woburn Woman's Club, is Thursday, Feb. 25. The city is being ransacked for old treasures in the way of dresses, candlesticks, pewter platters, etc. The function is for friends of the Club, gentleman as well as ladies. The admission will be twenty-five cents. Those who are to take part in the dramatic entertainment, to be given March 18, are hard at work on the rehearsals.—A. C. KENDALL, Rec. Sec.

— John J. Hern's Orchestra got warm commendations for the excellent music they furnished at the Rebekah minstrel show last Wednesday evening The show was a brilliant one, for the success of which Conductor Stevens was awarded due credit. The chorus singing was fine. Sorry our reporter was so late in getting around yesterday with his story of the entertainment, but if the weather moderates he may have something to say about it in the next issue of the JOURNAL, albeit it will savor of ancient history.

— Lyceum Hall is to be the scene of a notable society event on Monday evening, Feb. 29, to wit, a grand Leap Year Ball by the Theonleigh Club of this city, of which many leading society women are members. The Directors are to be Miss Dora B. Buss, assisted by Mrs. D. R. Beggs, Mrs L F. Greene, Mrs J. S. Jaquith, Mrs. A. H. Linscott, Mrs. W. W. Hick, Mrs. J H Linnell, Miss Grace E Bond, Miss Bertha P. Trull, Miss Helen Ramsdell, Miss Annie A. Skinner, and Miss Florene B. York, who will act as ushers. The patrons will be Mr. D. R. Beggs, Mr. L. F. Greene, Mr. J S. Jaquith, Mr. A. H. Linscott, Mr. W. W. Hicks and Mr. J. H. Linnell. Hicks will be the caterer.

— Every year not a few bright Woburn young men and women go to Burdett's Business College in Boston to learn bookkeeping, stenography, type writing, and similar occupations, the better to fit themselves for profitable vocations. Such an education is of more practical value than that obtained in other schools, unless it be to fit pupils for teachers' lives, or the learned professions, and proof of this is to be found in numberless Boston business houses in which are employed graduates from the Burdett College. A long list of names of Woburn young people might be given who, after graduating, speedily obtained good situations as accountants, stenographers, etc., and are in the receipt of better salaries than they could secure by the practice of any other profession. It is generally conceded that Burdett's is the leading Business College in New England

— The Rifle Team of Co. G, 5th Rgt., are to give another of their popular assemblies at the Armory, Thursday evening, Feb. 25 Strachan's famous orchestra will furnish the music and a very enjoyable evening may be expected.

— Mr. John J. Grothe has made to order this season several street railway snowplows at his establishment on Everett street, for which there has been a brisk demand. His plows are firstclass and enjoy a wide and excellent reputation.

— The South End Social Club held a social and dance last Monday evening in their hall, which has been remodeled. They are having rehearsels for their minstrel show which is to be given on Easter Monday evening. They always give a fine performance.

—The Valentine Party held Monday evening at the old rink, which has lately been remodeled and is now called the St Charles Auditorium, was largely attended, it being reported that there were nearly 1,000 people present. The Elmwood orchestra furnished the music.

— A series of six Lenten Vesper Services will be held at the First Church on successive Sunday afternoons, beginning next Sunday. The service will begin at half past four o'clock and continue one hour. Music will be led by the Congregational Quartette under the direction of Mr. D. N. Hood, organist. The pastor, Dr. Norton, will give a series of brief addresses on the Lord's Prayer. The people are invited.

— Better weather for a minstrel show than that vouchsafed the Rebekahs last Wednesday evening could hardly have been asked for. The going was not ideal, but it might have been much worse, and had been every day for some time previous to that night. Taking advantage of weather and walking a large number of people assembled to enjoy the show, conducted by O. W. Stevens, and were well paid for their time and the trouble of dressing up for it. It was a good entertainment, one of the best of the kind that has been given here for a long time, and the spectators liked it. Nothing went wrong or skewangular; the songs and jokes were fresh; and the local hits smart and funny. What more could anybody ask for, or want?

— At about meeting time last Sunday evening it began to snow in a perfunctory sort of a way and thus continued until some time in the night when the storm increased in size and violence, and early morning found an additional coating of six inches or more and well blocked streets. It kept on all day Monday until near nightfall, and gave this part of the country the hardest snowstorm of the season. As the storm ceased a strong north wind set in, the cold increased, and a bad night was the result. Old fashioned drifts, blocked roads, and weather from 6 to 10 below zero on Tuesday morning, was the proposition which confronted the people hereaway. Tuesday was a snorter. Notwithstanding the amount of snow and high wind, the B & M. trains went and came on schedule time all through the storm, and the Woburn Div. of the B. & N. kept its cars humming between Lowell, No. Woburn and Medford with but little loss of time. The Woburn & Stoneham went out of commission; the Woburn & Reading failed to make connections; and other lines were badly used by the storm and cold. Hereafter let the "Oldest Inhabitant" hold his peace.

City Council.

A meeting of the Board was held last Monday evening, Feb. 15

Bryan McSweeney filed his bond as Deputy Collector.—According to the report of the Chief of Police there were 78 arrests in January, 29 nonresidents, and 160 lodgers in the city jail.

Michael J. Brett filed a claim for pay for personal injuries received from a fall on a slippery sidewalk.—Registrars of Voters presented a list of jurors.—The Public Library to have the Dog Tax.

The Mayor submitted an estimate of amounts necessary for Departments for the year 1904 as follows: Current expenses $130,834 82 together with unexpended balances amounting to $16,739.21 and for fixed charges, viz. the city debt, $46,952 19.

Missionary Meeting.

The Young Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church met at Mrs Collier's on Scott st., Thursday evening. Mrs. Robert Robson gave a "Trip through China," tracing it on the map. Mr. Don C. Page and his daughter Mrs. William True sang a duet very acceptably. Mr. Whittier read a paper on "Self centered people in China." The two young Chinese girls who were expected to be present were unable to be there on account of their studies. Cake and cocoa were served. It was a very profitable and interesting meeting.

Polo.

In the opening series of polo for the $300 purse which has been put up, Woburn lost to Stoneham at Stoneham Tuesday evening; score 8 to 2. It was a fast clean game. Woburn started out well scoring first, but seemed to grow weak toward the last part of the game But they got back at Stoneham Wednesday evening at the Auditorium trimming them by a score of 13 to 7. They scored goals almost at will, and played such a fast game that the Stoneham players could hardly stand on their feet at the close of it. Bob Loxen was here, there, and everywhere, as was Mooney and Janelle.

Stoneham plays here Saturday evening.

Woburn again defeated Stoneham in a fast game at stoneham; score 4 to 3. Besse and Loxon were the stars, Loxon at one time delivered the goods to a few of the Stoneham players.

Lynn will probably challenge Woburn after the present series.

The Antiseptic Healer.

Since the advent of Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL upon the market Physicians and Nurses have successfully used it for the treatment of Burns, Wounds, Sores, Cuts, Chafed or Chapped Surfaces, Bites and Stings of Insects, Ivy and Dogwood Poisoning. They recommend it most highly for the Scalp and Hair, for the general bath and for curing tender, aching feet. It is excellent as a Poultice for Reducing Inflammation, relieving Pain, Soreness and Irritation and for stopping the flow of blood. They endorse it strongly for use as a Douche or Spray.

Woburn First Baptist Church.

The First Baptist church of Woburn is the oldest in this section of the country—the mother of the Arlington, Wakefield, and others in this vicinity, and it is hardly fair to attempt to rob her of the honor. In a newspaper controversy some years ago, carried on by Woburn and Arlington Baptists, it was clearly shown that Woburn was fairly entitled to the qualifying designation, "First."—WOBURN JOURNAL.

The First Baptist church in Woburn is a daughter of the Arlington church. The Arlington church was organized in 1780, and from that day to this the society in Arlington has owned its house of worship and has maintained preaching services. During the earlier years the Baptists in Woburn came over to worship at the Arlington (then West Cambridge) church. At length the Woburn Baptists became strong enough to build a church of their own, did so and established themselves as a "church and parish." This first church is still standing on Main street in Woburn and was a play house for boys of the writer's age in his early boyhood, having been abandoned when the edifice now occupied by the Woburn society was built. The year this old building was erected is the only correct date of the birth of the Baptist society in Woburn, although by courtesy granted because of long use, the "Association" grants to them the 1780 date in common with the Arlington church. The Woburn members were never dismissed from the Arlington church; they simply remained at home and established a new one. At that time the clerk was a Woburn man and had a list of members he had copied, but the original documents and all records pertaining to the church are still sacredly held as a legacy of the men and women who amid much of trial, something of persecution or ostracism, and at great personal sacrifice, established the church here in 1780. The two original buildings are still standing, occupied now as dwellings. The third was built on the present site of the Baptist church, and was torn down to give place to the one burned a few years ago, now replaced by the handsome stone structure which is the pride alike of society and citizens generally.—*Arlington Advocate.*

The thought had been in our mind, whenever the matter was mentioned, that the newspaper discussion of it, some 20 years ago, settled the question of seniority in favor of the Woburn church, and therefore we neglected to consult the files of the JOURNAL before making the above statement. The editor of the *Advocate* was one of the disputants in the discussion referred to, and is better qualified to speak authoratively on its outcome than we are.

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. Their main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred-and-one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step, vigorous and successful in your pursuits. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c; regular bottles, 75c. At all druggists.

Lent and the Episcopal Church.

The Rectors of the Episcopal Parishes included in the North Suburban District of Boston, namely: Arlington, Everett, Malden, Medford, Melrose, Winchester, Woburn, and to take in for this purpose Lexington and Wakefield, the population of which District is more than 175,000, have arranged for the publication of Calendars of the services of these churches, and for an exchange of pulpits on Sunday evenings, during the Lenten season. The object is to effect a closer union of the Episcopal churches in the territory named.

The services at Trinity Episcopal of Woburn, Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector, during Lent are to be as follows:

Sunday, Feb. 21,	10.30 A. M., 7.00 P. M.
Sunday School	12.00 M
Ash Wednesday	10.30 A. M
Good Friday	10.30 A. M
Every Wednesday	4.00 P. M
Every Friday	7.30 P. M

SUNDAY EVENING PREACHERS.

February	21,	Rev. James Yeames
"	28,	" James Sheerin
March	6,	" F. I. Paradise
"	13,	" Paul Sterling
"	20,	" Frederick Edwards
"	27,	" Arthur P. Greenleaf

Sleigh Bells.

EDITOR OF WOBURN JOURNAL:

The non-observance of the law in regard to sleigh-bells in this city is so general that perhaps it would be well for you to call attention of the public generally and the police especially to the following sections of Chapter 54 of the Revised Laws.

Sec. 3. No person shall travel on a bridge or way with a sleigh or a sled drawn by a horse, unless there are at least three bells attached to some part of the harness.

Section 4. Whoever violates the provisions of this chapter shall, upon complaint made within three months after the commission of the offence, forfeit not more than twenty dollars and be liable in an action commenced within twelve months after the date of said violation for all damage caused thereby.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Guess Not, Mr. "Star."

One thing seems to be very generally conceded and that is that the consolidation of suburban post-offices with Boston is probable within the near future. As a result of such a consolidation there would be a superintendent who would receive probably about one-half the salary now paid the postmaster. The only persons to be benefited by the change would be the letter carriers, whose salary would be increased to $1000 a year.—*Winchester Star.*

When such a consolidation is completed please drop a P. C., informing the JOURNAL of the fact, will you, Dear *Star*?

WANTED
IN WOBURN
Moderate cost house in good neighborhood, in exchange for first-class investment property.
GEO. ADAMS WOODS,
50 State St., Boston.

Patriotic Supper
By the Ladies' Aid Society at the
M. E. CHURCH,
Monday Evening, Feb. 22, 1904
SUPPER 25c.
Supper at 6.30.

WINFIELD R. LANG,
LAWYER,
847 Tremont Building, BOSTON.
Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.
Can be seen evenings at B. & M. ticket office. Tel. 179 Haymarket.

WANTED!
Men or women local representatives for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prizes. Write J. N. TRAINER, 80 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y.

A Drug Store that Cuts Prices.

			Regular Price
Sanford's Ginger		29c	50c
Horlick's Malted Milk	40c	79c	50c $1.00
Laxative Bromo Quinine		17c	25c
Scott's Emulsion	39c	71c	50c $1.00

Whitcher's Next to Post Office

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!
S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Reduction Sale
To close all our Heavy Weight Goods before stock taking.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

Robbins's Cough Syrup
Is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds and all pulmonary trouble or money refunded. On account of its freedom from narcotics it is particularly recommended for children.
Regular size 50c. Trial size 25c.
For that tickling in the throat try Robbins's Bronchial Lozenges 10 cents a Box.
Pure old-fashioned Flaxseed Drops, 19c. pound.
Pure old-fashioned Horehound Drops, 19c. pound.
Pure Slippery Elm Lozenges, 23c. pound.
Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
The Cut Price Store. Green Stamps.

Ayer's Pills
Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Keep saying this over and over again. The best laxative. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Boston Dog Show.

The dog show to be held in Mechanics building, Boston, on Feb. 22, 23, 24 and 25, will bring together the finest collection of sporting and pet dogs ever seen in New England. All records for a Boston show have been broken in number of entries. The Sabine kennels of Texas will be represented by a large entry of fox-terriers and the most famous entry from Canada will be the champion Irish terrier Celtic Badger. The largest individual entry is that of Thomas W. Lawson, who will exhibit his celebrated kennel of toy spaniels and English bulldogs. The giants of the canine race will be represented by Sovra and Bistri, the two famous wolf-hounds that were imported last fall by a Yale student who travelled all over Russia in search of what he considered ideal types of the Borzoi. Over $10,000 will be distributed in money and plate to the winners in the different classes. There will be two troupes of trained dogs on exhibition and this, together with the judging, will form a continuous performance from the time the show begins on Monday morning until it closes on Thursday night.

Loyal Temperance Legion.

The next meeting of the L. T. L. will be held in the vestry of the Swedish church, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20, at 2 o'clock.—C. M. WARREN, Press Agent.

WINCHESTER.

The Winchester Boat Club are to give a grand entertainment this evening, Feb. 19.

Congressman McCall has recovered from a long and severe siege with the grip and made his appearance in the House the other day.

The annual meeting of the Winchester Mutual Benefit Association is to be held in Town Hall on Monday evening, Feb. 29

Secretary A. M. Palmer of the Y. M. C. A, who has done excellent work here, has gone to Whitman to take charge of the Y. M. C. A. there.

Notably handsome costumes are worn by the ladies in the cast of "A Noble Outcast" which will be presented in Town Hall here on the evening of Washington's Birthday.

Last Wednesday, Mary L Spurr, 50 years old, a teacher in our public schools for 20 years, committed suicide by hanging in the Unitarian church. She had been suffering from nervous troubles several months.

Active preparations are on foot for the March Town Meeting Last evening the usual annual meeting was held at which nominations for Town offices are made which was too late to report the names of the candidates for this week's JOURNAL.

The Registrars of Voters held a meeting in Town Hall on last Wednesday evening, and will hold another at the Swanton street Hose House on Wednesday evening, Feb. 24, and again at the Town Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening, Feb. 27.

Last week's *Star* contained a fitting tribute to the memory of the venerable and venerated Rev. Joshua Young, D. D., who conducted the religious services at the funeral of John Brown, whose "soul goes marching on," at North Elba, N. Y., for which he was forced to abandon his pastorate at Burlington, Vt. Previous to his death he had been a highly respected resident of this town for several years.

Boston theatres are always crowded on the evening of Washington's Birthday and Winchester people always find trouble in getting desirable seats. Consequently it will be especially interesting to have a play like "A Noble Outcast" given here in effective fashion on that evening, and Winchester Town Hall deserves to be filled to the doors out of compliment to the manager who brings a notable production here on that holiday evening.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio · First National Bank Building.
The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.
The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Claviæ System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN. - MASS.

Clan MacKinnon, 45, O. S. C.

On February 12, the Clan held a successful meeting at which two new candidates were initiated; also one for the next meeting.

After initiation the Clan enjoyed an informal concert, Grand Delegate James Robinson of Clan MacPhail favoring the company with some old Scotch songs, Ranting Roving Robin, Rabin Tamsen Smidy, and others. There was also buck and wing dancing by R. Lovelace; pipe playing by Pipe Major William Smith; and some fine selections on phonograph by a friend of the Clan.

Icecream and cigars were served, after which regular business was continued until the close of the meeting.

Basket Ball.

At the Auditorium last Monday evening the Malden team defeated the Woburn A. C. Basket Ball team; score, Malden 31, Woburn A. C. 23 The feature of the game was the playing of P. Meagher. Tonight the Jamaica Plain team will play the Woburn A. C. at the Auditorium.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christ Jesus."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st Sunday in Lent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. James Yeames of Arlington will officiate.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Dr. E. M. Taylor will preach the Annual Missionary Sermon.
12 M. Sunday School.
3 30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., preaching by the pastor.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. Subject: "The Scattered Church: The Gathered People."
12 M., Sunday School.
4.30 P. M., Vesper Service.
Wednesday, at 4.20 P. M., Pastor's Class.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 24, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Pascah Cassese and Marion Sebella, both of Woburn.

In this city, Jan. 20, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Timothy Lawrence Murphy and Catherine Brown, both of Woburn.

In this city, Feb. 16, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Patrick McDonough and Mary Flaherty, both of Woburn.

In Salem, Feb. 10, by Rev. Charles H. Puffer, Charles William Cooper of Woburn and Margaret Mary Halpin Provost of Salem.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 11, Grace Ross, aged 70 years.

In Winchester, Feb. 14, Cecelia Johnson, aged 13 years, 2 months, 16 days.

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

The Way They Point---

Everything points to a big busy season with us. Just as real as is the magnet's attraction is the attraction of our goods and prices. No one can fail to appreciate values they can test. The needle always points to the pole, and the people always point to us for business.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
A Jewelry Store since 1871.
Fine Repairing in all its branches

Dalobe Farm CREAM

18c. Jar.

5c. allowed for empty jar when returned. This is the Best and also the Cheapest Cream on the market.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Strictly Home-Made
Caramels
CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 Main Street, — Woburn.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.
JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 Tremont Street, Boston.
Tel. Main 3903-3.

To Let.

House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.
Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms and furnace.
Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

Removal.

DR. JOSEPH ASPRAY
Has moved his residence and office from 399 Main street to
55 1-2 PLEASANT STREET,
Mrs. Hudson's new house, where those needing his professional services will now find him.

O. B. SANBORN,
Furniture and Piano Moving,
Jobbing of all kinds.
Out of town moving a specialty. Storage for furniture. All mail orders promptly attended to.
Telephone connection, 105-7.
Residence, 117 Montvale Ave.
WOBURN

TO LET.

Tenement of 5 rooms, No. 4 Court St., $10.50 per month. Also one of 5 rooms, No. 76 Salem St., $9.00 per month.
E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

Desk Room To Let
at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

The Best
Cough Reliever
Wild Cherry
and Tar
COUGH BREAKER.
25 Cents.
PREPARED BY
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows :—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m ; also 11 p. m , for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m,, and hourly untill 10.30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m , hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12 15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a.m., hourly until 10.45 p. m., Billerica 7.39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Lawrence McGrath, Mary A. McGrath, Patrick McGrath, Kate McGrath and Almira C. LaPuri of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, the Boston and Lowell Railroad, a duly existing Corporation, having a place of business at Boston, in the County of Suffolk and said Commonwealth, and Gershom L. Fall now or formerly of Malden, in said County of Middlesex, and Samuel Curry now or formerly of said Boston, or their heirs, devisees or legal representatives, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by James Kerr of said Boston, to register and confirm his title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Being on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue (formerly Railroad street) in the easterly part of said Woburn and bounded: Northerly on said Montvale Avenue; easterly by land now or formerly of Lawrence McGrath, Trustee; southerly by land now or formerly of the Boston and Lowell Railroad; westerly by land now or formerly of LaPuri. Premises contain about one-half acre.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the twenty-ninth day of February, A. D , 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year nineteen hundred a_d four.

Attest with Seal of said Court. [SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Physicians and Nurses
USE AND RECOMMEND
CABOT'S
Sulpho-Napthol
TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

The STANDARD ANTISEPTIC for Burns, Wounds, Cuts, Sores, Chapped Surfaces, Scalp, Hair, General Bath and Tender, Aching Feet. Excellent as a Poultice or reducing Inflammation, Pain, Soreness and Irritation and stopping flow of Blood

See that the above Trade-Mark is on all packages. It protects you from inferior substitutes.

Sold in 10c., 25., 50c. and $1.00 packages.

The Coster's Curl.

Many east London barbers, who have been journeymen in many west end establishments, declare that young costermongers and barmen, with the peculiar rolling curl that protrudes from under the cap or bowler, are far more particular about their hair than the sons of the aristocracy in general. This same curl, standing forth from a surface of hair that seems to have been flatironed, is not achieved without much trouble. Scores of these young dandies of the east subscribe to a "toilet club" and have weekly attention given to their distinguishing curl in a manner that might be expected of a patrician beau.

Hub Crumbs
better breadcrumbs
10c

Makes everything fried much better and wholesome.
Saves work and time in the midst of cooking; as handy as the salt box.
Keeps fresh and sweet indefinitely.
It swells in milk or water to four times its dry bulk; use only half or a third as much as of other crumbs.
Makes delicious pudding, stuffing, griddle-cakes, etc.

Ask your grocer for MISS HOWARD'S COOK BOOK

Literary Notices.

Among the Hardwicke Mss , appear the letters of Lady Anne Fitzgerald, aunt by marriage to Lord Edward. They are a curious study and readers are indebted to Miss Louise Imogen Guiney for patiently transcribing them, and making them the basis of a very quaint contribution to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for February, under the title Lady Ann Fitzgerald and the Emmet Revolutionary Movement. Grand Opera in English is the subject of John Talbot Smith's paper in which he contrasts the American achievements in music with Italian standards—to the disadvantage of the former. A beautifully-illustrated description of A Land of Perpetual Spring, depicts the charm of the Riviera. William McDermott Hughes writes of An American Shrine, that of Our Lady of Louisiana, where Andrew Jackson came to return thanks after the battle of New Orleans. R. Barry O'Brien has a second paper in his study of Three Centuries of Irish Education. Herbert Young discusses Sham Reform in New York, and P. J. Duggan considers Shakespeare and His Religion. D. A. McCarthy gives advice on Writing for the Press. Rev. Lawrence C. P. Fox, O.M.I., tells of his missionary labors in London, Leith and Inchicore. A Daughter of Kings grows in attractiveness with every chapter, the present instalment having a special charm for all lovers of young people. The Turning of the Lane, is a bright short story. There are poetic contributions from Rev. J. B Dollard, Caroline D. Swan, Magdalen Rock, and others, and many excellent department features.

An Important Announcement.

When the late Lord Lyons was British ambassador at Paris he received a gift of two emus. Embassies are not exactly the place to keep such birds, and he gave them to the Duke of Norfolk, who then had a large aviary at Arundel castle. The duke in his turn named the pair Lord and Lady Lyons. Like all amateur bird fanciers, he was eager to raise a brood of little emus, but the birds showed no disposition to propagate their species. The duke finally grew weary of watching them and left it to the keepers to bring him immediate word of any signs of a family. A month or two later when the household was at lunch with several guests one of the keepers insisted upon access to the duke. Red, breathless and stammering, he burst into the dining room with "Your grace, your grace, Lord and Lady Lyons 'ave laid a hegg!"

British Local Nicknames.

The residents of the English counties have nicknames the meaning and origin of which are not always obvious. Why the inhabitants of Liverpool should be called "Dicky Sams" is not very clear. But nearly all the counties have their distinctive nicknames. The Glaswegians are "Keelies," the Lancashire men are "Tim Bobbins," while the Lincolnshire folk have long been called "Yellow Bellies," after the frogs which once abounded there. Yorkshire men, again, are everywhere "Tykes," a nickname the etymology of which is not easy to trace. The inhabitants of Suffolk are designated "Dumplings," those of Kent "Hogs" and the Isle of Wight people "Calves."

The Fretful Porcupine.

In the woods of Keewaydin there once roamed a very discontented porcupine. He was forever fretting. He complained that everything was wrong. till it was perfectly scandalous, and the Great Spirit, getting tired of his grumbling, said:

"You and the world I have made don't seem to fit. One or the other must be wrong. It is easier to change you. You don't like the trees, you are unhappy on the ground and think everything is upside down, so I'll turn you inside out and put you in the water."

This was the origin of the shad.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Century.

Wellington on Napoleon.

Wellington's judgments of men and history are singularly just and correct. He used few words and never fenced his meaning about with qualifications. When Lord Ellesmere mentioned a certain writer's low opinion of Napoleon the duke replied: "Napoleon was the first man of his day on a field of battle and with French troops. I confine myself to that. His policy was mere bullying, and, military matters apart, he was a Jonathan Wild."—London Review.

A Long Burning Fire.

At the Chequers inn at Slapestones, near Osmotherly, England, is a fire which for more than a century has never been allowed to go out. The place is a quaint little building, to which many visitors resort on account of its never extinguished fire and the turf cakes baked upon its hearth. It has been kept by members of one family for over a hundred years.

Diagnosing His Disposition.

"There's old Blithers. He takes such a jaundiced view of the world," remarks Gilworthy.

"Not always," says Migglebury. "He only gets those pessimistic moods on him when he has been drinking."

"Same thing, in effect. He takes a demijohndiced view."—Judge.

A Long Time.

"Eternity," said the country exhorter who wanted to make things clear, "is forever and forever and five or six everlastings on that. Why, brothers and sisters, after millions and billions of centuries had rolled away in eternity it would still be 100,000 years to breakfast time."

His Bluff.

"Yes, Angelina, when I muttered something in my sleep last night about being out on a bluff I was dreaming of a delightful excursion a friend and I took to Dover cliff in England several years ago."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

PRIMITIVE LETTER POST.

The Earliest Postal Service Dates Back to Babylonia.

No postal service has been traced earlier than that which was in operation during the reign of Khammurabi, the Amraphel of Genesis, who was king of Babylonia about 2300 B. C. A number of the missives, each inclosed in its clay envelope, which passed through this earliest postoffice are preserved in the Babylonian room of the British museum, and their contents indicate that even at that period letters were freely circulated throughout the empire by a public postal service under governmental control.

Sir Brian Tuke was appointed postmaster in England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and in 1556 the lords of the council ordered "that the postes betweene this and the Northe should eche of them keepe a booke and make entrye of every lettre that he shall receive, the tyme of the deliverie thereof unto his hands, with the parties' names that shall bring it unto him."

The first post for the conveyance of private letters to all parts of England and Scotland was started in 1635, when the "letter office" was established, but it was not till 1837 that the foundation of the present system was laid.

CURED OF HIS CLUB.

The Way One Woman Kept Her Husband Home In the Evenings.

"I would be very happy if my husband would not spend so many of his evenings at the club," said Mrs. Bride, with a sigh.

"Why don't you try the suspicion cure?" said her intimate friend.

"What is the suspicion cure?" asked Mrs. Bride.

"Well, my husband once got into the habit of spending his evenings at his club, and I worried myself ill. Then I changed my tactics. Instead of asking him to remain at home I urged him to go to the club. The way he raised his eyebrows the first time I suggested it showed that I was on the right track.

"One night he said he had a severe headache and would remain at home. I opposed the idea and insisted that an evening at his club would make him forget his headache. He gave me a hard look, but acted on the suggestion. I knew he would be back within an hour, so I made an elaborate toilet. He returned, as I expected, with the plea that his head was worse. I ignored his question concerning my elaborate toilet. He hasn't been away for an evening since. It is almost like the old honeymoon, only he appears to have something on his mind."

THE LOVING CUP.

Its Origin Dates From the Assassination of King Edward.

The remote origin of the loving cup dates from the story of the assassination of Edward, king and martyr, who was stabbed in the back while drinking. It had been usual at feasts to pass round a large cup, which each, as he rose to drink, lifted with both hands, exposing his body to attack. This custom was altered, so that when one stood up to drink he who sat next became his "pledge" and also rose, drawn sword in hand, to protect him.

This practice in a modified form continued long after changed conditions of society had ceased to need it and was the origin of our custom of drinking healths and particularly of the ceremonial, preserved in almost its primitive form, of passing round the loving cup, when, as each person rises and takes the cup in his hand to drink, the guest next to him also rises and grasps the second handle.

Some authorities ascribe its origin to Margaret, consort of Malcolm, king of Scotland, and others to Henry of Navarre.—London Truth.

Marriage In the Isles of Greece.

In Kaso, one of the most southern islands of Greece, the parents upon both sides take upon themselves all the responsibilities of courtship and marriage. Courtship, as we understand it, is not in any way permitted to the betrothed couple. No moonlight walks or tete-a-tetes are allowed. Such a course would be deemed highly reprehensible, and all wooing, if there be any, must take place in the presence of the elders. But there is no great time for repining at these decrees of custom, for the marriage follows the offer as quickly as may be.

Enjoy Advantages.

"Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim, "what does ghos'es want to come back to dis yearth foh?"

"Dat's a foolish question. Dey kin go whahebber dey wants wifout payin' no house rent nor cah fare, an' nobody can't shet 'em out. Sometimes I reckons dat ghos'es is de only folks dat re'ly enjoys life."—Washington Star.

A Precaution.

A farmer wrote to his lawyer as follows: "Will you please tell me where you learned to write? I have a boy I wish to send to school, and I am afraid I may hit upon the same school that you went to."

How He Won It.

Goodson—It was Lawyer Townsmun that won my lawsuit for me. Simply—Why, I thought he was on the opposing side. Goodson—He was.—Tit-Bits.

Waste of Words.

Miss Withers—When Harold kissed me he told me that he loved me. The Friend—What a waste of words!—Town Topics.

We hope nobody ever courted as they do on the stage.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Impatience and pride have destroyed more souls than wickedness.—Mazzini.

His Unreasonableness.

She—Oh, I would have given anything to have had it! He—Well, why didn't you buy it? She—The idea! They wanted half a dollar for it!—Browning's Magazine.

THE PRINCE'S WRAITH.

An Apparition Whose Coming Was a Sign of Death.

King Gustavus IV. of Sweden, who reigned in the early part of the last century, was taking supper one evening with the Prince of Baden and others, among them a Count Lewenhjelm. Suddenly, halfway through the supper, the king let drop his knife and fork and, turning to Lowenhjelm, said, "Look! Don't you see?" at the same time gazing across the table. No one understood what he meant, and so he dropped the subject. Later, after the Prince of Baden had departed, the king said to his companions: "When I asked you whether you saw anything, I had myself distinctly seen the double, or wraith, of the Prince of Baden enter the room and, passing round the table, place itself behind that prince's chair, where it quickly faded away and vanished. You know," added the king, "the terrible import attached in our country to such apparitions, and, having given you the key to what you may well have thought unaccountable conduct on my part, I now request you to keep strictly to yourselves what I have imparted to you." The following evening and at the same hour, according to Count Lowenhjelm, while the court was seated as usual at supper, the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard in the palace quadrangle, and a courier was speedily announced, who brought tidings of a disastrous carriage accident in which the Prince of Baden had lost his life.

CALIFORNIA'S CHARM.

How the Visitor From the East Finally Capitulates.

You will not find everything in southern California. You will miss the wide stretches of green in the open places, far removed from the dusty cities, the noble trees, the clear streams of water, the blue lake nestled in among the pine clad mountains. You will miss that splendid miracle the change of the seasons, when your whole nature comes into closer touch with the great mother heart of nature than at any other time in all the year.

You will miss much. But when you have been here a year, when month after month of rare and beautiful weather blend into each other, when the sea wooes you and the flowers charm you and the brown mountains beckon you and the soft air soothes you, after a year has passed you find there are some compensations for the lovely things you have left behind you. You come to realize that nature has done more for this stretch of sea and mountain girt land than she has done for any other spot on the globe.

You may have been charmed with California when you came, you may have been captivated after you had been here a year, you may capitulate and consent to be captured by the time two golden summers have stolen over you.—The World Today.

Hot Water.

Cold blooded people, who have little thirst, will do well to make a business of drinking a certain amount of hot water every day throughout the winter season. It lessens the tendency to take cold, improves the circulation and benefits coughs and insomnia.

Before going to bed is a very good time for this practice, as it warms up and relaxes the system, thus preparing the way for a good night's sleep.

Many cases of indigestion, headache, neuralgia, cold hands and feet, can be cured in half an hour by drinking slowly one or two pints of water so hot that it almost burns the throat.—Medical Brief.

Malay Poetry.

The Malays possess a poetical nature and, like the Japanese, regard the writing of poetry as an art to be aspired to by anybody. Short couplets are their delight, especially those with a little moral attached. One founded on the weather tends to comfort a person who has been badly treated: "Now it is wet, now it is fine. A day will come for retaliation." Then, again, of lovers they say, "As the owl sighs longingly for the moon." A young and pretty bride they speak of as being "like a sarong not yet unfolded," an apt illustration when one thinks of the bright colors of new sarongs.

Condensed Milk Lacks Water.

Steam emanating from boiling milk if condensed would become water. This may be seen in the manufacture of condensed milk, which is only ordinary milk boiled down until the water is out of it. If a liquid which contains solid bodies in solution be evaporated, the solids are left behind. That this is so may be shown by adding to water that is to be distilled a trace of magenta and a little salt. The distilled water has no taste and is colorless. The magenta is generally deposited upon the sides of the boiling vessel.

A Scotch Tooth.

Dentist (after struggling for twenty minutes in a vain endeavor to extract the tooth)—I must say you—you have the firmest tooth I ever had—to deal with. Patient—I'm in nae hurry. It's graun' practice for ye, an' it'll teach ye that we maun a' work for oor livin'."

Art Criticism.

Amateur—This is my latest attempt at a landscape. May I ask what you think of the perspective? Artist—The perspective is its strong point. The farther away you stand the better it looks.—Chicago Tribune.

Luck In Business.

"I see that somebody says there is no such thing as luck in business."

"He must be one of the lucky ones who have succeeded."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Lightning Changes We Make.

Great is the human makeup, and great are its chameleonlike qualities in the way of expressing feeling. Writers from time immemorial have taught us what to expect from the different colors that flit across our countenances, and, of course, writers are never wrong. Here are some of the lightning chromatic changes that we all have grown to recognize, and there are several counties yet to be heard from:

A man turns green with envy, yellow with hatred, purple with rage, scarlet with anger, white from fear, pink from excitement, saffron from sickness, black from torture, red from heat and blue from cold.

Sometimes, too, he is "cold as steel," "hot as blazes," "cool as a cucumber," "a warm proposition," "hard as brass," "soft as mush," "smooth as a board," "a rough customer" and "a slick article." Then again he is "good as wheat," "sound as a rock," "strong as an ox," "weak as a cat," "slippery as an eel," "sly as a fox," "mean as a snake," "poor as a mouse," "hungry as a wolf," and "dry as a fish."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

HORSES AT SEA.

They Can Smell Land Long Before It Comes In Sight.

The ability of horses to smell land when far at sea is not generally known, but the equine must be credited with this acute sense.

When a well known horseman of Philadelphia went to Europe some time ago he took a blooded horse with him. The animal was in a specially prepared stall on deck and enjoyed the trip despite the rough weather. When the horseman thought land should soon be sighted, he asked the captain how far the ship was from the Irish coast. The commander of the steamer, in his usual gruff manner, replied: "Your horse will tell you. Watch him."

The owner of the animal could not understand what the captain meant, and he was not particularly pleased with the answer. Finally, however, and a couple of hours before land was observed, the horse, which was a magnificent bay, poked his head through the grating and, stretching his neck, whinnied loudly.

"There you are," said the captain to the horseman. "Your horse smells the land." The horse was like a different animal thereafter until the coast loomed up.

The captain in explaining the odd occurrence said that the thoroughbred detected the odor from pasture lands that was wafted far seaward and that horses on board ocean steamers always give the first signal when land is near.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A POISON FACTORY.

The Stomach Is Always Busy Forming Deadly Substances.

The body is a factory of poisons. If these poisons, which are constantly being produced in large quantities in the body, are imperfectly removed or are produced in too great quantity as the result of overfeeding, the fluids which surround the brain cells and all the living tissues are contaminated with poisonous substances which asphyxiate and paralyze the cells and so interfere with their activity. This fact explains in part at least the stupidity which is a common after dinner experience with many persons.

When food is retained in the stomach beyond the normal time, either because of its indigestibility, the taking of too large a quantity of it or a crippled state of the stomach, these changes are certain to take place. This fact explains a very large share of the myriad symptoms which afflict the chronic dyspeptic. The giddiness, the tingling sensations, the confusion of thought and even partial insensibility which are not infrequently observed a few hours after meals in chronic dyspeptics are due to this cause. Here is the explanation of the irascibility, the despondency, the pessimism, the indecision and various other forms of mental perversity and even moral depravity which are not infrequently associated with certain forms of gastro-intestinal disturbances.—London Family Doctor.

They Kept a Bible For Luck.

At Sycamore, Ill., a well known business firm makes it a practice to keep a Bible in the safe. The custom was commenced a long time ago, and the big steel box is never locked up unless it contains the book. It is kept in the money drawer of the safe. It is found necessary to remove it occasionally, but it is always carefully replaced.

The men who adopted this queer practice when they commenced business years ago have little to say in explanation. In all their business life their safe or store has never been robbed or entered. They have had a continuous good business and are among the most successful business houses of the town. All of the members of the firm attend the churches of the town, but all are liberal in their religious views, and the prevailing belief in the town is that Holy Writ is kept in the safe principally for good luck.—Chicago Tribune.

Camel Back Riding.

Lord Kitchener of Khartum is credited with the best description of camel back riding that is known. The soldier gave this description at a dinner party in London which some Americans attended.

"When we asked Lord Kitchener," one of the Americans said, "to tell us what it felt like to ride a camel, he twisted his mustache and said:

"'You know the game of cup and ball? You have a ball and a cup, and you throw the ball in the air and try to catch it in the cup, then bounce it up and try to catch it again. Well, when you ride a camel the brute plays cup and ball with you, missing you nearly every time.'"

A Polite Man.

A man was hurrying along a street one night when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of an alley, and the two collided with great force. The second man looked mad, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said: 'My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you I beg your pardon; if you ran into me don't mention it," and he tore away at redoubled speed.

All She Needed.

Paying Teller — I can't cash this check, madam, until you are identified. Mrs. Bright—You mean I have to identify myself? Paying Teller — Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Bright — How simple! Have you a looking glass?—Philadelphia Press.

A Sad Case.

"They are new people?"

"Painfully new. They haven't even any old point lace which has been in the family for generations."—Puck.

Peppis, Peepies or What?

A correspondent (an American, we presume) writes to ask how he shall pronounce the name of the excellent diarist we occasionally quote. "Do you," he asks, "call Pepys 'Peppis' or 'Peepies' or 'Chumley' or what?" Even among contemporary London talkers there is disagreement, but the question should be settled by one Mr. James Carcasse, whom Pepys kindly took in his boat to view the great fire and who returned the compliment by a somewhat virulent set of verses in his volume "Lucida Intervalla."

Get thee behind me, then, dumb devil, begone,
The Lord hath Ephthatha said to my tongue.
Him I must praise who open'd hath my lips,
Sent me from navy to the ark by Pepys.

The rhythm is dreadful, but the rhyme is conclusive, and the man who rowed in the same boat with the diarist called him "Pipps."—London Chronicle.

[An accepted American dictionary authority also gives Peps as the correct pronunciation of his name.—Ed.]

SICKROOM TACTICS.

A Successful Nurse Must Be Gentle, Patient and Tactful.

The proper mental atmosphere created in a sickroom is often as important as the remedies given. A nurse should be in touch with her patient—that is, she should be sympathetic and not allow irritability and whims to upset her equanimity. The nurse who can create an atmosphere of repose, who can humor without indulging her patient in all the idiosyncrasies of sick people, has won half the battle. An unsympathetic, impatient nurse will do more to hinder recovery than the lack of remedies. It is not acts and words alone that help or hinder; her very thoughts are as potent as her general conduct, and the sensitive patient will be influenced for good or ill if the nurse were dumb. She should at all times maintain a positive uplifting mental attitude and remember that the patient's irritability or melancholia is justified by her physical condition and is not perverseness.

Gentleness, patience and, above all, tact are the requisites for good and intelligent nursing, and the nurse who lacks these qualities has indeed missed her calling. Patients have often failed to improve simply because they did not fancy their nurse. A nurse must be likable and make herself liked, and it takes only plain tact and a little circumspection to ingratiate herself with the most uninteresting of patients.

THE GYPSIES.

Their Tribes Existed In Europe From Immemorial Times.

Gypsies were found in England about 1514, according to "A Dyalogue of Sir Thomas More" (1529), but the exact year of their arrival is unknown. They were present in Scotland in 1505, and possibly they were the "Saracens" whose depredations in that country prior to 1460 are on record.

Bataillard and other authors believe that gypsies existed in Europe from immemorial times, for they find no account of their crossing the Bosporus, and no record is known to exist of their passage to England or Scotland.

They were better received in these countries than in any other, but so early as 1531 an act was passed requiring the Egyptians to quit the realm under pain of death, a similar edict being issued in Scotland in 1541 and at varying periods in most of the European states.

Transportation across the seas was among the milder means adopted and probably was the cause of much further dispersion of the tribes. Under Henry VIII. gypsies were shipped from England to Norway or France, and from France, so recently as 1802, they were deported to Africa.

UNTIMELY CHEERS.

The Misplaced Enthusiasm of an Ex-Corpse In Ireland.

It was the rule in Ireland at one time that after an execution the body should hang an hour, but the sheriff, from mistaken lenity, would on some occasions look away after the prisoner had been turned off, while the friends of the culprit would hold up their companion by the waistband of the trousers so that the rope would not press upon his throat.

When the hour was expired the deceased was put into a cart, which was driven at a gallop along the stony road. The jolting generally brought the prisoner to. One such recovery was so complete that the resuscitated man sat up in the coffin and gave three cheers.

One of his friends was so shocked at this indecent conduct that he hit the ex-corpse on the head with his shillalah and finished him. The question then arose whether the assailant could be tried for murder, but it was ruled that no man could be successfully charged with the murder of a man who was already dead in law.—Pearson's Weekly.

Are Women Really Stingy?

Are women meaner in giving than men? It cannot rightly be urged that they are. Women, after all, in buying or in giving are commonly making use of money that others have earned. They have been trustees of other people's money for 2,000 years, and long use has made them careful of their trust. Of course the petty meannesses of a certain kind of woman have afforded infinite opportunities for men's jests and contempt, but those petty meannesses are nothing in comparison with the great meannesses of really sordid men.—London Spectator.

Coast Line of the Philippines.

A geographical magazine makes the interesting statement that the Philippine Islands have a coast line double that of the main part of the United States. The measurement given is 11,444 statute miles, while the total area is stated as 115,026 square miles. In the Philippines there is one mile of coast line to every ten miles of area; in the United States the proportion is 1 to 555. It is said that 3,000 islands and islets can be counted on the charts.—Harper's Weekly.

Betting Among Englishwomen.

The habit of betting among women of the lower class is one which has grown with amazing rapidity, especially in the towns and villages of our industrial districts. And indeed no power of law seems to avail much against the vice.—London Hospital.

Have an Aim In Life.

Have you no aim in life? Then get one. Study over what it shall bethink, and think deeply. Pray that you may have an understanding of your work in the world, that you may see your beckoning star and that a knowledge may come to you of how to build a highway to it. The materials and tools for the building of this highway lie right at hand. They are not to your liking perhaps—you may call them trouble and bad luck—but just shut your teeth together, shut your eyes, too, if necessary, and hold your breath. Then get a good grip on the situation, and then work with it. And the wonders that will grow out of doing little things well and the understanding of many things that will come to you will make you "stand amazed" indeed.—Maxwell's Talisman.

A Singular Creature.

One of the most singular looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the waters under the earth" is the world famous man faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the exact counterpart of a Chinese cooly—a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the face, is provided with two legs, which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the side of its face.

HOME
SAVINGS BANK
(Incorporated 1869)
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.
CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles
— AND —
Food Products.
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Also, a new and well selected stock of
GROCERIES.
W. J. Buckman
No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 104-7.

Winslow, Rand & Waton's celebrated
High Life Coffee
AND
Winslow Chop Tea
FOR SALE AT
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
We give Green Stamps.
Telephone, 128-8.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn
Telephone 103—2.

..Are..
You Particular
About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.
Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

J. E. Herrick, Jr
BUILDER.
Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings. Jobbing promptly attended to. Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Office: 439 Main St., Woburn
SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.
Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.
Two Modern Flats.
Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements.
Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.
Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

FINDING OF "HER"

By LOUISE J. STRONG

....Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure....

The stagecoach slowly emptied itself as the travelers reached their various destinations, until only three were left to be stranded by a breakdown at a cluster of houses called a town. Two of them were residents of the country, neighbors returning from a business trip necessitated by the bogus sales of a bogus land agent, which had involved their property.

The third traveler was a woman from a far New England town, whose whole life, up to her comely middle age, had been spent in the rush and turmoil of a monster factory. To her the wide, illimitable plain was a revelation of the vastness of God's domain, and she brooded over it in silent, dreamy contemplation. She smiled and answered pleasantly when spoken to, but had volunteered no information concerning herself, and Lee and Bainbridge felt some curiosity as to her destination.

They knew nobody in the sparsely settled region beyond who was expecting company, and such an event would be news for fifty miles around.

She had accepted the detaining accident without worry or impatience and after supper sat on the porch of the small hotel, her eyes fixed in wondering awe upon the distant mountains, beyond whose peaks streamed the glory of the setting sun.

"She looks like home," Bainbridge said, indicating her with a nod.

"She's that kind," Lee returned, with the assurance of knowledge gained by experience. He was a married man.

They lounged out and took a bench near her.

"Going on with the coach, ma'am?" Lee ventured after awhile.

"Why, yes," she replied pleasantly, rousing. "I'm going out near Wallace."

"Why, that's our postoffice! Just a shack, you know—store and postoffice together. Are you locating in that neighborhood?"

"Yes, quite near. And you are some of our neighbors? That's good! I seem to almost know you. I'm Almira Burton." She laughed like a pleased child and put out her hand as she introduced herself.

The men exchanged startled glances at the name, but they shook hands cordially.

"I am Bob Lee; have a wife (best in the world) and four towheads. This is Wilsie Bainbridge, the old bachelor who 'lived by himself,'" Lee went on loquaciously.

"I'm glad there are children near. I am going to miss ours at home so dreadfully," she said.

"Maybe they won't be what you'd call near," he laughed. "Anything's 'near' out here inside of twenty miles."

"Our quarter section is two miles south of Wallace, and the agent said there'd be a railroad soon. I hope you're not far away."

"You bought, I reckon," Bainbridge said. "Land's all been taken up round here ever so long."

"Yes, that's what the agent said; though it doesn't seem possible. Why, it's just one great ocean of land 'out here.' I didn't realize there was so much—and all taken. But some folks own miles, don't they?"

Bainbridge nodded, and she went on with a deprecatory smile at her former ignorance. "Our place seemed so big—a hundred and sixty acres—and that is big when you've never had even a garden spot—just rooms and a tiny mite of a dooryard!"

"It does," Lee assented. "I came from that kind of a home myself—hardware clerk and wife a teacher back in Ohio. Tell you, we stretched out here!"

He did not say that their "stretch" covered several miles, as he might.

"We're going to raise cattle as soon as we get started." She seemed suddenly to feel herself among friends and neighbors, who had a right to know the prospects and intentions of the newcomers. "We think it will be easier for Tom, and we've heard it was more profitable than ordinary farming."

"Tom is, maybe, your husband?" Lee insinuated.

"Land, no!" she laughed, her plump face rosy. "He's my brother—all the folks I've got. I raised him, and, like me, he's been a factory worker all his life. He's married and has two little tots, so smart."

"Thomas H. and A. Burton—that the names you bought under?" Bainbridge queried, with a warning glance at Lee.

"Why, yes; how did you know? Oh, I expect you saw it in the agents' list of sales."

"Yes, ma'am, and I noticed particularly because that quarter is right next to me; in fact, just into mine. Of course I felt an interest in such near neighbors."

"Why, I'm real glad!" she said heartily; "real glad. I don't feel at all as if I was going among strangers, meeting my neighbors this way."

"Are you going to live there alone?" Lee inquired boldly.

Her face clouded. "I must for awhile. I am going to hire a dugout or some kind of shelter put up, and I want to start things as soon as I can. Tom's sickly, and he's dreadfully run down. He couldn't be alone out here." A glow of confidence lighted her eyes, and she continued: "We've been saving a long time to get a home out in the country somewhere. Tom was never strong and the last year or two has developed consumptive tendencies, and the doctors advised him to come out in this part of the west and live. They say he'll get well and be stronger than ever. We got this land real cheap through the agent, and it's all paid for and enough over to bring me out and get some sort of shelter and a start in cattle. I thought I could buy some calves cheap, and I'll hire some breaking done and raise some grain and get chickens. They'll come out as soon as we get enough to bring them. I hope it won't be long, I'm so anxious about Tom." There was a thrill of apprehension in her voice. "He coughs bad at times and some days can hardly get to his work. Annie, his wife, goes in his place part of the time and makes him rest off and stay with the children. I must get them here as soon as possible."

"Yes, he needs to come," Lee said, regarding her with a sort of amazement.

"And look here," Bainbridge put in, "we'll put up your shanty and do your breaking, and it shan't cost you anything. We always do that for our new neighbors, and I guess we can rustle up some calves for you, and you return them when you're all here and your herd grows."

The tears rushed to her eyes, and she exclaimed: "Oh, what big hearts you have out here in this big country! I'll be the best neighbor you ever had. There's lots I can do for you if you are alone."

"Yes, ma'am; I reckon there is," he said awkwardly, a wistful pity mingling with the embarrassment in his face.

He strolled away presently, and Lee followed in obedience to a sly sign, and she relapsed into dreamy contemplation, her heart warm with the kindness of these new neighbors.

"Look here," Bainbridge said savagely when they were out of sight, "if you let it out I'll kill you!"

"That's right," Lee assured him. "What's a beggarly quarter section anyway? I'd cut 'em off that much and welcome."

"But it's already cut off of mine," Bainbridge bristled jealously. "That rascally blackguard! This is only one of the many pitiful cases of his thieving. But they've dropped right on to their feet! I'll fix it so they'll never know."

Lee gravely shook his hand, then burst out: "But Lordy, Lordy, the innocence of it! Cattle raising on a quarter section, and all the rest of it—them's the kind that fatten the rascals. But she's good! I've got a good woman. I know one when I see her."

"Yes, she's good," Bainbridge asserted absently. "Makes you feel like Sunday morning, and all the bells ringing."

"Ho, ho! I must tell Ellen that. She says you're a born poet and only need a good woman to bring it out."

"Reckon I've found her," Bainbridge grinned sheepishly, turning away.

The moon was diffusing a mellow daylight when he returned from a long walk in communion with himself. He found her still on the porch and sat down in awkward silence. Then he began abruptly: "Don't be frightened, Miss Burton, at what I'm going to say. My head's level; anybody round here 'll tell you that. I always know what I want, and we do things quick out here. Once when I was young I was going to be married, but she died." He paused an instant. "Since that I never found any one I wanted till right now, and—and—I'm waiting to be married any minute you say so. If it's too quick I'll keep on waiting, but I'm not going to let anybody else have you."

"Mercy!" she gasped in helpless surprise, but with appreciation of his sturdy manhood gleaming in her eyes.

"I mean anybody out here," he amended. "Of course if there's one back there I'm out!"

She shook her head, her face one vivid flame.

"Well, then, I think you can trust me." He leaned toward her coaxingly, his strong hand swallowing hers. "Tom and Annie and the kids 'll be our next door neighbors, and if you get tired of me you can go back to them." His eyes twinkled.

She was still silent, and he went on: "We've been together several days and have a pretty good notion of each other—and I'll feel like the bottom had dropped out of everything if it isn't a go."

"I—I guess it's a 'go,'" she stammered.

"Glory!" he exclaimed, taking possession of her. "And see here—I'm going to telegraph money to fetch my brother-in-law out immediately! Give me a kiss, little woman."

Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering may be quickly and permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I run across **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**,—she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—**Miss ALICE M. SMITH, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., Chairman Executive Committee Minneapolis Study Club.**

Beauty and strength in women vanish early in life because of monthly pain or some menstrual irregularity. Many suffer silently and see their best gifts fade away. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps women preserve roundness of form and freshness of face because it makes their entire female organism healthy. It carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safeguard of woman's health.

The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women published in this paper constantly.

Mrs. C. Kleinschrodt, Morrison, Ill., says:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered ever since I was thirteen years of age with my menses. They were irregular and very painful. I doctored a great deal but received no benefit.

"A friend advised me to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, which I did, and after taking a few bottles of it, I found great relief.

"Menstruation is now regular and without pain. I am enjoying better health than I have for sometime."

How is it possible for us to make it plainer that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** will positively help all sick women? All women are constituted alike, rich and poor, high and low,—all suffer from the same organic troubles. Surely, no one can wish to remain weak and sickly, discouraged with life and without hope for the future, when proof is so unmistakable that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** will cure monthly suffering—all womb and ovarian troubles, and all the ills peculiar to women.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Brides Who Perch In Trees.

Among the Lolos of western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.

Her Sorrow.

One of the closest friends of Princess Mathilde was Count Benedetti, the French ambassador whom the king of Prussia was said to have insulted at Ems. Her words on hearing of his death, after he had been her intimate counselor for more than forty years, are worth recalling. "Alas," she said, "now there is no one left who will dare to contradict me."

She Understood.

Mr. Misfit—It's no use trying to explain things to a woman. She can't understand scientific terms. No, there is— Mrs. Misfit—Oh, yes, I can, Charles! Heredity is what a man blames his father and mother for, and environment is what he blames his wife and children for!—Chicago Record-Herald.

Forethought.

He—If I were suddenly to lose all my money would you marry me just the same? She—Not quite the same, dear. We should have to invite a few hundred more to bring us presents.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE IVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Little Sister

... By ...

F. B. WRIGHT

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Aren't you going to answer my question? Won't you take me with you?"

Clifford Vane turned with surprise as he heard the voice. A girl with deep brown eyes and hair in which there was a tint of gold was standing beside the boat, her skirts blown out against her slender figure. The fluttering sail had made so much noise that Vane had not heard the girl before. He frowned unconsciously, for he was in no humor for company.

"It's too rough today. There's a nasty sea running, and you'll get wet through," he answered.

"As if I cared for that! And if it's so rough why do you venture out?"

"Because I want to. Because it suits my mood."

The words sounded rude, but Marjorie Winthrop knew from the intent expression on Vane's face as he gazed out on the black clouds, the sullen green water of the bay and the wind blown whitecaps that he was speaking more to himself than to her.

"And if it suits my mood?"

"You with moods, child?" Vane said wonderingly. "What can you know of thoughts black enough to suit with such a day. Go back to your dolls or read your pretty fairy love stories and believe in their truth as long as you can," he added bitterly.

"You think because I'm only seventeen I'm not to feel and think."

"Think only of pleasant things."

"But if the day suits me it is pleasant. Please take me."

"What will your mother say?"

"She won't care. She only thinks of Edith. If it was Edith, now, it would be different, but I'm not such a valuable cargo. No one will bother about me."

There was a quaver in the girl's voice that made Vane look at her. She was looking out over the yeasty water with misty eyes and set mouth.

"All right," said Vane after a moment's hesitation. "I'm in a reckless mood. Let fate take care of us. What will be will be. Jump in."

* * * * * * *

It was a gusty day, and the Dot, too light for such weather, her lee rail almost under water, staggered under the flaws, every now and then burying her nose into the rollers and sending a shower of spray into the boat. Vane had all he could do to manage her and for a time forgot his companion and almost his gloomy thoughts in the grim pleasure of his contest with wind and storm lashed sea. It was Edith Winthrop he was thinking of, the woman who had led him on to love her and then thrown him over for another man. Edith did not care. Every one must be sacrificed for her amusement—yes, even this child, her sister. At the thought he glanced at the girl where she sat poised out to windward, like some spirit of the sea, her hair blowing in the wind, her cheeks aglow with excitement, her eyes fixed with a far-away look on the horizon. Vane had never noticed how pretty she was before. He had always thought of her as a mere child, and, lo, she was a woman. What was she thinking of? he wondered.

As if in answer to the question, Marjorie turned and met his eyes for an instant and then looked away.

"You've heard of Edith's engagement?" she said.

"Yes," answered Vane, setting his teeth hard. "I only found it out today."

"I knew it weeks ago. You thought she cared for you?"

"Yes."

"You might have known she didn't. Van Allstyne is a richer man than you—in money. It's wealth and power she wants, and attention and admiration. Love! She doesn't know what it means. And you thought she had a heart!" cried the girl. "This sea has more."

"I know it now," said Vane, "when it's too late."

"And you—can you care for her still?" asked Marjorie after a silence.

"Yes—at least I care for the ideal I thought her."

"What did you think her?"

"Brave, courageous, noble hearted, with a soul as beautiful as her body, a comrade for a man, to face with him the storms of life, a woman tender and true, to fight for and dare for. I would have tried to give her everything she wanted. No man can love her as I do—and now"— Vane laughed bitterly as an ending to his sentence.

"Why did you come out today in this gale?" said Marjorie. "Is your life so worthless to you that you would risk it because a thoughtless woman has wounded you?"

"My life! What does it matter? I don't care."

"I thought you didn't," returned the girl gravely. "I knew you didn't. That's why I came. I couldn't let you come alone."

"And you came because you thought"—

"You would be reckless? Yes."

"And you were not afraid?"

"No. Why should I be? I knew you would take care of me—if not of yourself." The girl smiled at him confidently. "I am perfectly safe with you," she added.

So Marjorie had risked her life for him, so that in his desperate humor he should not go alone. But how came she, a mere child, to understand? She, at least, had a heart to make some man happy. And here he was putting her life at the mercy of the sea to gratify his selfish mood of bitterness. Well, he must get her home at once—then—Van thought he did not much care what happened afterward.

It was blowing harder as Vane came about and slacked the sheet for the run to the far distant boathouse and the hotel on the hill. They were going before the wind now, the boat rolling dangerously in the clutch of the sea, the waves behind following with hungry jaws and threatening every moment to engulf them.

With braced body and strained muscles, every sense alert, Vane gripped the tiller, striving to hold the boat against the swirling buffets of the waves, his one thought to get her safe to land. Every moment the wind increased, every moment the bay became more tumultuous. Would they make it? he wondered.

They were nearly opposite the boathouse when there came a sudden whirl of wind from between the hills ahead. Vane had but time to cry a warning when the sail jibed, the boom came swinging over with an angry snarl, the boat was flung upon her beam ends and the next moment he found himself entangled in cordage and battling for his life beneath the waves. With desperate fingers he cleared himself and came to the surface. And Marjorie—where was she? Good God! Had she been struck by the boom and made unconscious or killed, or had she too, been carried down by the sinking boat?

For an agonized moment Vane could see no sign of her, and then he spied her just coming to the surface. She was going down again when he caught her and started for the shore. It was a long swim against a tide that seemed to drag him down as if with clutching hands, but Vane swore he would save this girl who had risked her life for him or lose her own. He could see people running to the boathouse now and getting out the boat. How slow they were! Would they never come? His muscles were giving out, his breath came heavily, his limbs felt like lead. Could he hold out? They were wearing fast now. He tried to revive his failing strength, to overmaster his weakness. The world grew black before him, and then a strong arm gripped his shoulder, and he and Marjorie were lifted into the boat and rowed toward shore.

* * * * * * *

In those days afterward, while Marjorie hovered between life and death, Clifford Vane learned how much he could do for this girl, this girl he thought was a child and now knew to be the woman in all the world for him. Gone was his love for Edith Winthrop. He knew now that he had in her sister all that Edith had seemed and more. And there came a day when he was permitted to see her.

He found her on an upper piazza of the hotel clad in a soft blue wrapper, her soft hair loose on her shoulders, and the smile her pale face held for him gave him hope that in saving her he had found happiness.

He Didn't Forget.

Many years ago, writes Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "Ponkapog Papers," a noted Boston publisher used to keep a large memorandum book on a table in his private office. The volume always lay open, being the receptacle of nothing more important than hastily scrawled reminders to attend to this thing or the other.

It chanced one day that a very young, unfledged author, passing through the city, looked in upon the publisher, who was also the editor of a famous magazine. The unfledged had a copy of verses secreted about his person. The publisher was absent, and young Milton sat down and waited.

Presently his eye fell upon the memorandum book, lying there spread out like a morning newspaper, and almost in spite of himself he read: "Don't forget to see the binder," "Don't forget to mail E. his contract," "Don't forget H.'s proofs," and so forth.

An inspiration seized upon the youth. He took a pencil and at the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote, "Don't forget to accept A.'s poem."

He left his manuscript on the table and disappeared. That afternoon, when the publisher glanced over his memoranda, he was not a little astonished at the last item, but his sense of humor was so strong that he did accept the poem—it required a strong sense of humor to do that—and sent the lad a check for it, although the verses remain to this day unprinted.

Still Wanting.

Old Simon, as we will call him, is quite a character in his way. He believes in asking for a thing until he gets it, and then—well, he is immediately in need of something else. He has lived on the same estate all his life and until quite recently he was paying a merely nominal rent—£1 a year—for the small cottage he occupied.

Simon, however, wasn't quite satisfied. Whenever he paid an installment of his rent he called his master's attention to the fact that this thing wanted doing and that thing wanted doing to the property. At length Simon's master decided on a bold move. The next time Simon turned up with the quarter's rent and the usual list of suggested repairs the owner was prepared to meet him.

"Look here, Simon," he remarked. "I've been thinking the matter over, and in recognition of your long and faithful service I'm going to make you a free gift of the cottage you live in. From this moment it's yours to do as you like with. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Thank 'e, sir—thank 'e," returned the old fellow. "An' now, sir, what about that bit o' paint for the back door? Ye'll throw that in, o' course?"—London Answers.

The Coast Line of the Pacific.

Although the Pacific covers more than half the surface of the globe and has an area estimated roughly at 90,000,000 square miles, yet its coast line, even including that of the Indian ocean, is but 47,000 miles, or about 8,000 miles less than that of the Atlantic. The shores of the Atlantic are very deeply indented by large seas, of which the Baltic and Mediterranean are the most remarkable. Besides these, the greatest lateral seas and gulfs in the Atlantic are the gulf of Mexico, Caribbean sea, Hudson bay and the bay of Biscay. If we take from the Pacific the Red sea, Arabian sea and bay of Bengal, which are part of the Indian ocean, we leave it with a remarkably straight coast line, with the exception of a few deep indentations on the coast of Asia.

It is owing to a free impenetration of land and water and consequent ease of communication between one country and another that the most civilized nations of the world, with few exceptions, have lived and now live on the shores of the north Atlantic and its lateral seas.

Bob Toombs' Way.

General Robert Toombs was as impulsive as he was courageous. Once, in the midst of a hot political campaign, a stump orator said something about the general's arrest by Robert E. Lee for insubordination, frightfully distorting the incident. Toombs wrote one of the hottest letters of his life and was about to seal it when a friend entered his office and, seeing him much agitated, inquired the cause. The letter was handed to him to read, and when he had finished it he remarked, "You don't intend to send that to him?" "I do," said Toombs. "Better wait till tomorrow and think it over, general." "Never, sir! I have known him to be a liar, a blackguard and a thief all his life, but never before had cause to tell him so. The opportunity is now offered, and I wouldn't miss it for the senatorship. Wait till tomorrow? Think it over? That is to throw away the chance of a lifetime. Strike while the iron is hot, sir! Bob Toombs is the iron! Bob Toombs is hot! Toombs will strike!"—New York Press.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 21.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xii, 1-13. Memory Verses, 6-8—Golden Text, Matt. xii, 12—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

After the healing of the paralytic, who came down through the opening in the roof, the order of events seems to have been the call of Matthew and the feast given by him in his own house, then a visit to Jerusalem and the healing and discourse at Bethesda (John v). We recently had the record of a Sabbath day at Capernaum, the healing at Bethesda was on a Sabbath day, and now the cornfield incident and the healing of the withered hand in today's lesson are both Sabbath day events. Note also the healing of the blind man in John ix.

Why all these Sabbath day doings when they so stirred and angered the Jews? Probably for the same reason that Hezekiah destroyed the brazen serpent which Moses had made. The children of Israel made an idol of it and burned incense to it. When the Lord Jesus was on earth the Sabbath day was a Jewish idol, they worshiped it rather than Jehovah, and the Lord of the Sabbath was seeking to draw them to Himself.

Dr. Weston says that the Sabbath was the Jewish national flag and that by it they claimed a peculiar relation to God as their Creator, Redeemer and rest. They were thinking of their national honor rather than the honor of their God and His word. The bone of contention on this occasion was that, passing through cornfields on the Sabbath day, His disciples had plucked and eaten ears of corn. The Pharisees said it was not lawful to do so. The Lord Jesus justified His disciples on four grounds—the example of David, the law of Moses, the testimony of the Spirit through the prophets (Hos. vi, 6; Mic. vi, 6-8) and His own authority as Son of Man.

Professing to honor the Sabbath, they had no Sabbath stillness in their souls, but full of evil purposes they go their own ways, find their own desires and speak words out of their own hearts. Contrast Isa. lviii, 13. They did not understand the significance of either the Sabbath or sacrifice; hence our Lord said, "Go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice" (compare verse 7 and chapter ix, 13). The design of both Sabbath and sacrifice is not that men should do or bring something meritorious to God to win His favor, but that God might show favor and blessing to us. God desires to give to us as sinners His mercy and compassion.

The very first sacrifice on record (Gen. iii, 21) sets forth God giving to helpless sinners redemption clothing; they having nothing to bring Him but their naked, sinful, helpless selves. The first Sabbath sets before us man, in the image of God, resting in and enjoying the works of God, with which he had nothing whatever to do but to accept and gratefully enjoy. These Pharisees were supposed to be well versed in the Scriptures, but our Lord had to say to them: Have ye not read, have ye not read? If ye had known (verses 3, 5, 7). And He is saying that same still, for mere religiousness is always ignorant of the Scriptures.

The second incident of our lesson is the healing of a man with a withered hand in a synagogue, the scribes and Pharisees watching Him that they might accuse Him. He referred them to the law which taught that they were to help creatures not their own if they saw them in trouble (Deut. xxii, 4). He also reminded them that a man was better than a sheep and assured them that it was lawful to do well on the Sabbath day, He being Lord even of the Sabbath day (verses 11, 12, 8). Then He healed the man, and the Pharisees became so enraged that they went out and held a council against Him how they might destroy Him (verse 14). The impotence of the man was very suggestive of the spiritual condition of the nation, but he knew his condition and they did not. They were blind and deaf and lame and palsied and leprous and thought that nothing ailed them, but that, on the contrary, they were the only righteous nation on earth. They were really as helpless as this helpless man, and the Lord was as ready to help them as him, but they would take nothing from such as they considered Him to be, and why should they, for in their own estimation they had everything and needed nothing. Rev. iii, 17, describes them, as it also does multitudes today.

In reference to His saying about a sheep some one has well said that He did not say "see a sheep," but "have a sheep." The point is that of ownership. He owned them, they were His sheep, at least professedly, and He owned the Sabbath day, which He had given to man for man's benefit, but while He could control it and gave special blessing in it they would not let Him control them. They persisted in going astray (Isa. liii, 6).

Their determination to kill Him explains some changes in His teaching, or, rather, His manner of teaching, from this time on. He will not yet break these bruised reeds, but the time will come (verse 20). Henceforth He taught the multitude only in parables, that seeing they might not see and hearing they might not understand (Luke viii, 10; Matt. xiii, 13, 14). They had blasphemed one who was greater than Jonah, greater than Solomon, greater than the temple, and the people of Nineveh and the queen of Sheba would rise up against them in judgment and condemn them (verses 6, 31, 32, 39, 42). They had violently turned against Him and His kingdom, and now their house is to be desolate till He shall come again (Matt. xxiii, 37-39).

St. Fagan's Castle.

St. Fagan's castle in south Wales is named, like the parish in which it is situated, after one of the earliest missionaries to this island. According to the Venerable Bede, St. Fagan was sent to Britain by Pope Eleutherius in the second century. Fox in his "Acts and Monuments" records the settling down in that part of Wales of a band of teachers and preachers known as Fagans. The castle is a picturesque mansion, with high gables, built within the walls of a castle erected in the twelfth century by Sir Peter de Vele. The parish is noted as being the scene of a fierce battle in 1648 between the parliamentary forces under Horton and the Welsh royalists, the latter being defeated, leaving 2,500 killed on the field and 3,000 prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

The three things most difficult are to keep a secret, to forget an injury and to make good use of leisure.

One loses all the time which he might employ to better purpose.—Rousseau.

NAPOLEON'S POLICE.

They Were Well Watched to Insure a Full Measure of Duty.

During the reign of Emperor Napoleon I. at a dinner in Paris the conversation turned upon the emperor and his government. One of the company remarked that he was a great man, but was too fond of war. When the party broke up, a gentleman who was present requested to speak in private to the person who had made that observation. "Sir," said he, "I am sorry for it, but I must request you to go with me to the police." "Why?" said the other in the greatest apparent alarm. "I have said nothing against the emperor but what every one must acknowledge, that he is too fond of war. There can be no harm in that." "With that I have nothing to do. You must go with me to the police." The other now began to show the strongest symptoms of fear. He entreated the police agent in the most pathetic language to have compassion on him. The other, however, stood unmoved by all his solicitation, when suddenly the man rose from his knees and burst into a laugh, to the utter astonishment of the informer. "You think you have caught me," said he. "You are a spy of the police. So am I, and I was put over you to see whether you would do your duty."

THE COST OF A LEGACY.

Sometimes It Doesn't Pay to Inherit Money In Italy.

In Italy it appears to be a somewhat expensive affair to inherit money—that is, if it be a small sum. Not long ago a young man died in the little town of Romagna who left 1 lira 58 centesimi, or not quite 34 cents. This sum, which had been deposited in the postoffice savings bank, became the property of the young man's father. As the amount was so small, the father thought it unnecessary to make a declaration of the legacy as the law prescribes, especially as the stamped paper on which the declaration must be made would cost about 22 centesimi more than the money involved.

Three months afterward he received a demand from the local state treasury for the payment of 14 lire 48 centesimi (nearly $3). Thinking a mistake had been made, he took no notice of this demand, with the result that later an official called upon him and demanded the immediate payment of 18 lire ($3.50). The father had not sufficient money in hand, so the official took possession of the man's furniture. The cost of this seizure brought the total sum to 30 lire, which the poor man had to pay that same evening to avoid the sale of his goods by auction.

AN EARLY AIRSHIP.

It Was Built In England In 1835, but Was a Failure.

We are told by Peter Farley, who wrote as an eyewitness, that in August, 1835, the Eagle was officially advertised to sail from London with government dispatches and passengers for Paris and to establish direct communication between the capitals of Europe.

This early type of airship was 160 feet long, 50 feet high and 40 feet wide, and she lay in the dockyard of the Aeronautical society in Victoria road, near Kensington gardens, then quite a rural spot.

Built to hold an abundant supply of gas, she was covered with oiled lawn and carried a frame seventy-five feet long and seven feet high, with a cabin secured by ropes to the balloon. An immense rudder and wings or fins on each side for purposes of propulsion completed her fittings. The deck was guarded by netting.

After all this preparation and advertisement the Eagle never got beyond Victoria road, for Count Lennox and his assistants failed to provide the necessary motive power.

The Barber's Pole.

The origin of the barber's pole, itself almost now a thing of the past, originated in the days of barber surgeons, when bloodletting was considered a panacea for most of the ills that flesh is heir to. The pole was used for the patient to grasp during the operation, and a fillet or bandage for tying up the arm. When the pole was not in use, the tape was tied to it and twisted round it, and then it was hung up as a sign. At length, instead of hanging out the actual pole used in operations, a painted one with stripes round it in imitation of the genuine article and its bandages was placed over the shop.

Ducks and Geese.

Do geese "quack?" "No," says the observant critic; "geese do not quack, but they squack." It is the ducks that quack, and the story of the goose going about from day to day with a "quack, quack, quack," is declared to be without good foundation. There is, indeed, quite a difference in the vocabulary of these feathered creatures, but it requires a sharp ear to discover the difference.

The Cost.

Laura—I don't know, George. It seems such a solemn thing to marry. Have you counted the cost? George—The cost, Laura? The cost? Bless me, I've got a clergyman cousin that'll marry us for nothing!

A Practical Connoisseur.

Mrs. Cobwigger—What a beautiful collection of antiques you have, my dear! Mrs. Parvenu—It should be. My husband knows all about such things and had them made to order.—Judge.

Harrowing Response.

The Grammarian—It always makes me tired when I hear a man say "don't" when he should say "doesn't." The Other Party—Don't it, though?—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Repudiated the Spelling.

Once while in Pittsburg Andrew Carnegie had a telegram sent and stood waiting until it reached the operator. He listened attentively to the clicking of the key, then immediately wrote a new telegram, as follows: "The other message mine; spelling the operator's."

Force of Habit.

A London cabman was recently having his firstborn baby christened.

Clergyman—What name shall I give this child? Cabby (through sheer force of habit)—Oh, I'll leave that to you, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

It Has a Way of Its Own.

"What do I think of the ocean?" said Bridget as she was asked that question by her friends. "I think it's the most peculiar thing I ever came across."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

A Stickler.

"Say, pa."

"Well, what?"

"What is the difference between seeing your own finish and drawing your own conclusions?"

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on handall kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,

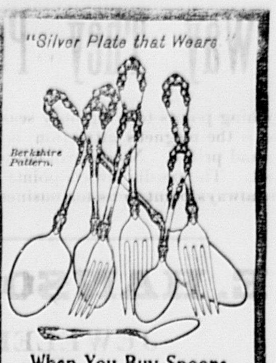
Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan | **Dominion**
Anchor | **Leyland**
Cunard | **White Star**

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.



"Silver Plate that Wears"

Berkshire Pattern.

When You Buy Spoons

knives, forks, etc., buy reliable brands, even if they do cost a little more. They are worth the difference. If "1847" is a part of the stamp it insures genuine Rogers quality, famous for wear. Full trade-mark—

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Sold by leading dealers. For Catalogue No. 6, address the makers,

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn

They Hunger For Praise.

"Praise is sweet," remarked a certain toller, "yet is seems to be against the rule of many business houses. Perhaps they fear you'll demand a raise if they compliment your work. Why, even a man friend of mine, who is engaged in window decoration, says he wants to be told if his work is satisfactory. He dreams of it all night when it doesn't give him a nightmare, and he works at it all day. He longs to be told when it is effective, but he has to be content with the fact that, as he puts it, he'd be fired if it were not satisfactory. As for me, I design these doll dresses and other dainty things and also arrange them for display. I long for praise when I feel that my labors have been crowned with success. But, alas, my firm also pursues the clam policy—perhaps it is the best policy—in spite of the fact that I'd work the skin off my fingers to try to exceed my best work if only that were praised."—Philadelphia Record.

Sensitive Horses.

The horse does not like a nervous, fidgety, fussy or irritable man. He is too nervous and irritable himself. "Why is it," one teamster was heard to ask another, "that Phin's horses are always gaunt? Phin feeds them well." "Yes," was the reply, "but he's like a wasp around a horse." A well known owner of race horses, not at all a sentimental person, recently made an order forbidding his employees to talk in loud tones or to swear in the stable. "I have never yet seen a good mannered horse," he says, "that was being sworn at all the time. It hurts the feelings of a sensitive horse, and I'll keep my word good to discharge any man in my employ if I catch him swearing within the hearing of any horse in this stable."—Country Life In America.

Wedded In a Bunch.

According to an old Breton custom, all the marriages of the year take place on one day. After the legal wedding has been performed the couples take their stand in a row behind the high altar of the church, and behind them sit their fathers and mothers, and so do their cousins and their uncles and their aunts, all arrayed in their brightest colored raiment and the whitest and stiffest of coiffes. The scene in the church is picturesque beyond description. They go through the ceremony in unison. The moral support it must give to the timidest bridegroom!

Three In Chinese.

Religious superstition asserts itself in Chinese architecture, and the universal sacredness of the numerals three and nine is shown in the arrangement of temple doors. There is a triple gateway to each of the halls of the imperial palace, and the same order prevails at the Ming tombs. The Temple of Heaven has a triple roof, a triple marble staircase, and all its mystic symbolism points either to three or its multiples.

Disappointment.

"I hope," said the ducal bridegroom anxiously, as he boarded the Cunarder with his American bride, "that your diamonds are safe in your bag."

"My dear," replied she, "I am not the first of our family to marry into the British nobility. My aunt married a duke. My diamonds are safe at home in papa's vault."—Town Topics.

The Danger In It.

"See here!" cried the victim, after the accident. "I thought you said it was perfectly safe to go up in that old elevator?"

"So it was safe to go up," replied the elevator man. "The dangerous part of it was the coming down."—Philadelphia Press.

In Training.

Mr. Newly Riche—We must learn how to behave, Maria, if we are going to enter society. Mrs. Newly Riche—We will, my dear. The new set of servants I have engaged have been in the best families.—Detroit Free Press.

Be Pleasant.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies, which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we have coveted or the fame for which we have struggled.

Natural History.

Eva—Mother says I'm descended from Mary, queen of Scots. Tom (her brother)—So am I, then. Eva—Don't be silly, Tom. You can't be—you're a boy!—Punch.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26. 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 13.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
311 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward

450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M, then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
312	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

FACE IN THE CROWD

By Keith Gordon

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

After awhile she came to look for him when the train stopped at the Fifty-third street station in the morning—the tall, broad shouldered man with the aggressive chin and determined mouth. She felt vaguely disappointed when she did not see him.

Insensibly he became the touch of romance in the dreary monotony of her days, five and a half out of seven of which were spent in Wall street, a place where the advantages of being a woman are not glaringly apparent.

Often during the flagging afternoons of summer, when business was dull and the hands of the clock approached 5 but slowly, she would sit resting her face on her hands and wondering about him. Who was he? What was he? Was he married or single?

The noise of the street blow, dulled by distance until it was as dreamy as the humming of bees at noonday, droned softly in her ears a sort of living melody, and her thoughts defied office hours and went far afield in a fantastic search for the reality about him among the crowd of possibilities.

Over and over she gave him a local habitation and a name, but these changed always with her mood. No name that she could hit upon seemed to express his personality, and she finally discarded them all and thought of him only as The Man.

The weeks melted into months, but her interest in him did not flag. Rather it became deeper as time went on. Curiously enough, it was what might be termed the nonessentials that baffled her. About the man himself—his character and what he would do in any given emergency—she felt the same assurance that she did about herself.

She had decided that he was a lawyer, though precisely why she thought so she could not have told. Then one day she saw him with a child, a girl of ten, who bore a certain fleeting resemblance to him.

He was married, then! An almost imperceptible sigh escaped her. Then, as the absurdity of the matter dawned upon her, she laughed softly to herself. What difference? Josephine and Marie Louise had never dampened her affection for Napoleon. She even began to feel a mild interest in the lady.

Sometimes, for two or three weeks at a stretch, they would not encounter each other. It was after one of these breaks that, watching him as he entered the car, her interest and satisfaction at seeing him again shone all unconsciously in her face, and his glance was arrested by it.

As the faint color touched her cheeks under his gaze he looked casually away. For a moment he had thought her some half forgotten acquaintance from the welcome that he had surprised in her eyes, but her quick annoyance as she returned to her reading forbade that idea.

She did not look toward him again, but more than once his keen, blue eyes rested upon her as she sat there, slim and straight, with masses of pale brown hair piled upon her small head. After this he, too, began to watch of a morning. A habit is very easily formed!

Then for weeks he disappeared. The girl wondered anxiously what had become of him. Had he gone abroad? Mayhap he was ill—or dead! At the thought she shrank like one hurt, for he had become, in a whimsical way, a part of her life. He had become as near and dear as only ideals can be.

When he did appear one morning, towering above a crowd of lesser men like a god, there was a new gravity in his face which held her attention even before she noticed that he was in mourning.

That, then, was what these weeks of absence from business meant. Sickness and suffering and death. His wife undoubtedly, from the sorrow and oppression that he showed. The quick sympathy that she felt hovered in her soft, wide eyes as they rested briefly upon his face. And he, reading that look, felt a curious thrill.

Long since he had begun to regard her with a sort of tacit, silent friendship. "The little girl with her soul in her face," as he once described her to a friend, shaking his head deprecatingly at the thought of a woman like her having to wrestle with the world. She seemed to him too exquisite for the ups and downs of such a life.

He watched her surreptitiously now, wondering idly who she was and whether he should ever meet her. There was a way—he might follow her and bestow a quarter on the elevator boy, and the thing would be done. But the coarseness of such methods repelled him. She seemed the sort of a woman who would resent that kind of thing.

Moreover, in his heart of hearts and in spite of his bigness and worldliness, he was a fatalist. If it were written from the beginning it would occur! No man could dabble in the affairs of fate!

It was nearing the end of the third year. He took the same train now with a regularity which made her suspicious. The results of chance were never so unerring. Intention was apparent.

But through it all save at unexpected moments when the curtain would lift for a second and an unintentional glance betray a deeper knowledge they regarded each other with the baffling, impassive eyes we keep for the unknown. No twentieth century romance ever moved so slowly.

Then Billy Stoughton, who in this particular case was the instrument of fate, awakened one morning with an unaccountable but imperative yearning for Broadway. Five years earlier an equally compelling desire had landed him on the ranch, where he had bided contentedly enough up to that particular morning. The evening of the next day found him in Denver, from which place he proceeded with as much haste as the railroad facilities would permit to New York.

On the day of his arrival he planned to dine with Renwick, the closest of his college friends. He had just time to catch him by telephone before he left his office, which he did, arranging to meet him at the elevated station and go up town with him.

The first effervescence of their meeting over, Stoughton's beaming eyes roved over the other passengers. A slight figure at the far end of the car held his glance. He looked again to be sure.

"Pardon me a minute, Jack," he said, rising and making his way toward the girl, with whom a moment later he was shaking hands cordially and talking with the ease of long friendship. Presently he returned to Renwick, and as he did so a revealing look passed between the two. A bridge at last!

"It's Natica Alston, a cousin of mine, you know," he explained to Renwick. "Tough luck they had, I tell you. But she's a plucky girl. She has earned her own living now for four years."

"Will you present me?" demanded Renwick eagerly.

"Certainly. I'll take you up there with me. Natica will be glad to receive any friend of mine."

"Thank you, old fellow; thank you." Renwick paused awkwardly. He seemed to have something else to say, but scarcely knew how to say it.

"When I said—asked you to introduce me—I didn't mean the usual thing. I'm going to ask you to do something queer and to do it without asking too many questions."

"What kind of a mystery is this?" inquired Stoughton. "If I didn't know that there isn't a grain of romance in you I should certainly think"—

"Now, don't think—there's a good fellow," soothed Renwick. "Just follow instructions. Tell Miss Alston all about me, and mind that you tell her everything good that you can or I'll wring your neck, and make an appointment for me to call. Don't make any mistake. I want to see her and see her alone. I don't want you there."

When poor, mystified Bill Stoughton broached the subject to Natica her behavior was doubly mysterious. No, she didn't want to know anything about him. Then a moment later:

"Did you say he is a bachelor?" (Innocently.) "I thought he was a widower."

Stoughton, indignantly, "I thought you knew nothing about him?"

"I don't, but he wore mourning."

"That was for his mother."

• • • • • • •

In the dim little parlor of the small apartment where she and her mother lived they met for the first time alone save for the dead and gone Alstons that looked down upon them from the walls. Surely never was such a first meeting before.

When the maid ushered him in, Natica, looking rather more like a lily than usual in her long, soft black gown, rose with every intention of greeting him in the most formal manner. Then a most unlooked for thing occurred.

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes. Then he stretched out his hands toward her, and she placed hers in them. A moment later she was swept up into his arms as if she had been a child as he murmured softly, "My dear, dear love!"

"What shall we tell mamma?" wailed Natica in despair a half hour later. "How can we ever explain ourselves?"

"We can't," replied Renwick comfortably. "We might just as well resign ourselves to being thought mad. It all comes from the ridiculous superstition that in order to know people you must talk to them."

And then—well, then they forgot the world and its opinions to talk of far lovelier things.

ALWAYS
INSIST UPON HAVING
THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Our Ancestors.

For the benefit of those who may feel "exclusive" or "stuck up," or who prate about blue blood, etc., it will be well to remember that if we go back but twenty generations, or 700 years, each one of us has 1,084,576 ancestors and is related more or less closely to at least 270,000,000 of our fellows. Going back but a couple of hundred years further and tracing down our genealogy, we would find that we have more cousins than there are people in the world and that on the basis of but two children per family. The discrepancy is accounted for by the fact that there have been so many intermarriages we have only as many cousins as there are people in the world today, but are related to a great many many times over.

Word Blindness.

Some curious instances of the physical defect of "word blindness" are given in the Lancet. The disease is fortunately uncommon. In one case the sufferer, an Englishman, thirty-four years of age, who knew Greek, Latin and French well, suddenly lost all knowledge of English, though he could read and understand Greek perfectly and Latin and French in a rather smaller degree. Another and almost more curious case was that of a man who lost the power of reading at sight. This patient was able to write accurately from dictation, but was completely unable to read what he had written. Word blindness is apparently akin to color blindness, but is certainly attended by much more inconvenient consequences.

Physical Culture.

It is a mistake to think that excessive physical exercise is beneficial. The opposite is the fact. As some one has said, "Man is not constructed to be a running and leaping animal, like a deer or cat." To emphasize bodily development above the mental development is a step toward resumption of the life of the savage and lower animals. Physical culture is a desirable thing; but, as in everything else, the extremes are to be avoided. A person may have too little bodily exercise and may also have far too much or violent exercise. One who is walking a considerable part of the day would need but little else as exercise except, perhaps, calisthenics for the arms, back and chest and on retiring or rising. And the same advice is applicable to a woman who does her own housework. But one confined over a desk or typewriter should make a conscientious habit of walking, bicycling and calisthenics every day for an hour or thereabouts.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Wanted Bread; Had Courage.

One day, riding along the road, General Gordon came upon a regimental prayer meeting, which was very impressive. The men were kneeling or standing with bowed heads about the chaplain, who was praying in a voice of wonderful compass.

The general checked his horse and removed his hat and waited for the end of the prayer. The chaplain asked the Lord to give the men of Lee's army supreme courage to meet the great crisis that had come upon them, fortitude to bear new privations and troubles, strength to fight against the pursuing enemy. Just then a tall private rose from his knees and shouted to the chaplain: "Pray for bread, chaplain; pray for bread! We have courage to spare, but to fight we must have something to eat. Pray for bread!" This broke up the prayer meeting.

Plum Pudding as Food.

In popular belief plum pudding, though difficult of digestion, contains a large proportion of nutriment. The London Lancet publishes the analysis made of two puddings, of which one was found to have a "nutrient value" of 68 per cent and the other of 59.

It appears that, although most agreeable as an article of food, plum pudding is not quite so concentrated a form of diet as has been supposed, and conjectures that it yields as much sustenance as beefsteak are certainly not supported by its chemical composition. The amount of nitrogenous matter is only moderate, and it must be remembered that in calculating the nutrient ratio and value all the nitrogen has been assumed to be albuminoid. Probably the true albuminoids and consequently the food value are slightly lower than would appear from the results; also the percentage of water is rather large, and the quantities of the remaining components are proportionately lessened.

A Hard Bird.

Customer—What sort of a chicken do you call this? Waiter—That, sir, is, I believe, a Plymouth Rock. Customer—Ah! I'm glad it has some historic interest. I thought it was just an ordinary cobblestone.

You will never get on the sunny side by waiting for the world to turn round.—Atlanta Constitution.

PROMOTION BY RETORT.

Apt Answers to Quaint Questions Which Pleased Suvaroff.

The great Russian soldier, Marshal Suvaroff, was in the habit of asking his men difficult questions, sometimes foolish ones, and bestowing favors on those who showed presence of mind in answering him. On one occasion a general of division sent him a sergeant with dispatches, at the same time recommending the bearer to Suvaroff's notice. The marshal, as usual, proceeded to test him by a series of whimsical questions.

"How far is it to the moon?" was the first query.

"Two of your excellency's forced marches," the soldier promptly replied.

"If your men began to give way in battle, what would you do?"

"I'd tell them that just behind the enemy's line there was a wagon load of good things to eat."

"How many fish are there in the sea?"

"Just as many as have not been caught."

And so the examination went on till Suvaroff, finding his new acquaintance armed at all points, at length put a final poser:

"What is the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"The difference is this," replied the soldier coolly. "My colonel cannot make me a captain, but your excellency can."

Suvaroff, struck by his shrewdness, kept his eye upon the man and soon afterward gave him the promotion for which he had hinted.

FROST FAIRIES.

The Wonderful Designs That Window Panes Picture.

When the frost fairies have a material ready for original design they often produce in the hours of darkness most exquisite decorations. The window panes are their drawing paper, and the window frames serve as picture frames on those particular occasions. There are said to be no less than a thousand forms of snow crystals, every one of them of the finest finish and of unimpeachable symmetry. Some are like the patterns in honiton lace, while others are elaborated with geometrical patterns so complex that it is difficult to analyze them. But on the window panes the frost pictures are by no means confined to what are "standard patterns" in snowflakes, but show the most various and dainty schemes of ornament. Some are like starry flowers, set with stars in the center and with starry shoots and comets flying into space around them. Others take the shape of leaves arranged in set form by some human designers. The endive pattern is among the most beautiful, the curves and "motive" being often scarcely distinguishable from those in which a goldsmith of the days of Louis XV. modeled the ormolu in which he graced some priceless vase of jasper or crystal. Scale patterns, like the scales of fishes, with striated lines upon the overlapping disks, wavy patterns, set with stars, fern patterns, moss patterns and formalized sprays of maidenhair are among the choicest on the list.—London Spectator.

Americans on Guard.

There is no record that any such order as "Put none but Americans on guard" was issued by Washington. Those who quote it do not know when it was supposed to have been issued. But it is a fact that on April 30, 1777, in an order issued at Morristown, N. J., for reorganizing the improperly called "Washington's bodyguard" he did say that he thought that men having an interest in the country would be less likely to prove traitors than foreigners. The order continued, "You will, therefore, send me none but Americans." Washington directed that this preference for Americans should not be made known, as he feared it might excite the many foreigners in the army.—Exchange.

How a Miser Selected an Heir.

As like affects like, so it is with misers, and gold will go where gold is. This is strikingly illustrated by the act of a celebrated Greek, one Dichœus Dichœms, a descendant of the Byzantine emperors. This man, by the exercise of extreme niggardliness, managed to amass the sum of $50,000, an immense fortune in those days. Then came the question to whom should he leave it. One day a distant relative sent him a letter written upon a square inch of paper. This was sufficient. In the fitness of things the parsimonious correspondent became the miser's heir.

Unnecessary.

Cholly—A fellow told me today that I didn't know enough to go in when it rained. Miss Sharp—And what did you say? Cholly—I assuhed him it was quite unnecessary, doncher know, because I nevah go out when it rains.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Expensive.

Father—Yes, I admit my daughter will have a good dowry, but she has very expensive tastes. Lover—You amaze me. What does she ever want that is so very expensive? Father—Well, you for one thing.—Illustrated Bits.

Controlling Herself.

She—I want you to select the ring, dear. He—But I thought you wanted to. She—I did. But I'm afraid we can't afford it.—Life.

Conclusive.

She—What makes you think his advice is good? He—Because he never gives it unless it's asked for.—Detroit Free Press.

There are but three classes of men—the retrogade, the stationary and the progressive.—Lavater.

Flower of the Air.

There is a plant in Chile and a similar one in Japan called the "flower of the air." It is so called because it appears to have no root and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 600 to 700 miles and vegetates as it travels suspended on a twig.

A Strange Explosion.

A celebrated doctor in Reims, while visiting a patient and listening to his troubles, put his hand in his pocket and mechanically rubbed together some pastils which were there. Suddenly a slight explosion took place, and at the same time the doctor experienced a sharp pain in his hand. Upon examination he found that the bottom of his pocket was burned out and that his under linen was much scorched, while one of his fingers was also injured.

He remembered that he had carried in his pocket for some days two pastils containing chlorate of potash and one pastil containing chlorate of sugar. The last named was broken into little pieces, while of the potash pastils one was intact, but no trace could be found of the other. It seems that the doctor had rubbed the chlorate of potash pastil against the chlorate of sugar pastil and that at the point of contact a small quantity of explosive powder had been formed. This had ignited, with the result that the chlorate of potash pastil had been instantly decomposed.

For Those Who Read.

In one of Mr. Mabie's literary talks he submitted the six following admonitions for those who read:

Do not read at random. Select your books in advance.

Read intelligently and with foresight. Make a scheme for the season, not too large to be worked out.

Read books that interest you. Follow the line of your taste unless your taste is wholly untrained. If it is, read good books in different fields until you find out what you care for most.

Have a book always within reach and make the most of your spare minutes.

Read only good books and put your mind on them. To get the best out of books you must be able to remember them.

Do not make a task of reading. Read for enjoyment.

A Turkish Serpent Superstition.

The people of all serpent ridden countries have many charms, spells and incantations which they repeat or perform for the purpose of exorcising such obnoxious visitors. In Turkey everybody from the sultan to the gamin appeals to the serpent king, Chah-Miran. When they come in contact with a serpent, the first exclamation is "In the name of Chah-Miran, go away and hide thyself." Of course Chah-Miran has been dead for centuries, but the Turk argues that the serpents do not know this. If they knew that they were no longer under his influence, they would destroy the whole human race.

A Drunken Man's Wit.

A drunken man who sought to buy a ticket at a theater box office was denied the privilege. "What's matter?" demanded the applicant. "What's matter with me?" "Well, if you really want to know," responded the keeper of the box office, "you're drunk." The frankness of this reply had rather a sobering influence upon the playgoer. He gathered up his money with dignity. "Of course I'm drunk," he said cheerfully as he turned to go. "I wouldn't come to see this play if I were sober, would I?"

A Japanese Legend.

Japanese deities are as kindly and gentle hearted as the people themselves. Their story of the creation is quaint. Two gods (whose very lengthy names may be shortened to Izanagi and Izanami), standing upon the bridge of heaven, cast grains of rice abroad to dispel the darkness. They then pushed a spear down into the green plain of the sea and stirred it around. This spear became the axis of the earth started it revolving and thus brought about the dry land.

Quieted Them.

There is an old story of Arthur Roberts, an English actor, which illustrates how a little presence of mind may save lives. There had been an alarm of fire in the theater, and a panic seemed imminent. The actor walked to the footlights and addressed the audience "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "if there was any danger do you think I should be here?"

He Could Hear.

Grandfather (to granddaughter)—I think, dear, my hearing is returning. I fancy I can hear John snoring on the sofa over there. Granddaughter (shrieking through an ear trumpet)—That's not John snoring, grandpa. That's a German band playing in the street. Grandfather (savagely)—Send 'em away. I can't bear the noise.

Mommsen's Peculiarity.

On his eightieth birthday Theodor Mommsen, the historian, received a visit from a great delegation of students, who marched out to his home but he could not be induced to leave his work to greet them. "They see me every day at the university," he said "Why do they want to disturb me now?"

Ayer's
Give nature three helps, and nearly every case of consumption will recover. Fresh air, most important of all.
Cherry Pectoral
Nourishing food comes next. Then, a medicine to control the cough and heal the lungs. Ask any good doctor.
"I first used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral [illegible] years ago. I [illegible] cases cured by it." ALBERT O. HAMILTON, [illegible]
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Consumption
Health demands daily action of the bowels. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

A VOCAL DUEL.

Tamagno and Lassalle Contended, but It Was a Dead Heat.

Herrmann Klein in a book on music and musicians tells this story: "Once I remember our party of four was joined by Tamagno when the celebrated Italian tenor was playing 'Otello' at the Lyceum. We all had supper together after the performance and were in the jolliest of moods. Tamagno had a slight cold on the chest, but protested that it made no difference whatever in the singing quality of his head tones. Upon this Lassalle offered to wager that he could sing higher with his falsetto than Tamagno with his 'voce di petto.' The challenge was accepted, and forthwith the two began a vocal duet the like of which I am certain I shall never hear again. Out came Tamagno's A's and B flats, as quickly responded to with the falsetto equivalents from Lassalle's sturdy throat. Then the Italian went 'one better,' and the Frenchman, in order, as he said, to help himself up the scale, mounted his chair and emitted the B natural, whereupon Tamagno also stood upon his chair and brought out not only a high C, but a ringing D flat. Lassalle was now for mounting the table, but, this being 'ruled out' as an unfair advantage over a less athletic opponent, he proceeded to get the necessary notes from the eminence of his chair amid terrific applause from the rest of the company. Tamagno now made a bold dash for a D natural, but did not quite succeed, and as Lassalle fared no better we pronounced the result a 'dead heat.'"

LONGSTREET'S ORDERS.

The Way His Soldiers Managed to Evade Them.

General Longstreet used to tell a good many stories to show that the men of his command always treated captured Union soldiers with as much consideration and kindness as was possible under the circumstances. He said that his orders on this point were very strict, and he never knew any of his men to disobey. As he went on to explain how proud he was of the record of his men on this point a listener employed in one of the departments at Washington interrupted him.

"Undoubtedly your orders were strict, general," he said, "but I happen to know that they were evaded. For example, in east Tennessee you ordered your men to respect the belongings of prisoners, and this is the way some of them did it: I wore a good pair of army shoes, nearly new. One day a good natured fellow in gray with no shoes to speak of walked along our line looking intently at the shoes of the captured Unionists. He put his foot by the side of mine and, remarking that I was just his size, added: 'Old Pete [Longstreet] says he will have every man shot who steals anything from a prisoner. To save my life, won't you trade shoes with me? For I must have them shoes.' Of course I traded, as did other prisoners."

At this Longstreet smiled, but insisted that the story didn't prove anything.

Difficult Horseback Feat.

There are no better horsemen in the world than the cavalry officers of the Italian army, yet even among them there are very few who could perform the feat recently achieved by one of them.

To run an ordinary foot race is easy enough, but to run at full speed for several hundred yards holding in one hand a spoon on which rests an egg and to reach the goal without dropping the egg is a feat which must be practiced carefully a long time before it can be performed successfully, and as a result there are not many who can be sure of accomplishing it whenever they try. Great, therefore, was the surprise when an Italian officer mounted on horseback performed this difficult feat. Moreover, he selected a course in which there were two or three high fences, and these he cleared at full gallop without losing the egg.

Parliamentary Ruling.

"He said he could not help kissing you," whispered the first congressman's daughter. "He said when he sat beside you in the conservatory and looked into your eyes he was moved by an irresistible impulse and simply had to kiss you."

"Did he?" smiled the second congressman's daughter, who was listening with some interest to the apology thus being made for the boldness of the handsome cousin of the other girl.

"Yes. He said it was your eyes that won him. He"—

"Well, he'll have to come around and correct the minutes of that meeting. The eyes won it, but the nose got it."—Judge.

India's Sacred Fires.

The sacred fires of India have not all been extinguished. The most ancient which still exists was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every two hours with sandalwood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, FEB 26, 1904

THE HEARING.

With the exception of Judge John G. Maguire, Attorney for the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company, who made a strong argument in opposition, no remonstrants, to speak of, appeared at the City Council hearing on the petition of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company for a franchise over Arlington Road and Lake avenue to the Winchester town line, last week. Various reasons were given for the absence of objectors, but the real one, most likely, was a disinclination on the part of the Arlington Road people to thresh over old straw, and a possible conviction that the franchise will be granted, whatever might have been said against it at the hearing. Of this there is a strong probability, judging from current rumors respecting the attitude of the Council towards it.

The opponents to the franchise have made a successful fight up to the present time; but it has been against public interests, to which private ones must yield in the end. The action of former Councils has been hostile to the efforts of the L. & B. Company to obtain the franchise, a new petition for which is now in the hands of the Aldermanic Special Railroad Committee. But, as before remarked, if rumors are to be depended on, the prayer of the Company bids fair to be granted by the present Board.

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH."

Somebody, who ought to be in better business, is besieging the Legislature to pass a law to abolish, or greatly curtail, the inalienable and time honored rights and privileges which the boys and girls of America have always enjoyed in connection with the annual celebration of Independence Day, the "Great and Glorious Fourth" of July. To be sure, the boys and girls often make things too lively and uncomfortable for the Old Sleepyheads who have forgotten that they, too, when young and full of patriotic impulses, when boys and girls, were thorns in the flesh of their progenetors; but, after all, will it not be wiser and better to let the passing generations have their fun than to enact laws to prevent it?

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

So far as labor and traffic were concerned our fair city presented a holiday appearance last Monday, Feb. 22, the anniversary of the birth of the Father of his country. A few factories were in operation during the day; but stores and shops were generally closed, and streets deserted.

The weather was not favorable for parades, or outdoor shows, even if any had been contemplated, a smart rainstorm holding sway all the forenoon and night before.

The anniversary passed quietly and soberly.

☞ In the absence of a bill of particulars some misunderstanding exists in the community as to what the new schoolhouse appropriation by the Council of $90,000 was for. The Council were given authority to raise $100,000 for a new High School building. From this sum they decided to hold back $10,000 with which to furnish it, leaving $90,000 for the site, grading, and edifice. The city has paid $18,000 for a site, which reduces the amount appropriated to $72,000, and another shave for grading and incidentals will bring it down to about $70,000. A competent architect, who, with others, submitted plans to the committee last evening, Feb. 25, has expressed the opinion that a schoolhouse answering the requirements of the School Board and Board of Public Works can be built for that sum.

☞ It seems, according to Mayor Feeney's opinion, that the Board of Trustees of the Jonathan Thompson Library to be established at North Woburn, Messrs. Andrew R. Linscott, Chairman; P. O'Brien, Secretary; and Mr. Daniel W. Bond, are not authorized to do anything about selling the land or erecting the building, but only to manage the operations of the Library when completed. The business of construction will be done by the Board of Public Works, or under their direction, which, one would think, would be a welcome relief to the Trustees. The opinion of Mayor Feeney is doubtless correct, but may involve further delay in executing the provisions of Mr. Thompson's will.

☞ Mayor Feeney returned from a business trip to New York last Wednesday. On account of his absence the schoolhouse building committee postponed the date for examining places from Feb. 23, to last evening in order that he might be present and participate in the meeting.

☞ Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., Lawyer, has just been appointed Resident Assistant Secretary and Attorney for the Ætna Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn., which furnishes bonds required by law in judicial or litigated proceedings and such as are required in the Probate Courts, also bonds guaranteeing the honesty of employees and policies of burglary insurance. Mr. Mendum is a worthy citizen of Woburn, esteemed by every one, and the best sort of a person for the position to which he has been appointed. We congratulate him on his professional success.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Journal—Lost.
C. E. Smith—For Sale.
Co-operative Bank—Notice.

— Theonleigh Club ball tonight.

— W. R. C. 84, are going to give a minstrel show soon.

— The Ingleside Kennel Club chose officers a few days ago.

— Joseph Devlin is at the head of the Woburn Fife and Drum Corps.

— The family of Mr. Franklin Flint are talking of moving to Winthrop.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

J. FOSTER DELAND

General Real Estate

— AND —

Fire Insurance.

ROOM 5,

First National Bank Building

Real Estate Bought, Sold and Rented. Fire Insurance placed in Reliable Companies. Rents Collected, Estates cared for. Mortgages negotiated.

SPECIALTY - - - - Management and Charge of Estates.
THE DELAND SYSTEM: Judicious care of Rentable Real Estate.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Office will be closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after six o'clock.

— No death occurred in Post 33, G. A. R., in 1903, and no call for relief.

— Birthday anniversaries will not be numerous in this town next Monday, Feb. 29.

— Copeland & Bowser are beginning to bestir themselves for a lively spring trade. It's coming, sure.

— Mr. J. E. Boutwell is an exhibitor at the Boston Bench Show this week. He generally wins prizes.

— Next and last lecture in the Burbeen Course by Dr. Edwin C. Bolles, subject, "Picturesque Holland," March 8.

— They say the Theonleigh Club Leap year ball next Monday evening is going to be the toniest thing that ever was.

— Crovo prides himself on the high grade of his fruits and reasonable prices asked for them. He runs a popular store.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— John R. Kee is Secretary of the High School Baseball League which is composed of several High School teams in this vicinity.

— Mr. John C. Buck, City Treasurer, attended the annual gathering of Massachusetts City Treasurers held in Boston last Monday.

— Shirley Hall, Montvale, is to be the scene of a grand Leap Year party on the evening of Feb. 29. A joyous season is anticipated.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Burdett graciously entertained a party of friends at their fine home, 623 Main street, on Washington's Birthday.

— Deacon and Mrs. O. F. Bryant have entertained their sons, Edward F. of Chicago, and Oliver of Los Angeles, California, this week.

— What man dares "rise to remark" that the groundhog did not know what he was about when he returned to his hiberating on Feb. 2?

— Rain prevented holding the regular W. C. T. U. meeting in First church vestry last Monday afternoon. Mrs. President Cole was on hand.

— Hon A. S. Wood, ex-Senator, went down to the State House last Monday, Washington's Birthday, and shook hands with Governor Bates.

—For plumbing worthy of the name, and tin roofing that will stay put and no leakage, C. M. Strout & Co. are good parties to interview on the subject.

— Religious services are held every Wednesday and Friday evening during Lent at St. Charles Church. The large auditorium is well filled at the meetings.

—John J. Hern's Orchestra has had executed a fine halftone picture of the eight members, with instruments, for advertising purposes. McLaughlin is the centrepiece.

— Mr. and Mrs. James H. Linnell and Mr. and Mrs. Heber B. Clewley won prizes at the Towanda whist party Monday evening. They are experts, and hard to beat.

— Lenten vesper services at First church last Sunday afternoon, at which the Pastor, Rev. Dr. Norton, gave a good lecture, and fine music was heard, was well attended.

— Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher, the popular druggist in Savings Bank Building, has been somewhat under the weather this week, just as almost everybody else has.

— Miss Dannatt returned a few days ago from a fortnight's visit to N. Y. City, which period of time she devoted to selecting an Easter stock of millinery goods for her store.

— Mr. Fred A. Flint, the gentlemanly and wideawake head of the flourishing G. R. Gage & Co., merchant tailoring establishment, is on his feet again from a bad cold.

— Colds, grip and pneumonia still hold sway in this city. While a good many people are poorly and complain of not feeling chipper, no cases of violent illness are reported.

— Willis J. Buckman, proprietor of Central Grocery, has a neat store filled with a neat stock of goods. The best quality of everything at the lowest prices is the rule he does business on.

— Rev. William H. Scott, pastor of St. John's Baptist church, preached on "Is Marriage a Failure?" last Sunday evening. It was a fine sermon, and well worth being repeated to a crowded house.

— At 10.30 o'clock last Tuesday forenoon, Feb. 23, the Woburn Association held a meeting at Hotel Bellevue, Boston, and discussed "The Atonement: what it is, and how it should be taught."

— Mr. George E. Fowle and his men are putting in a new plate-glass front at 416 Main street, and also making changes in Mechanics Building apartments.

— Mr. Clark's class in First Church S. S. have in rehearsal "A Mock Trial," from a presentation of which at an early date they hope to raise some money for use in their religious and benevolent work.

— By strict application to business, doing the very best of work at reasonable prices, promptness, and courtesy towards patrons, the Woburn laundry, F. W. Moore, proprietor, secures the cream of the trade.

— Mr. Samuel Leeds, the hackman, who has been suffering severely from boils on his neck for some weeks past, had an acute attack of kidney troubles a few days ago, and for awhile his condition was considered dangerous.

— The Woburn Telephone Exchange Operators have engaged John J. Hern's fine Orchestra of 8 pieces and a piano to furnish music for their first annual ball to be given in Lyceum Hall on Easter Monday night. It is to be a grand affair.

— A few days ago M. Ellis & Co., building movers, hauled from East Boston to Woburn an Oregon pine pole 90 feet long; 18 inches diameter at the butt; 16 at the top; weight 2 1-2 tons. It is to be used in erecting smokestacks.

— Woburn Council, K. of C., have elected the following officers: Hugh A. Quinn, Fin. Sec., vice James E. Begley, resigned; Peter E. McHugh, Treas., vice J. J. Queenan, resigned; Daniel J. McColgan, Trustee, vice McHugh promoted.

— The valuable estate on Bennett street, owned by Mrs. Phinney, for some time known as the Woburn Hotel, is offered for sale by the C. E. Smith Real Estate Agency, as will be seen by an ad in this paper. It is a desirable piece of business property.

— The people who were so fortunate as to hear Rev. Dr. March's address on Washington at the North Congregational Church last Sunday evening, say it was able and fine. Of course! That is Dr. March's way of handling such themes—and all others.

— The St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society are not to move from the rooms in Bank Building so long occupied by them, as lately reported, but will remain there. They are to give their annual Minstrel Show on St. Patrick's Day evening, March 17.

— The E. Prior Real Estate Agency, in Johnson block, has recently sold to M. M. Stevens the Mrs. Ellen T. Ellis property, 44 Pleasant street, to be occupied by him as a residence. The Prior Agency will soon close up several other real estate deals in this city.

— The smart rain of Sunday night and Monday caused a disagreeable excess of water in many of our city cellars and made work for the householders. Drains and gutters were filled with snow before the rain and in many places not being properly attended to flooded cellars prevailed.

— The venerable and highly respected resident of North Woburn, Mr. Marshall Tidd, is about to have the old cannon, captured from the British by American soldiers, restored to the front of the Count Rumford house, where it stood many years. Mr. Tidd is a patriot of the old Puritan stock.

— If the esteemed Editor of the *Times* would escape trouble with type and presses in the future he must eschew heavy Editorials. Make them light, Editor Haggerty, light as Parker House rolls, and there will be no more vexatious demoralization of printing machinery like that of last Tuesday evening.

— Police Officer Austin G. French was summoned from his beat last Tuesday night on account of the sudden illness of his wife at their home on Church avenue. Dr. B. T. Church of Winchester found slight symptoms of pneumonia in her case, and a trained nurse was sent for. Mrs. French is now better.

— There are now wintering at the Dow and Flagg farms an unusual variety of birds which obtain their food from the kind and humane people in the neighborhood. Among them are owls, snowbirds, chickadees, bluejays, a solitary robin, a pair as large as crows but look more like dumplings, and others.

— Mr. B. A. Tripp isn't a professional playactor, or anything of the kind, still, with his magic and slight-of-hand performances, at which he is an adept, and other queer things, he gives an entertainment as well worth visiting as any we have here. He does not give exhibitions for money, but only just to please folks, especially the young, and make them happy.

— The alarm from box 912 last Sunday afternoon was false.

— The interior of the St. John's Hall is being made into school rooms.

— Considering that this is the season of Lent, an extraordinary number of mirth and pleasure parties are indulged in just now.

— Please note carefully the advertisement "Lost" in this paper. It is hoped the finder will leave the shawl at the JOURNAL office at once.

— A snowplow and ice-cutter were thrown from the rails of the N. W. Div. of the B. & N. Saturday night and blocked travel for some time.

— The opening exhibitions of the M. E. Church Gymnasium will take place on the evenings of March 3, 10, 24, with wrestling, fencing, class drill and basket ball.

— At a meeting of the School Board last Tuesday evening the proposed increase of some salaries of teachers was discussed, with more or less heat, but no action was taken. A few other matters of minor importance were talked over.

— Fourteen young men from the highly moral town of Winchester were arraigned in the District Court last Tuesday morning, 6 of whom were found guilty of shooting craps, 7 for being present at grambling, and one discharged. The 13 were fined $5 each.

— The courteous proprietor of "Crawford's" prides himself on the exceptionally fine quality of his confectionery, a fact which is duly appreciated by the public. High grade goods and fair dealing are responsible for the excellent trade that Crawford enjoys.

— George Smith and Harry Fellows spent last Sunday and Monday at Mt. Holyoke College. They attended a fine concert on Monday evening, and during their absence called on the Woburn young ladies at Smith College.

— Last Saturday Harry S. Parker, Louise Burgess, Frank and Mary DeLoriea went to North Weare, N. H., to visit Mr. and Mrs. George Nichols, the latter formerly Minnie Simonds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue, and returned on Monday evening.

— Some of the local papers announced that Hicks is to be the caterer at the party to be given by the Theonleigh Club at Lyceum Hall next Monday evening, Feb. 29, whereas Dill is the gentleman chosen to fill that office. Leading society ladies have the affair in hand, which promises to be a gay and festive one.

— John J. Hern's Orchestra are to play for the Unitarian subscription ball at Bedford next Monday evening. This new musical organization is gaining popularity and patrons right straight along. It is composed of as fine players on various instruments as can be scared up in any neck of timber anywhere. The young men well deserve the liberal patronage they are enjoying.

—The other afternoon the All Round Club of Tufts College, composed of female students solely, had a regular oratorical set-to over the question of separating men and women students at that institution. The negative of the proposition was ably maintained by Miss J. M. Parker, '04, of Uxbridge, and Miss Sarah L. Buxton, formerly of Woburn. The negative won a handsome victory.

— On Tuesday evening, March 1, the Y. P. S. C. E of the Congregational church are to indulge in a "Winter Picnic," something new in the amusement line, and good. The vestry will be made to look just like a picnic grove in summer time, and candy, lemonade, and things, that go with all properly conducted picnics, will be offered for sale. The net proceeds are to go towards the support of Home and Foreign Missions.

— It has cost steam railroad companies and owners of trolley lines big money this winter to keep their tracks free from snow and in running order. Nor have cities and towns been exempt from large extra expense on that score. There have been no dreadful heavy snowstorms, but they have come early and often and necessitated the labor of great gangs of shovelers almost continuously to keep the tracks clear.

— Holidays and quasi holidays come thick and fast in this part of the country. They are restful and good things to have. This month we have had Candlemas, Lincoln, St. Valentine and Washington, Days; and the next to come are evacuation and St. Patrick's, March 17. Lent is not allowed to interfere with the doings incident to these holidays, nor fasting to abate the zest with which they are celebrated.

— On Saturday nights hereafter, the Boston & Northern road will double the present service between Woburn and Winchester by running "double headers"—that is by running two cars each trip.—*Winchester Star.* Which is done to enable the tough crowds from Winchester, who visit this city every Saturday night, to the annoyance and disgust of the people of Woburn who live peaceful lives and frown on wickedness, to get home before going to bed.

— Mr. Alexander Ellis is getting nicely over an attack of pneumonia which took him in hand about three weeks ago. He has a lot of friends who are glad to hear of his recovery. Mr. Ellis is the oldest man now engaged in selling groceries in Woburn, and has, in his day, handled more of them than any other person here. He is of Maine origin, a product of the Sebasticook, or Kennebec, and it is therefore needless to say that he is an honest man and good citizen.

— Snow and cold have prevented Civil Engineer William B. Jones from making much progress on surveying and mapping Cummings Park preparatory to the beginning of house building on it, laying out streets, etc., but as soon as weather conditions will allow the surveys will be made and everything got in readiness for the builders. It was calculated by Architect Cobb to have 12 of the 40 houses completed early in June, but a hard winter will probably compel a change of date.

— The L. C. S. Alliance Branch of the Unitarian church will hold a business and sewing meeting with readings at 4 30 o'clock Thursday, March 3. Supper at 6.30. Evening lecture by Rev Charles Wendte upon "Theodore Parker and some of his Contemporaries." All invited.

— The Y. P. S. C. E. of First Church will hold a "Winter Picnic" and entertainment, Tuesday, March 1, at 8 P. M. The entertainment will consist of selections by the Highland Orchestra; Miss Helen Sylvester, reader; Miss Jennie Trecartin, soloist; Miss Esther Bean, mandolin solos. Lunches, lemonade and cocoa; homemade confectionery for sale. An evening of pleasure for young and old. Admission 15 cents.

— It snowed mildly all day last Wednesday, making, according to the Boston *Herald*, the 30th snowstorm of this season. The same authority says there has been 60 days of steady sleighing here since before Christmas, with no signs of an early letting up. We can vouch for accuracy of the *Herald's* statements, except, perhaps, they are not quite high enough. Snow and slosh on Feb. 24; only 5 to 10 above zero the next morning!

— A large and fashionable audience assembled at Music Hall last Monday evening to enjoy the "Greate Singing Meeting" by the Trinity church choir, assisted by juvinile talent, with which they were delighted. It was an "Old Folks" concert by young folks, numbering in all about 35 singers, who rendered some 16 or 18 old time songs and hymns in costumes of a hundred years ago, and in a manner that pleased everybody. The concert was a pleasing novelty, and highly successful in every respect.

— In the matter of good health Mr. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue is a record breaker. He became Janitor of the Woburn High School almost 20 years ago and during that long period of faithful service had never lost an hour from sickness until last week, when an ill turn compelled him to remain at home a couple of days. He took the office in 1884, since which date he has seen the coming and going of many Superintendents, Masters, teachers and scholars; but, through all the changes, Mr. Simonds has pursued the even tenor of his way, and no Super or Master has yet had occasion to find fault with his work at the High School.

— The Burbeen lecture by Senor Ramsen Reyes Lala, a learned and eloquent Philipino, last Tuesday evening, on "The Philippines and their People," was one of the best given in the Course this season. It was splendidly illustrated by pictures of scenes, architecture, persons, etc., in those far-away "Isles of the Sea," and listened to attentively, and with marked indications of a lively interest, by an audience of intelligent and educated people who filled every seat in the hall. The lecturer, a handsome man of fine presence, appeared on the nostrum clothed from sole to crown in pure white, the style of garb worn by the better classes of his native land. He gave a reception at the close of the lecture, at which many ladies and gentlemen improved the opportunity to shake hands with the distinguished lecturer.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estaie.

Polo.

The Roller Polo season closed last Saturday night with a game between Woburn and a picked team in which the Woburn boys won; score 5 to 4. It was a fast game, the teams being evenly matched.

The series of games for the championship between Woburn and Stoneham was not finished, although Woburn won two out of the three games played. When the Woburn management got Besse the Stoneham management knew they would be up against the real thing when Besse and Loxson got together. The Curtis Lincoln combination could not get a look in with the Loxson-Besse movements.

Loxson did not have to wait long for a position with another team. Sunday night he received an offer from the West and after naming his terms, which were promptly accepted, he started for the West next morning which was Monday. No better man could they get. Mitchell, Loxson's side partner, started for home which is in Pawtucket R. I. yesterdag morning. Some of the Western polo managers will get a good man if they get him, for he holds the record on stops in the League. A few Woburn boys make good additions to Western polo teams.

"Our Jim."

This drama is to be given, with trimmings, by the S. of V., and S. of V. Club, in Lyceum Hall, on April 11, next.

ACTS.

Act I—My country 'tis of thee.
Act II—The girl I left behind me.
Act III—From Atlanta to the sea.
Act IV—When Johnny comes marching home.

THE CAST.

John Matthews (called "Uncle John" by his friends.) — Marcus H. Cotton
John Matthews, his son, — Wallace F. Williams
Bob, his nephew, — Charles Dean
Major Timothy Mudge, — Edward E. Foss
Deacon Hezekiah Tidd, — Edward L. Lovering
Bill Tidd, his son, — Fred C. Kean
John Henry Tidd, his son, — C. Winfield Smith
Aunt Deborah Matthews, — Miss Edith Shydecker
Caroline Antwerp, — Miss Margaret Anderson
Bessie, the Major's daughter, — Mrs. Eva West
Grace Antwerp, — Miss Florence Richardson

Basket Ball.

At the Auditorium last Monday the Woburn A. C. played a fast game of Basket Ball with the Winchester Y. M. C. A. but were defeated by them; score 37 to 6. The T. P. girls defeated the team representing the East Boston High School; score 6 to 0.

Report of Assessors.

From the annual report of the City Assessors for 1903, we take the following figures: Real estate $8,896,726; personal, $2,066,658; total, $10,963,384. The rate of taxation was $18.50; poll, 4,077; raised by taxation, $212,325.40. Residents assessed on property 2255; non-residents, 1333; polls only 3187; houses 2627. Exempt from taxation $471,427.94 divided as follows: literary institutions $68,916.64; charitable, $50,861.30; religious $351,650.00. The exemptions from taxation of religious, literary and charitable property amount to about 33 percent of the entire valuation.

Commissioner Preston's Report.

We have been favored this week with an examination of Water Commissioner Elwyn G. Preston's report for 1903, and find many points of interest in it, which feeling will, doubtless, be shared by the public when the annual reports of the city Departments appear.

It is unquestionably true that Commissioner Preston understands thoroughly the Woburn water supply system, in general and particular, and that during his two terms in that office on the Board of Public Works he did a great deal towards perfecting the system and increasing its value as a municipal asset. Hence the suggestions which he has made in his report for 1903, looking to changes and further improvements, are worthy of careful and favorable consideration by the present and future administrations of that Department.

Besides the figures showing its financial condition, given below, the reader on examination of the full report, will find many statements of vital importance, and practical suggestions which, if adopted, will add greatly to the efficiency of the system. Indeed, some of them demand early adoption, if the present high character of the plant is to be maintained, and especially, if its value is to be increased.

The following is a summary of the finances of the Water Department, with which Commissioner Preston voluntarily severed his connection at the close of 1903:

Receipts:—		
Water Rates	$46,871 68	
Miscellaneous	744 53	$47,616 21
Expenditures:—		
Maintenance	$13,995 10	
Maturing Bonds	27,500 00	
Interest	2,660 00	44,155 10
Surplus		$3,461 11
Transfer to Service Const. Acct.	1,010 19	
Transfer to Street Mains Acct.	21 04	1,031 23
On hand Dec. 31, 1903		2,429 88
Less deficit in Sinking Fund Jan. 1, 1903		730 42
Balance in Sinking Fund Dec. 31, 1903		$1,699 46

"It will be observed that for the first time in the history of the department the income has been sufficient to pay all expenses, including construction of new house connections, and there remained on hand at the close of the year $2420.88, which has been turned into the Sinking Fund.

"There was an increase in the receipts over the previous year amounting to $4,758.63, due mainly to the large consumption of water by the East Woburn power station of the Boston & Northern Street Railway which prior to 1903 pumped its own water, and to the increased factory consumption.

"The expenditures for maintenance increased $743.55, owing to the increased cost of fuel, the coal bills aggregating $1201.48 more than last year.

"Commissioner Preston's suggestions and recommendations, based on absolute knowledge of the conditions, are practical and timely. He sums up the situation of the Department in this wise:

"The Department is now confronted with the following conditions:

"1st. The present supply of water is inadequate and there is urgent necessity for the universal introduction of meters to control the increase in domestic consumption due to the wasteful use of water.

"2nd. The pumping capacity must be increased by larger and more efficient, therefore more economical, pumps within the next two or three years.

"3rd. Steps must be taken to secure an increased water supply not only to provide for the growing needs of the city, but to protect the quality of the water now furnished."

A Pleasant Reunion.

A most enjoyable reunion was held at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Buchanan, 16 Warren Ave., on the afternoon of Feb. 20. All the visitors were former acquaintances of Mrs. Buchanan at Waterville, Maine, and some of them had not met for many years. As may be imagined, there were no "painful pauses" in the conversation. The personnel of the party comprised the mother of the host; Miss Alice Grammer, Mesdames Rosa Warren of Acton, Alice Owen of Allston, Nellie Prescott of Newtonville, Eva Wilson of Everett, and Helen M. Owen of Woburn. Dainty refreshments were served, and the company reluctantly separated to return to their respective homes, hoping that another such good time might soon come their way.

Boston Theatres.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

Miss Marie Tempest, who was so great a favorite in Boston in the days when she shone as a prima donna of light opera, will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre on Feb. 29, in the brilliant comedy "The Marriage of Kitty." Since Miss Tempest was last seen here, she has won a series of splendid successes in London as a comedienne. The greatest of these was in "The Marriage of Kitty," which ran for some 350 performances in the British Metropolis, and has recently been enthusiastically received during a seven weeks' stay at the Hudson Theatre, New York. "The Marriage of Kitty" is an adaptation from "La Pasarelle." The piece is deftly put together, humorous, delicious, "light as air and fine as spider's web," albeit extravagant in plot and artificial in construction. Sir Reginald Belsize will inherit a fortune provided he is married on a certain day, and his wife be other than a certain Peruvian widow. His lawyer suggests that he meet these requirements by marrying a woman whom he can divorce at the end of a year and thus leave the way open for his union with the aforesaid Peruvian. A country girl, Catharine Silverton (Miss Tempest) agrees to become the bride. The marriage is celebrated, the two separate, and each awaits the divorce proceedings. They meet with a lawyer to discuss the proposed litigation, whereupon the husband and wife fall in love with each other, and Sir Reginald and Kitty elope leaving the Peruvian widow to be consoled by a former admirer. Miss Tempest brings the entire London production and company. Miss Tempest's costumes are unusually beautiful and varied. The regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given.

WANTED IN WOBURN

Moderate cost house in good neighborhood, in exchange for first-class investment property.

GEO. ADAMS WOODS, 50 State St., Boston.

WOBURN

Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

A meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank will be held on

Thursday, March 10, 1904,

At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of making nominations for the necessary Officers and Auditors to serve the Bank the ensuing fiscal year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

JOHN C. BUCK, Secretary.

WINFIELD R. LANG,

LAWYER,

847 Tremont Building, BOSTON.

Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.

Can be seen evenings at B. & M. ticket office. Tel. 179 Haymarket.

A Drug Store that Cuts Prices.

			Regular Price
Sanford's Ginger		29c	50c
Horlick's Malted Milk	40c	79c	50c $1.00
Laxative Bromo Quinine		17c	25c
Scott's Emulsion	39c	71c	50c $1.00

Whitcher's Next to Post Office

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Reduction Sale

To close all our Heavy Weight Goods before stock taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

Robbins's Cough Syrup

Is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds and all pulmonary trouble or money refunded. Guaranteed free from narcotics it is particularly recommended for children.

Regular size 50c. Trial size 25c.

For that tickling in the throat try Robbins's Bronchial Lozenges 10 cents a Box.

Pure old-fashioned Flaxseed Drops, 19c. pound.
Pure old-fashioned Horehound Drops, 19c. pound.
Pure Slippery Elm Lozenges, 23c. pound.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The Cut Price Store. Green Stamps.

FOR SALE

The Estate on Bennett Street

Extending through to Boston & Maine Railroad, owned by Mrs. Phinney. The estate will be sold in separate lots if desired.

Inquire of C. E. SMITH, Real Estate Agent, Main Street, Woburn.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

A high-class preparation for the hair. Keeps the hair soft and glossy and prevents splitting at the ends. Cures dandruff and always restores color to gray hair.

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

James G. Cole.

JAMES GILMAN COLE died at his plantation home on Lady's Island, near Beaufort, S. C., on Friday, February 12, 1904, aged 62 years, 11 months, 3 days, the cause of his death being dropsy of the heart. Mr. Cole was born in Woburn, March 9, 1841. His parents were John G. and Lavina (Brooks) Cole. He attended the Woburn public schools, and passed through the various grades, graduating from the Woburn High School in the class of '58, at the age of sixteen. His part in the graduating exercises was the Salutatory, which was delivered in Latin. An interesting circumstance in his school career is the fact that, from the time he entered the Grammar School in Woburn to the time of his graduating from Harvard College, a period of twelve years, he was not absent or tardy but one week, which occurred during the College course, when he was kept at home by illness.

While a student at Harvard in 1861 he was one of the party who formed the volunteer guard at Watertown Arsenal on a call from Gov. John A. Andrew.

Mr. Cole entered Harvard College at the age of seventeen; he attended the full four years course, graduating in 1862, the youngest member of his class, which numbered ninety-six. He taught school in Essex, Mass., for a year, and in the latter part of 1863, in company with other Harvard classmates, he went to South Carolina in the employ of the Government, settling at Beaufort, where he has resided ever since. In 1866 he purchased the plantation on which he lived. He has engaged successively in the raising of cotton and oranges, but for several years he has given his attention to the raising of cattle, sheep and swine, and watermelons.

Mr. Cole was never married. His last visit to Woburn was in 1901.

Owing to circumstances the body could not be brought to Woburn, but was buried in the Episcopal churchyard in Beaufort. He leaves a mother (Mrs. Lavina B. Cole), a sister (Mrs. Annie B. Haggett who reside at the Cole homestead, 62 Prospect street, Woburn. He was a brother-in-law of Mr. Henry L. Andrews, and uncle of Mr. John Cole Andrews of Woburn. The following is from the Charleston (S. C.) *News* of Feb. 13, 1904:

"Another good citizen has just passed away. Mr. James G. Cole, a native of Woburn, Mass., who, since the war, has been living on Lady's Island, where he had a planting interest, died there today, aged 62 years. Mr. Cole came to Beaufort after the fall of Port Royal, in 1863, and has resided here ever since, making himself a useful citizen. He came not as an armed foe, but was employed in peaceful avocations, superintending some of the lumber mills erected for use by the Federal officers. He was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1862 and took a high stand. Well educated and trained, he enjoyed literary pursuits in conjunction with his other services as an accountant in the several county officers where he was frequently called upon to assist on account of his strict reliability."—COM.

Bradford Clark.

The subject of this notice, Mr. Bradford Clark, died of pneumonia, after an illness of only two days, at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Hern, 123 Salem street, this city, on Saturday, Feb. 20, 1904.

He was born at Concord, Mass., in 1831, the son of Joseph and Lucinda Clark, and was a farmer at Bedford, Mass., for 20 years before coming to Woburn about three years ago. He left a wife and one child, Mrs. Nathalie C. Hern of this city; two brothers, Cyrus Clark of Concord and Charles Clark of Bedford; three sisters, Mrs. Alonzo Tower, Mrs. S. D. Kent, and Mrs. Louise Perry, all of Concord.

The funeral was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hern on Monday, Feb. 22, at which Rev. Mr. McAllister of Bedford conducted the religious services, and Mr. Marcus H. Cotton sang appropriate selections. The final interment is to be at Bedford.

LOST.

A few weeks ago a nice white woosted Shawl. The finder will be well rewarded by leaving the same at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,

Instructor in Pianoforte,

Studio · First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Claviæ System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,

Violin Instruction,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

4 Fairmount St.,

WOBURN, - MASS.

"Do It To-Day."

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do today," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it TO-DAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Can a fountain send forth water with bitter and sweet?"
Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday in Lent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. James Sheerin of Winchester will officiate.
Lenton Services Wednesdays at 4 P. M. Fridays at 7.30 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Man."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Philip L. Frisk.
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Unconscious Elements in Character."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D. Subject: "The Meeting of the Ways."
12 M., Sunday School.
4.30 P. M., Vesper Service. Music led by the Church Quartette. Address by the pastor. "Thy Kingdom Come."
5.30 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
Wednesday, at 4.20 P. M., Pastor's Class.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 18, John Andrew Davis, aged 43 years.

In this city, Feb. 20, Bradford Clark, aged 74 years, 3 months, 26 days.

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

The Way They Point---

Everything points to a big busy season with us. Just as real as is the magnet's attraction is the attraction of our goods and prices. No one can fail to appreciate values they can test. The needle always points to the pole, and the people always point to us for business.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

JEWELERS,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches

Dalobe Farm

CREAM

18c. Jar.

5c. allowed for empty jar when returned. This is the Best and also the Cheapest Cream on the market.

The Best Cough Reliever

Wild Cherry and Tar

COUGH BREAKER.

25 Cents.

PREPARED BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5.45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m.; also 11 p. m., for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5.55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m., and hourly untill 10.30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m., hourly till 11.55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7.15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8.14, 9.00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6.45 a.m., hourly until 10.45 p. m., Billerica 7.39 a. m., Lowell, 7.55 a. m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Strictly Home-Made

Caramels

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

WANTED!

Men or women local representatives for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prizes. Write J. N. TRAINER, 80 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y.

HAVE YOUR

OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

Physicians and Nurses

USE AND RECOMMEND

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

The STANDARD ANTISEPTIC for Burns, Wounds, Cuts, Sores, Chapped Surfaces, Scalp, Hair, General Bath and Tender, Aching Feet. Excellent as a Poultice for reducing Inflammation, Pain, Soreness and Irritation and stopping flow of Blood.

See that the above Trade-Mark is on all packages. It protects you from inferior substitutes.

Sold in 10c., 25., 50c. and $1.00 packages.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.

Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,

10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

Tel. Main 3908-3.

To Let.

House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.

Tenement No. 6 Church Avenue, eight rooms, bath and furnace.

Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.

Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

O. B. SANBORN,

Furniture and Piano Moving,

Jobbing of all kinds.

Out of town moving a specialty. Storage for furniture. All mail orders promptly attended to. Telephone connection, 105-7.

Residence, — 117 Montvale Ave. WOBURN

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

Woman's Club.

At the meeting of the Woman's Club, Friday, Feb. 19, 1904, the program was in the hands of the Music and Art Committee, Mrs. J. P. Brown and Miss Grace Norris, Chairmen. The President, Mrs. Hayward, made a short address, she said in part:

"A very important element in a Club's success, is as we all know, the state of its finances. Our treasury is in excellent condition for we have *Nichols* and *Silver*, we are *Owen* no one and our *Heartz* in the right *Place*.

Our *Ames* are high and we have *Levers* by which to raise them still higher. There is a strong *Bond* which unites us and we have one who *Leeds* us in all right endeavor while like the Psalmist of old we look to one *Hill* for strength. We are very hearty. The *Bean* is a great favorite with us while we always want *Ham*, *Partridge*, *Fowle*, and a *Frye* at our teas. We should like to have *Eaton* at every meeting and although we are all in favor of "No License," I must confess we are very fond of our *Porter*. We also enjoy delightful *Converse* and the *Day* our Club meets is never stormy while there is always a bright *Ray* within. Although warm hearted we desire a *Frost* at all seasons. We have found in Woburn a *Littlefield* for work and some things not just as we would have them, but we hope by persistent effort to *Mendum*. At our *Portal* we would welcome your *Cummings* and *Winn* each *Newcomb* er by our cordiality."

Miss Barker of Winchester accompanied by Miss Louise Richardson, played violin solos. Mrs. Maud Conway Blanchard gave a song recital on the "Music of Tennyson." Mrs. Blanchard has a voice of rare sweetness and charmed every one by her beautiful rendition of the following songs: "On the Hill," "Winter," "When is Another Sweet," "Marriage Morning," "Come Into the Garden Maud," "Break, Break, Break," "St. Agnes Eve," "The Beggar Maid," "The Milkmaids' Song," "The Miller's Daughter," "Blow Bugle Blow," "Sweet & Low," "Crossing the Bar."

Refreshments were served by the Hospitality Committee. Mrs. Susan A. Wood, Chairman. Mrs. Maria R. Bickford and Mrs. Sarah E. Norris poured. Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. Kendall, Miss H. J. Ellis and Miss Woodbery served.

The President, Mrs. Hayward, Vice-President Miss Norris and Mrs. Blanchard received, the guests were presented by Mrs. Portal, Mrs. Clewley, Mrs. Beggs, Miss Wood, Miss Nellie Ellis. Many of the neighboring clubs were represented as well as the Milford, New Hampshire Club, which was represented by its President Mrs. Susan Kendall, and Mrs. G. E. Stickney.

A. C. K., Rec. Clerk.

Hub Crumbs

better breadcrumbs

10c

Makes everything fried much better and wholesome.

Saves work and time in the midst of cooking; as handy as the salt box.

Keeps fresh and sweet indefinitely.

It swells in milk or water to four times its dry bulk; use only half or a third as much as of other crumbs.

Makes delicious pudding, stuffing, griddle-cakes, etc.

Ask your grocer for MISS HOWARD'S COOK BOOK

WINCHESTER.

Sunday evenings during Lent Rev. W. I. Lawrence, the pastor, lectures at the Unitarian church. A full chorus will furnish the music each evening.

Louis J. West, Principal of the Wadleigh school, has resigned to accept the position of Master of the Prince Grammar School at West Newton at a salary of $2,000. Our Board hated to lose him, but accepted his resignation.

The removal of snow from the streets was a serious question with the Superintendent. Immense piles flanked the roads and sidewalks and its removal was a vexatious problem. But the authorities were equal to the emergency.

A reformation is in progress at the Cross street Baptist church and sinners are being converted from the errors of their ways. The meetings are largely attended. The meetinghouse was recently fitted with electric lights, and other improvements made. Rev. J. Harrell of Cambridge is conducting the revival services.

The Ladies Friendly Society have elected the following officers; President, Mrs. P. C. Wilson; Vice-President, Mrs. M. H. Dutch; Secretary, Mrs. Henry A. Goddard; Treasurer, Mrs. G. S. Littlefield; Directors, Mrs. Stuart Bishop, Mrs. Napoleon Goddu, Mrs. Irving Symmes, Mrs. Hayes Robbins, Miss Anna Symmes, Miss Lucy Young.

It was a shame that so few people came to Town Hall last Monday evening to see the excellent play, "A Noble Outcast," which was then and there so admirably presented by a firstclass professional dramatic company. It was worthy of a full house; but our people are peculiar; unless an entertainment, however meritorious, bears the seal of "Uppertendom," and is endorsed by "Society," its fate is sealed in this community, and the playactors might as well repack their things and go back home.

There were hot doings at the nominating caucus for town officers last week. There were close contests, hard fighting with ballots, some bad temper exhibited; but no pugulistic encounters, or anything that resembled personal knockdowns. The votes in some cases were uncomfortably close even for the victors, and there was quite a number of disappointed men at the close. A good share of the present official incumbents, including Dr. Church, the faithful and valuable member of the Board of Health, who had no opposition, were renominated, greatly to their own satisfaction, and the regret of others. Your Uncle Samuel Twombly was in fine fettle and got there with both hands down. I suppose the caucus settled the business for another year, anyhow. By the way, somebody forgot to introduce a resolution endorsing Congressman McCall; but that can be attended to at the Town Meeting.

The Queer Sunfish.

The sunfish or headfish is fairly common in the vicinity of Santa Catalina island. Its general appearance is oblong and deep, very thin or compressed, cut off (truncate) behind, so there appears to be no tail, a mere rim of movable flesh taking its place, which has a very limited use in the slow locomotion of this extraordinary fish. The skin is hard and coarse, rough, scaleless and covered with flat spines, the entire skin covered with a thick coating of slime, which appears to be a world in itself for numerous parasites which prey upon the fish.

This extraordinary fish is one of the few fishes of little or no use to man. "I am of the opinion," says a naturalist, "that the hard skin might be utilized. I once learned that the boys of a certain village in Maine were anxious to secure the muscular envelope of a specimen caught by me to use it as rubber. They cut the hard, elastic substance into round shapes and used them for the interior of homemade baseballs."

Crude, Garish Athens.

An American traveler writes: "Athens itself, as a city, is insufferable. It is raw, garish, new, staring, crude. It smells of paint. It reeks of varnish. It is redolent of last week. It is the newest city one sees in southern Europe. It is dusty, it is noisy, it is vulgar. Everything in it is imitation. The palaces are imitation. The hotels are imitation. The army is imitation. The city is a sham. It is a joy to leave the commonplace streets, to quit the insufferable city and to climb the Acropolis. There everything is calm and peaceful, and the magnificent ruins are restful. There only in Athens do you find a spot which is not oppressively new and raw. The royal palace is one of the newest and the rawest of all the raw, new buildings."

France Sets the Pace.

"Wife beating is unknown among the French, excitable though they are," says a writer on British manners in the National Review, "and, as every one knows at home, that pastime is commonly indulged in by our lower classes at the expense of a 2s. 6d. fine. In England many little things testify to the accepted 'superiority' of the male sex. A woman bows first, as to her lord and master; in France a man salutes his idol whether noticed or unnoticed and stands with his head uncovered if she stops to speak to him, while the younger men never omit to kiss a lady's hand, to shake which would seem an impertinence!"

A Bad Boy.

Bertie—I don't want to go to bed yet, sis. I want to see you and Mr. Shepherd play cards. Lucie—You wicked boy, to think we should do such a thing! We never do it! Bertie—But I heard mamma tell you to mind how you played your cards when Mr. Shepherd came.

The Birth of the Opal.

There is a beautiful little story told about the opal, that delicate stone which you have no doubt seen in rings and bracelets. The story is that the opal was long ago promised to anybody who could discover it. It lay hidden away, so the old fortune tellers used to say, at the place "where the sunlight and the moonlight joined" each other, and whoever could find that spot would be rewarded by a quantity of large, beautiful opals. After a long search for the place "where the sunlight and moonlight joined" each other the place was found by a Spanish traveler, who followed up the rays of the setting sun, and when he had reached the end of the last ray he waited until the moonbeams shone upon the earth, and there he found the opals. They are said to be very lucky stones for those who are born in the fall of the year and very unlucky for those born in the spring. Of course it is only a saying that these are lucky or unlucky, but the rest of the story is true, as you will believe if you look in the heart of an opal and see the pink tints of the sun and the blue rays of the moon nestling in the middle of it.

Squelching a Bore.

One of the famous Rothschilds was once entertaining at dinner a distinguished party. The dinner went on admirably. Nothing marred the general enjoyment save the silly loquacity of one young man. This young man insisted on monopolizing the conversation. He insisted on talking about himself—about his books, his works, his love affairs, his automobile. Finally he jumped to his feet.

"By Jove!" he said. "I must show you my new cuff buttons. I got them this morning. They are malachite." And he passed from one guest to another, exhibiting the buttons. "Malachite," he kept repeating—"genuine malachite."

Baron Rothschild watched the young man's progress with a faint sneer. When the buttons reached him he touched them with his finger superciliously and drawled: "Ah, malachite, eh? It is a handsome stone. I have always liked it. I have a mantelpiece of it in the next room."

Mommsen on Languages.

The German historian, Professor Theodor Mommsen, was noted for the facility with which he acquired languages. The tongues of modern Europe as well as the classics were to him not studies, but the familiar tools of his daily work. An American reporter who was interviewing him some years ago asked to have a certain reference put into English, as he did not read German well.

"Not read German well? And you a journalist?" exclaimed the savant. "I do not see how it is possible. Young man, German is one of the four necessities for a student. The other three are English, French and Italian. Without them you can never know the tendency of modern thought. If you have them not, do not rest until you have learned them all."

Training a Horse.

The horse is a logical and therefore a teachable animal. Once convince him that a locomotive or any other object of terror is not really dangerous and he will never shy at it again. Every year accidents occur because the harness breaks or the vehicle upsets, and then the horse runs away. But such accidents are unnecessary. Any horse can, with a little pains, be taught to hold back a carriage by his hind quarters as well as by the breeching. To have wheels come off and straps and other things hitting his legs should be a part of every colt's education.—Country Life In America.

Herbert Spencer's Oddities.

Herbert Spencer hated clocks which strike, especially out of door clocks. When staying in lodgings in a Berkshire village he sent a request to the owner of the principal house there that the stable clock, which struck the hours, might be stopped. He was not a good companion to go out for a drive with, as, if he did not feel well, he would ascertain how fast his pulse was beating and if it was not satisfactory would instantly give the order to return home.

Siam's Sacred Elephants.

Curious ceremonies are witnessed in Siam when one of the sacred white elephants dies. It is given a funeral grander than that accorded to princes of royal blood. Buddhist priests officiate, and thousands of devout Siamese men and women follow the deceased animal to the grave. Jewels and offerings representing small fortunes are buried with the elephant.

A Grewsome Collection.

At the prison of St. Paul, at Lyons, France, there is a curious collection of pens. They are the pens with which the executioners have signed the regulation receipts for the prisoners handed over to them to be executed. At each execution a fresh pen is used for the purpose, and the ink is left to dry up on it.

The Explorer.

Ingenuity, facility—that quality, by whatever name it may be called, which enables its possessor to do the right thing at the right moment and in all sorts of unexpected circumstances—is one of the indispensable qualities of a man who would be an explorer.

Dry Goods.

Biffins—He labeled that box "Dry Goods." Miffins—What was in it? Biffins—A bound volume of the Congressional Record.—Baltimore News.

Man's home is small as compared to the world, but there is nothing in all the world that appeals to him with the same force.

Laborious Search.

"Well," said Borroughs, "that's the hardest work I know."

"What is?"

"To find somebody that's easy to work."—Philadelphia Ledger.

COLD STORAGE RATS.

Perfectly at Home In a Temperature Below the Zero Mark.

When cold storage was first introduced into this country the chilly storage rooms were absolutely free from rats and mice. The temperature was kept considerably below the freezing point, and in the cold surroundings rats and mice were unable to live.

In time, however, the rich stores packed away there proved too tempting for thieving rodents, and they began to make inroads into the cold storage rooms, at first paying a hurried call and as soon as they had taken a few nibbles rushing with a shiver out into warmer places.

Gradually, however, these visits were lengthened and became more frequent, not without considerable mortality among the rats, but in the end there grew into being what is known as the "cold storage rat." This animal has neither tail nor ears, both having been frozen for his ancestors, resulting in their total loss to the families of the first intrepid pirates of cold storage.

These earless and tailless cold storage rats are perfectly at home in a temperature below the zero mark. This, I think, is one of the most striking examples of how the animal kingdom in the wise economy of nature can adapt itself to the most severe surroundings. —Atlanta Constitution.

SAVINGS BANKS.

They Were First Suggested In 1697 by Daniel Defoe.

Primitive savings banks were founded at Hamburg in 1778 and at Berne in 1787, the idea having been suggested by Daniel Defoe in 1697. Francis Maseres proposed in 1771 to confer upon the ratepayers of any English parish powers to receive and invest savings and to grant deferred annuities, but a bill to this effect failed to pass through parliament. The first practical attempts were on a small and tentative scale. A children's bank was started by Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield at Tottenham in 1798.

The Rev. J. Smith of Andover, with two friends, agreed in 1799 to receive small sums from his parishioners during the summer, to be returned with a one-third bounty at Christmas, a liberal offer which was eagerly embraced.

The title of "Father of Savings Banks" has been given, however, to the Rev. H. Duncan of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, who established a savings bank in 1810 on so successful a basis that in four years it possessed an accumulated fund of £1,160.

Acts to encourage savings banks in England and Ireland were passed in 1817 and were extended to Scotland in 1835.—Pearson's.

PROLIFIC INSECTS.

The Termites, or White Ants, Are the Greatest Egg Layers.

There is infinite variety in the number of eggs laid by different animals, the general rule being that those highest in the scale of life are least prolific.

Among vertebrates fish are the most prolific. Trout and salmon average 1,000 eggs to every pound of weight. Buckland reckoned the roe of a half pound herring at 19,840, of an eight pound turbot at 385,000 and of a thirty pound cod at 5,000,000, while the sturgeon has more than a third of its weight ready for the toothsome caviare.

Mollusks vary in their powers of reproduction from thirty to fifty at a time in snails, to the thousands of the whelk, while the spat of some reaches 2,000,000. It is among insects that stupendous numbers appear, reaching a climax in the termites, or white ants. The queens of these are egg laying machines of the most astonishing fecundity. They become huge cylindrical packages, 2,000 times their usual size, chained to one spot. The laying at the rate of sixty eggs a minute, or 80,000 a day, reaches probably in two years the enormous total of 50,000,000.

Winter Hawthorn Blossoms.

The legend respecting the origin of the Glastonbury thorn is well known—how Joseph of Arimathea, in visiting Britain on a preaching mission, arrived weary at Glastonbury, and while he rested his hawthorn walking stick was thrust into the ground; how it at once began to grow and ever after, so the legend says, flowered on Christmas day. The thorn is simply an early flowering variety of our common hawthorn. That it does flower remarkably early is quite true, for a tree in the Royal Botanic gardens, Kew, opens its flowers between November and March. —London Knowledge.

A Tiny Dog.

The Mexican lapdog is so very minute in size as to appear almost incredible to those who have not actually seen the animal itself. A well known writer on natural history, speaking of this tiny member of the canine species says that "it is precisely like those white woolen toy dogs which sit upon a pair of bellows and when pressed give forth a nondescript sound intended to do duty for a legitimate bark."

The Lost Baby.

"What has become of your baby sister, Johnny?" asked a mother of her four-year-old son. "I haven't seen her for an hour or more."

"Oh, don't worry 'bout her, mamma," replied Johnny. "You'll find her when you sweep the house."—Exchange.

A Blunderer.

"Of course I will be uglier some day," she whispered.

"Impossible," he replied gallantly. And he wonders that she sent his presents back.—New Yorker.

Moments are little things, yet by their proper use a book may be read, a picture may be painted, a profession may be learned and a life made useful.

Soil Wet and Dry.

Wet soil assumes a darker color than dry because its particles thus become semitransparent, as is the case also with a piece of wetted tissue paper or ground glass.

This change of color is due to the fact that the interstices between the grains of soil are filled with water, so that the number of reflecting surfaces, which in a dry condition scatter and break up the light, are greatly reduced in number. It follows that the total amount of light reflected to the eye is correspondingly diminished.

In short, as the color shade of an object depends upon the proportion of light that is reflected for all the light that falls upon it, dry soil is lighter in shade than wet, which reflects less light. That portion of incident light which wet soil fails to reflect penetrates below the surface, where it is lost or absorbed.

When Knighthood Was In Flower.

Citizen—Here, stop fighting that little boy. Chimmie—W'ot, an' me goil lookin' out de window? She'd take me for a quitter.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

THE WORD "MOB."

How It Worked Its Way Into the English Language.

The word "mob" is an abbreviation. It is nothing but a fragment of the full Latin original "mobile vulgus"—"the fickle common people." First the noun "vulgus" was dropped. "Mobile," coming into common use, was in a few years cut down to "mob." By Swift it was abominated to his dying day as a peculiarly odious kind of slang. Addison sympathized with this feeling. In No. 135 of the Spectator "mob" is put down by him as one of the ridiculous words which he fears will in time be looked upon as part of the speech. There must have been then a host of minor defenders of the purity of our tongue who bewailed its increasing use and pointed to that fact as evidence of the growing degeneracy of the language. But the assailed form stoutly held its ground and outlived its censurers. Addison's fears have been realized. The abbreviation has thoroughly established itself. Accordingly a word which their predecessors stigmatized as a corruption of the vilest kind is now used unhesitatingly by the most precise of modern jurists. The reason of its prevalence is obvious. It came to supply a very genuine want. There is no other single word that conveys definitely the idea of a particular sort of riotous assemblage.—Harper's.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

An Ancient Phrase That Has Many Phases of Meaning.

The phrase "by hook or by crook" may simply refer to an ancient custom which allowed persons to collect for fuel dead wood in the king's forest such as they could break off and remove with "cart, hook and crook."

Some trace its significance "by foul means or by fair" to the contrasted uses of the footpad's hook or the bishop's crook.

Others remind us of the expression in very early days "by huke o'er krooke"—that is, by bending the knees and cringing low.

Another plausible explanation is that after the great fire of London disputes as to ownership of land were settled by two surveyors whose names were Hook and Crook.

Quite different is the view taken by those who tell us that when Strongbow sailed for Ireland he instructed his men to make their attack by Hook, a promontory northeast of Waterford, or by Crook, a harbor on the south coast.

In any case, the phrase is very old, for it was used by Bacon (1550), by Skelton, the poet laureate (1500), and by Chaucer nearly 600 years ago.—Pearson's.

LUNAR SCENERY.

Its Appearance Proves the Moon's Lack of Air and Water.

It is by indirect methods of observation that scientists learn of the absence of atmosphere in the moon. There are various arguments that can be adduced, but the most conclusive is that obtained on the occurrence of what is called the occultation of a star. It sometimes happens that the moon comes directly between the earth and a star, and the temporary extinction of the latter is an occultation. We can observe the movement when it takes place, and the suddenness of the extinction of the star is extremely remarkable. If the moon had a copious atmosphere, the gradual interposition of this would produce a gradual extinction of the star and not the sudden phenomenon usually observed.

This absence of air and water from the moon explains the peculiar and weird ruggedness of the lunar scenery. We know that on the earth the action of the wind and of rain, of frost and of snow is constantly tending to wear down our mountains and reduce their hard outlines, but no such agents are at work upon the moon.

A Typical Bonaparte.

Princess Mathilde was a typical Bonaparte. Beneath the skin of a grande dame there dwelt the soul of a vivandiere. She was generous and tempestuous. Something of a butt in her prime, as a certain rather pronounced passage in Lord Malmesbury's reminiscences shows, she was universally admitted at the same time to possess taste and a knowledge of the arts. It was to her credit, too, that she cared not a snap of her fingers for dynastic disputes. She was on the friendliest of terms with the Duc d'Aumale and is said to have tried, but in vain, to conciliate some of the stiffer branches of the puzzle headed Bourbon family. Altogether, she was a woman who lived every moment of her life.—London Outlook.

Is Brute Creation Wiser?

Every living bird and beast strives its utmost to cram itself with food before retiring for the night, and this food is digested as the night progresses. The evening feed is the feed of the day with the brute creation, and yet doctors tell us to refrain from eating heartily at night and even advise us to retire to rest with a more or less empty stomach. Are we following nature when following this advice?—English Country Gentleman.

Too Good to Miss.

"I suppose the hero and heroine of that story get married in the last chapter?" she said.

"No, divorced," replied her friend.

"Oh, how lovely! Will you let me borrow it when you get through?"—Exchange.

Pleased at Last.

"Was your last mistress satisfied with you?" Servant—Well, mum, she said she was very well pleased when I left.—Stray Stories.

Women at Shooting Parties.

Lady "stalkers" are numerous in Scotland, and three or four peeresses have placed quite a large number of splendid "heads" to their credit. The woman who can shoot well and understands the rules regulating sport is always welcome among the members of a shooting party in the covert, and at a moderate range befitting her twenty bore she can be relied upon to bring down the birds as neatly and dexterously as her male neighbors.—Scottish Field.

Huxley on Men.

Professor Huxley once wrote to Mrs. W. K. Clifford about men: "They are very queer animals—a mixture of horse nervousness, ass stubbornness and camel malice, with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like the apple in the posset, and when they can do exactly as they please they are very hard to drive."

"If there were no eating without hunger and no drinking without thirst," said Herbert Spencer, "then would the system be but seldom out of order."

Quickness Is Relative.

The careful American observer soon finds that the standard of quickness is to be determined in England, as everywhere else, by the point of view. People who go slowly on new ground may turn out to be quick enough when wholly at home with any particular line of thought.

How odious and complicated, for instance, seems to an American observer the computation of pounds, shillings and pence! It seems strange that any nation should consent for a day to employ anything but a decimal currency. Yet with what lightning rapidity does a London bookkeeper make his computations! What a life of tedious formality seems that of an English house servant! Yet there was no slowness of intellect in that footman in an earl's family who, when his young lord fell over the banisters and the next of kin called to ask if the elder boy was hurt, answered promptly, "Killed, my lord!" thus accomplishing in an instant the transfer of the title appertaining to an earl's eldest son and heir only.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Atlantic.

A Precious Manuscript.

There is now in St. Petersburg the oldest known MS. of the New Testament in Greek, saved from destruction by the merest chance many years ago. Crossing the hall of a convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, Constantine Tischendorf saw a basketful of parchment leaves on their way to be burned. Two baskets had already gone, he was told, and all that he could secure for himself was a small bundle of odd leaves. But the monks, now interested in the "waste paper," saved the rest from the fire, and nine years after, on a return visit to the convent, Tischendorf found that the stewart had, wrapped in a red cloth, "a bulky kind of volume," which proved to be the whole of the New Testament, with parts hitherto unknown, and parts of the Old, which had long been sought. He begged the volume for the czar, and today it lies, well preserved in spite of its 1,500 years of age, among the treasures of the Russian capital.—London Mail.

Testing a Horse's Eyes.

The unsuspecting farmer is often "bit" by the professional horse trader in having a horse with defective sight palmed off on him. The trader makes a John L. pass at the horse's eye with his fist, and the force of the air causes the horse to bat or blink his eyes, though he may be totally blind in one eye and weak in the other.

If the farmer will blindfold one of the animal's eyes and make gentle passes at five and ten feet from it, he can tell how strong the animal's sight is in that eye. Then blind the examined eye and go through the same process with the other.

This little hint may save you getting the "small end" of a swap.

Hours and Luck.

As strong as the superstition of Friday is that concerning certain hours in European and oriental countries.

In Paris the superstition is so prevalent that an enterprising business is that of selling cards on which are printed the hours that should be avoided.

The famous Gambetta consulted a reader of cards as to the auspicious day for embarking on any important enterprise.

President Carnot was skeptical of such things, and he chose an unlucky hour for his journey to Lyons, where he was assassinated.—American Queen.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

Ralph Thoresby, writing in 1717 of the family of Calverley of Colverley, Yorkshire, says: "Roger was a person of renowned hospitality, since at this time the obsolete tune of 'Roger a Calverley' is referred to him. He was a knight and lived in the time of Richard I." This passage carries the date of the origin of the tune back to about 1190. The Spectator in a description of Sir Roger, now called "de Coverley," says, "His great-grandfather was the inventor of the famous country dance which is called after him."

A Matter of Doubt.

A minister in a certain city said: "My brethren, the collection will now be taken for my expenses for a trip, for I am going away for my health. The more I receive the longer I can stay." The largest collection ever made in that church was taken. And now the question under discussion is whether the size of the collection was a compliment to the preacher or much the reverse.

Maxims For All Purposes.

"Remember, my son," said the prudent man, "that a penny saved is a penny earned."

"That's so," replied the reckless youth. "The trouble with me is that I am always getting hold of the wrong proverb. I was thinking, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.'"—Washington Star.

The Terrible Boy.

The Mother—Eunice, was there any kissing in that pantomime you and the others were rehearsing in the parlor last evening? The Daughter—Why, of course. Herbert and I had to kiss, but it was in pantomime.—Johnny—No, it wasn't, mamma. I heard it!—Chicago Tribune.

So Unsentimental.

May—Jane behaves like an old married woman already. Maud—Why, you can't get her to go anywhere without him. May—No; but she can call him up without kissing the phone.—New York Times.

The extravagance of a woman who spends a quarter for chocolate bonbons makes the man who smokes fifty cent cigars a terrible pessimist.—New York Press.

Impertinent.

Mrs. Nuritch—I want to get a pair of swell white gloves to wear to a ball. Clerk—Yes'm. How long do you want them? Mrs. Nuritch—See here, young man, I ain't talkin' about rentin' 'em. I want to buy 'em.—Philadelphia Press.

A Rejected Recipe.

Edith—Just think! Here's a thought professor who teaches that one can become beautiful by persistently thinking herself beautiful. Irene—Oh, pshaw! We could point out so many instances to the contrary.—Smart Set.

A Symptom Lacking.

"Do you think he is really in love with you?" asked Maud.

"I don't know," answered Mamie. "He says he is, but his letters don't sound a bit silly."—Washington Star.

Another Interpretation.

Miss Budd—Didn't I overhear Mr. Phalter remark to you that I was "a pretty young lady?" Miss Chellus—Yes, and you really are pretty young, you know, but you'll outgrow that, of course.—Philadelphia Press.

HOME SAVINGS BANK

(Incorporated 1869)

75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON

OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above

$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.

Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.

GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles

— AND —

Food Products.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, a new and well selected stock of

GROCERIES.

W. J. Buckman

No. 433 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 104-7.

Winslow, Rand & Waton's celebrated

High Life Coffee

AND

Winslow Chop Tea

FOR SALE AT

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

☞ We give Green Stamps.

Telephone, 128-8.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Heating Engineer

— AND —

Contractor.

No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

Telephone 103—2.

..Are.. You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry

26 Montvale Ave.

Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE

Successor to E. A. Brooks,

Undertaker

— AND —

Funeral Supplies

Boarding and Livery Stable.

12 Park St., Woburn.

Telephone 54-3.

J. E. Herrick, Jr

BUILDER.

Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings. Jobbing promptly attended to. Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Office: 439 Main St., Woburn

SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.

Telephone 103-4.

To Let.

Two Modern Flats.

Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent low.

Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity. Also, Fire Insurance Agent.

Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

The GRAMMAR OF LOVE

....By S. MARIA TALBOT

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"You was the prettiest one at the ball last night, Priscilla."

"Oh, Dan!"

"Hanged if you wasn't, pet!"

Priscilla put her hands over her ears and repeated the words "you wasn't" with outraged grammatical scorn.

"The deuce! It's that old language business again, is it, Pris? I can't break off old habits, not even the eternal one of loving you, wife."

Somewhat mollified by the tender tone of his words, Priscilla put on her trim riding habit and was adjusting her hat before the glass when Dan called up from the lower hall:

"Oh, Priscilla! Were it you who took my gloves from the hatrack?"

Priscilla's reply, "It was not," was of so severe and stately a character that Dan down below shivered with silent glee, while up above the mirror reflected to his wife a countenance over the judicial sternness of which a smile flickered like summer lightning.

They were soon cantering down the beautiful hedge lined country lanes, Dan's dog, Rev, bounding along behind.

"Will we go by Jackson's lane, Pris, or across the glen pasture?"

"Will we go?" echoed the girl. "Dan, your grammar will kill me yet."

"What's up now, Priscilla?" inquired Dan blandly.

"It is 'up' to you, Dan, to use your 'shalls' and 'wills' properly."

"Great Scott!" groaned her husband. "She uses slang."

Ignoring the interruption, his wife persisted:

"You should say 'Shall we go down Jackson's lane?'"

"I see, Priscilla. You shall go down Jackson's lane whether you will or not."

"Dan, you are simply absurd," half laughed, half pouted his mentor, who was a bride just from Boston and doted on "language," such language as shuddered at the trenching of final letters upon the initial ones of the word following and to whom Italian "a" was fetish and the undefiled use of the futures a cult.

Dan's childish associations had been more with negro servants than with grammarians, all owing to the death of his mother and the indolent irresponsibility of his father. He was unable to change the habits of speech of a lifetime and even thought lightly of the "scrupulosity" of expression of the few Yankees he had known.

He fell in love with Priscilla "head over heels—boots and all," as he expressed it, when she came on a visit to an aunt of his living near his own ancestral home. That he had been able to win the girl's heart showed that love laughs at grammars as well as at locksmiths.

She thought so trivial a matter as his verbal inaccuracies could be easily mended, and he believed that what to him was her puritanical primness of language would soon give way before the breezy ease and untrammeled freedom of manner and speech of his beloved south, disdainful of cramping rules and technical formalities. In short, he was an educated man in whom carelessness of expression was ingrained, yet whose vital and vigorous ideas were wont to put to rout his wife's valiant onslaughts in the line of rule and model.

His wife would attack him with Ruskin, to which he would listen with an impatience only kept within bounds by his love for her.

"Listen, Dan, to what he says: 'A well educated gentleman may not know many languages—may have read very few books. But whatever language he know he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the peerage of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance from the words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationship and offices they held in any time and in any country.' Now, isn't that fine, Dan?" pleaded Priscilla.

"And while this man of 'words' was tracing up their peerage his bosom friend was stealing away the heart of his wife, and the foundations of his home were crumbling beneath his feet. I don't know the ancestry of many words, but there is one that is of my own descent. It is the word 'honor.' You will always hear me speak that plainly with the true Carroll accent in our home, for myself, for you and for the children who may be ours, please God."

"Oh, Dan!" whispered his wife softly. And they discussed grammar no more that day.

Nevertheless when they were cantering along together Priscilla's ears were keen to mark what was said amiss by her husband, emboldened by his ever chivalrous patience with her grammatical excursions.

"I feel like I am the happiest man alive today, Priscilla."

"Incorrect use of 'like,'" broke in his wife, knowing better, but disregarding the finer instinct.

"But, Pris, I don't feel 'as if'—it's 'like,' that I feel. And, now that I think of it, I don't feel like I was the happiest man alive. Have I corrected myself?"

Priscilla knew she was venturing too far. But when do we ever follow our strongest leadings?

"Dan, if you love me as you say you do you would take more pains to speak correctly. Your 'shalls' and 'wills' put in right would make me sleep better nights. And your 'shoulds' and 'woulds,' if they would fall into line and keep step my bliss would be complete."

"It isn't permitted to mortals to be perfectly happy, Priscilla. You know the ancients used to pray for some moderate reverse when things went too swimmingly. Let me be your 'moderate reverse,' little lady."

"You are my immoderate perverse, Dan. You always say 'Hadn't I better go?' when you know as well as I do that you should say 'Wouldn't I better go?'"

All of a sudden to their startled vision appeared around a turn of the narrow hill road a team tearing with breakneck speed down the steep way up which their horses were climbing and on which it was impossible to pass them. The driver was thrown out as they rounded the curve and could be seen struggling up from a pile of rocks upon which he had been hurled far below in the ravine which skirted the road.

The carriage was bounding violently from side to side. The two women and child in the back seat were at the mercy of the terrified horses that were madly running directly toward Priscilla and Dan. Another moment and they would be upon them. At the foot of the hill was a rocky ford waiting to engulf the fated occupants of the vehicle if they should reach it alive.

Paralyzed by fear, Priscilla knew in a maze of terror that Dan sprang from his horse, throwing her the bridle.

Then she saw him through a fear dimmed haze rush just in time for the salvation of them all straight in front of the maddened brutes with arms outstretched to stop them. She heard his masterful command, "Whoa, boys; whoa!" as he made a dash for their foaming bits.

He sprang nimbly from side to side to avoid being trampled under their hoofs. Again and again it seemed that their brute strength would overwhelm him as they plunged forward straining to get free.

The man and the beasts strove, it seemed to Priscilla eternal ages, until at last, at last, he was conquering them. With mouths dripping bloody foam, eyes starting from their sockets, they finally stood trembling, but still, save for an occasional trampling and champing of their bits. This, too, ceased at Dan's command:

"Whoa, boys! Steady, boys!"

Their brute instinct responded to the master without fear. He stood at length stroking their manes.

Even then Priscilla realized in a dim, unworded way a thing that was better than the subjection of signs and symbols to rule and law.

She emerged from her crucible of agony with an aching relief that her husband was alive, while her own soul, shriveled by the refining fire, saw him with a larger vision, a deeper understanding.

Proudly she marked his chivalrous bearing toward the unnerved, frightened women, who lauded his exploit in words of intensest gratitude.

She noted with a swelling heart his bluff kindness toward the bruised and distressed driver, who came limping up to see the extent of the calamity, bloody and battered from his terrible fall.

He made light of what he had done, calling it "nothing."

When the trembling animals were quite pacified, greatly to Priscilla's apprehension, her husband turned the vehicle around about—a thing not done without much ado on the narrow shelf of a road—got into the carriage and took the reins with a firm hand to drive the ladies to their home, which was "but a mile or so back," they had told him. Priscilla led his horse for him until he could deposit his charges at their own door.

"Your man is too knocked up to drive," he tactfully explained as he saw the ladies tremulous at the thought of being trusted again to their unlucky jehu.

"Dan, you are simply great!" Priscilla told him as they rode down the hill again toward home. "I'm proud of you through and through. But promise me never, never, never, again to take so dreadful a risk. It makes me faint but to think of it. What if those awful runaway horses had killed you!" And she shuddered.

"Then you could, should and would have been a widow, Priscilla!"

"I neither will nor shall nor could, should or would be a widow! I'll die when you do, Dan!" sobbed Priscilla hysterically.

"Never say die, little girl. We will be happy. Nothing shall prevent it, my Priscilla!"

"You are a hero, Dan!" The girl reached out her hand to him, and in their clasp thrilled between husband and wife the love that is above and beyond all speech and language.

CHANGE of LIFE

Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop forever, are only a few of the symptoms of dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life, and all women who use it pass through this trying period with comfort and safety

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"I feel it my duty to write you about the wonderful cure your medicine has brought about.

"I suffered for years with change of life. I would have fainting spells, either before or after my monthly periods. They would come on me suddenly. Sometimes I would be on the street.

"I had pains all over me. My head ached all the time, could take no walks or go up stairs without becoming completely exhausted. I suffered untold misery. I tried doctor's medicines for a long time, but derived no benefit.

"I cannot say too much in praise of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and would advise all sufferers of female trouble to use it, for it will certainly cure them."—MRS. LIZZIE C. REYNOLDS, Buchanan, Va.

"My trouble was change of life and cramping. No human tongue can describe what I suffered with the cramp. I dreaded from one time to another so much that I almost wanted to die.

"Our family physician did everything he could for me, but I got no relief. He said if I lived to get through with the other trouble, it would wear away after a time, but I had it six years and could not walk or exercise in any way without bringing on an attack of the cramp, and I would suffer untold misery until I would be perfectly exhausted and helpless.

"I read in one of your little books about your medicine being good for female trouble and change of life, and thought there was no harm in trying it, so I did, and it helped me and I was able to take walks and work some.

"I am very thankful for the relief your medicine has been to me."—MRS. V. M. BLAKE, Deep Water, W. Va.

When one stops to think about the good these women derived from this great medicine, it seems almost beyond belief; yet it is all true as stated in their letters published above at their own request.

For these ills no other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. Refuse all substitutes.

As a positive fact the private files at Lydia E. Pinkham's laboratory contain thousands of letters from women who have been safely carried through that danger period "Change of Life." The cures of Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Blake are not unusual ones for this medicine to accomplish.

No such helpful advice to women who are sick can be had elsewhere as will be received free by addressing Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass.,—if you are sick write her—you are foolish if you don't. She speaks from the greatest experience.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Theory and Practice.

"Yes," said the man in the waiting room at the station, "above all other qualities I admire honesty. Your clever man is more often unscrupulous than not. Deeds of daring are invariably prompted by a lucky impulse and the thirst for fame, while your brave man is never without his share of conceit. Philanthropy and pomposity, too, should in many cases be spelled the same way. No, my friend, there is nothing that will stand the rough wear and tear of this life like honesty, and my constant watchword to my little sons here is, 'Be honest, and you can snap your fingers at the world and its verdict.'"

Then he went to the booking office and procured two half tickets for the little sons (aged sixteen and seventeen respectively).

Warned.

"She told me that I might hope."

"Better look out! I've known girls to say that when they intended to accept a chap."—Puck.

The world is satisfied with words. Few appreciate the things beneath.—Pascal.

Malay Superstition.

Malays have very much the same ideas of bad and good luck signs as prevail in other countries. If one trips on the steps of his house or knocks his head against the lintel when starting for a journey he delays a day, if possible, for the accident portends death. Fearful ill luck will attend a native who starts on a journey in the rain, for the rain signifies tears. As a swarm of bees settling on or near a house in England brings good luck, so the result is the very opposite in Malay districts. A bird flying into a Malay house decidedly benefits the occupier, for, if caught, smeared with oil and commanded to fly away with all the ill luck and misfortunes of the house, all will be well.

In Singapore we see Malay cottages around us, here and there, yet few know the superstitions prevailing with regard to the building of these habitations. For instance, if the steps in front are by an unlucky chance placed exactly under the center rafters it will mean quarrels and fighting under the roof. A visitor to one of these dwellings must never lean against the steps when talking. That would entail a funeral from the house. This weird notion arises from the fact that coffins are handed to men at the bottom of the steps.—London Times.

A Joke He Liked.

In the strain and excitement of trading on Wall street the brokers, says Mr. E. C. Stedman in the Century Magazine, often relapse into wild merriment and play boyish pranks. On one occasion an old Indian with a young brave, a boy and two squaws entered the gallery. At once the "floor" put forth every effort to break down their stolidity. A war whoop had no effect. A war dance did not arouse even a smile.

At last a baldheaded man was thrust into a ring of young fellows, his hands held behind him, a knife drawn around his pate, and the mummery of a futile attempt to detach his scalp was enacted.

This was at last too much for the dignity of the aborigines. The boy broke into a broad laugh, in which the squaws joined; the young warrior grinned in spite of himself, and at last the semblance of grim humor overspread the face of the ruthless old chief, who may have been the perpetrator of as many atrocities as Geronimo.

London English a Base Jargon.

The vigor and purity of a language can only be preserved by the fashionable class, the class whom in matters social everybody imitates, speaking it well. But how can English be well spoken when some of the greatest ladies speak the idiom of Massachusetts through their noses and a large proportion of the men cough the idiom of Frankfort from their throats? The constant babbling of broken English at dinner tables and in drawing rooms is becoming quite fatiguing, and as a result the English speak their tongue worse than it was ever spoken before. Everybody knows the temptation to speak a sort of baby pigeon English to a foreigner in the strange hope that it may be more intelligible to him. This and the slang taught us by the Yankees have reduced the English language as spoken by smart people to a base jargon.—Saturday Review.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

ESCHOL SELLERS.

The Original of the Hero of Mark Twain's "Gilded Age."

The real name of the hero of "The Gilded Age" was Eschol Sellers, and he was an inventor and an active promoter very well known in the early days of the new west. His father was one of the first locomotive builders in the United States, with works at Philadelphia. Eschol Sellers and Charles Dudley Warner occupied adjoining houses some years before "The Gilded Age" was written. Sellers at that time was developing a coal field near Shawneetown, Ill., at what was then and is still known as Sellers' Landing. He was also inventing a process afterward largely used in making paper out of Indian weed pulp. He was also experimenting with the camel back engine. Notwithstanding the fact that Sellers' enterprises were destined all to be successful, Charles Dudley Warner conceived the idea that he was a typical visionary dreamer. He therefore suggested the name of Eschol Sellers for the hero of "The Gilded Age," and Mark Twain used the name, believing it to be fictitious. One of the first copies of the book happened to be seen by Eschol Sellers, who went at once to Hartford and enjoined the publication. A compromise was effected by which the publishers paid Sellers $5,000 for damages and cut all of the plates, removing the name Eschol and substituting that of Mulberry. Eschol Sellers died at a very advanced age at his pleasant home on Missionary ridge, near Chattanooga.—Washington Star.

DOING ONE'S BEST.

It Is a Good Character Forming Habit to Cultivate.

This habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character. It affects one's bearing, one's self possession. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity. He is not easily thrown off his balance. He has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficiency, of being master of one's craft, of being equal to any emergency the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give soul satisfaction which a half hearted, slipshod worker never knows.

When a man feels throbbing within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it can possibly be done and all his faculties say "Amen" to what he is doing and give their unqualified approval to his efforts—this is happiness, this is success. This buoyant sense of power spurs the faculties to their fullest development. It unfolds the mental, the moral and the physical forces, and this very growth the consciousness of an expanding mentality and of a broadening horizon gives an added satisfaction beyond the power of words to describe. It is a realization of nobility, the divinity of the mind.—Success.

A Crooked Spire.

The most curious spire in England is at Chesterfield, the leaning tower of Pisa not being more interesting to sightseers than the queer kink in a respectable church, which tradition says was caused by the devil kicking out as he passed the spire. The devil had just had his hoofs shod by a local blacksmith, and his pain was so intense the edifice was shaken out of shape. Another and wittier legend says the spire was bowing to a lovely and virtuous bride. Many noted persons have in years gone visited Rowsley and quaint Peacock inn and thence traveled to Chesterfield to gaze on this freak of nature, for natural causes are supposed to have bent the spire rather than an irritable devil whose hoofs were not shod to please him.

Imitating Color Blindness.

One can sometimes imitate the effects of color blindness through over fatigue of the eye. Thus Mr. Brett the English painter, told the members of the Royal Astronomical society that in painting a scarlet geranium, after working at it for a quarter of an hour the artist will not know that it is scarlet at all, but will go on painting it as if it were black or colorless. "Red," he explained, "is a very irritant color to the retina," and he added that "you can look at green until all is blue."

Poker Was Once "Scharwenzel."

Germans claim that poker is an old German game, which for more than 160 years has been played and is still being played in some districts of Westphalia. Emigrants took it to the United States, and there its name of "scharwenzel" was changed into "poker."—London Express.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 28.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. vii, 21-29. Memory Verses, 24, 25—Golden Text, Jas. i, 22—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

The gospel by Matthew is specially the gospel of the kingdom, that kingdom of which the Old Testament has so much to tell us, when a King shall reign in righteousness and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever. The name of the King shall be Jehovah-Isidkenu, the Lord our Righteousness; He shall reign and prosper and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. His throne shall be the throne of David at Jerusalem, and He shall be King over all the earth (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17; ix, 6, 7; Jer. iii, 17; xxiii, 5, 6; Zech. xiv, 9). If any one would be truly thrilled and lifted above present things and circumstances, let him become acquainted with the King and the kingdom, with whom and to which every redeemed person is a joint heir, the kingdom which shall include all the kingdoms of this world, with a King before whom all kings shall fall down and whom all nations shall serve (Rev. xi, 15; Ps. lxxii, 11).

Nothing more thrilling or inspiring was ever written, and the God of Truth Himself wrote this (II Tim. iii, 16, 17). In Matt. v-vii the King has given us the laws of the kingdom, that kingdom which is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost (Rom. xiv, 17). The opening words assert that poverty of spirit is a characteristic of those who belong to it. Compare Isa. lvii, 15; lxvi, 2. He also said that the righteousness necessary to enter it must exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees (v. 20) and must be such as meets the requirements of the true spirit of the law, not that of mere words, but deeds which are righteous before God, who seeth in secret. "Not every one that saith, * * * but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven," are the opening words of our lesson and the beginning of the close of His address.

That we may more fully appreciate the words we must remember who the speaker is. Note His oft repeated "I say unto you," corresponding with the "Thus saith the Lord" of the Old Testament, for He is the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, the Creator, the only Redeemer, the Judge of all mankind. He is the one of whom the Father said at His baptism, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and at the transfiguration He added, "Hear ye Him" (Matt. iii, 17; xvii, 5). He Himself said, "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son" (John v, 22). I seek to emphasize this because there are so many teachers and preachers who, professing to be His friends, not only dishonor the word which He so honored, but dishonor Him, not believing His words, and thus dishonor the Father, too, for all His words were just what the Father told Him to say (John xii, 48, 49).

But however much people may profess to be His friends and to do works in His name, here is His own testimony that He will have to say to them, "I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity" (verse 23). He has told us elsewhere that He will have to say to some, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels (Matt. xxv, 41). After the solemn warning that He will have to say to some, "Depart!" He speaks again in grace that all who will may flee from the wrath to come. All who hear the gospel either obey or disobey; they either take refuge in Christ, who is the Truth, or, turning from Him, they accept some of the many prevailing delusions of the devil and make lies their refuge.

The latter passage gives the further truth that even those who are on the sure foundation and are therefore eternally safe have need to be careful of that which they are building day by day lest they may see their works burned up and they themselves saved as by fire. The works must be "God working in us" the works which He hath before prepared for us (Eph. ii, 10; Phil. ii, 13; Col. i, 29), else all may prove wood, hay and stubble.

Returning to the first part of our lesson and the matter of "doing the will of God," we must remember that our Lord was talking to disciples (chapter v, 1, 2), for He never talks to the unsaved of "doing." When the unsaved asked Him one day, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" His reply was to the effect that the only work for them was to believe on Him whom God had sent (John vi, 28, 29). On salvation by faith apart from any works of ours see Rom. iii, 24; iv, 5; Eph. ii, 8, 9; Tit. iii, 5, then on the works which must and will follow see Eph. ii, 10; Tit. iii, 8; Jas. ii, 14-26.

May we ever listen to the words of the Spirit in this infallible book, whether they come to us through prophets, apostles or Christ Himself, as words of authority, even the authority of God. There are before us a glorious morning and an awful night, but there is no morning for those who despise the word of God (Isa. xxi, 11, 12; viii, 20, revised version). No one is a child of God and a joint heir with Christ who has not received Christ as his own Saviour, putting all his trust as a sinner in the precious blood of the atonement (John i, 12; I John v, 12; Lev. xvii, 11; Heb. ix, 22); but, having thus become a part of Him and His kingdom, His works in us must be so manifest that men may glorify Him in us (chapter v, 16).

We Are All "Just Folks."

"My boy," said a man of the state of Texas to his son, who was starting out for a career in an eastern city—"my boy, let me tell you something which may be of help to you. You get up there, and you may see a heap of people who have got more money than you have, a heap of people who have got more brains than you have and more success. Some of them may even be better looking than you are. Don't you worry about that, and don't you be scared by anybody. Whenever you meet a man who allows he's your superior you just look at him and say to yourself, 'After all, you're just folks.' You want to remember for yourself, too, that you're just folks. My boy, after you have lived as long as I have and have knocked around the world you will come to see that that's all any one of us is—just folks."—Field and Stream.

Speaking of Grain.

In the United States when one speaks of "corn," maize is always meant. In England "corn" is applied to all cereals, especially wheat. In Scotland "corn" means oats. Germans use the word in the same sense as the English. Carlyle, being a Scotchman, in writing of Frederick the Great allows himself to refer frequently to Frederick's "meal carts," when, strictly speaking, he should have said "grain carts." What the bread of Frederick's soldiers was made of was wheat and rye, not "corn" in the restricted Scotch sense. In Scotland a "cornfield" is only a field of oats. Jamieson remarks that the term "corn" in northern Europe is used to denote that species of the grain most in use in any particular region. Hence in Sweden and Iceland the term denotes barley.

Roman Baths.

Every Roman had the use of the public baths on payment of about half a farthing. These were not such structures as we call public baths, but superb buildings lined with Egyptian granite and Nubian marble. Warm water was poured into the capacious basins through wide mouths of bright and massive silver. The most magnificent baths were those of Caracalla, which had seats of marble for more than 1,600 people, and those of Diocletian which had seats for 3,000 people.—National Review.

Stolen Treasures.

Some of M. Gerome's artistic treasures had a curious origin. When in Constantinople once he was brought into contact with a worthy man who sold most beautiful objects at exceedingly reasonable prices. It turned out afterward that he was the keeper of one of the imperial palaces and had been in the habit of laying under contribution the cabinets intrusted to his care. His end, however, was not encouraging, for one day he was caught in the act and subsequently impaled.

Street Through a Church.

One of the best known instances of churches with streets through them is that of St. John the Baptist's church in Bristol, England. The church is situated right over the ancient gateway into the city on the Avon, and the towering spire, standing high above the neighboring houses and streets, is a remarkable sight as one surveys it from the roadway below.

The Pansy Bed.

Always locate the pansy bed in an open, airy place, where the wind can have free sweep over it. It is a mistake to plant pansies in the shade. Under that condition the stems become weak and straggling, whereas the plants should be stout and stocky with the flowers borne on moderately long stems.

Independent Thought.

One self wrought problem will give more vigor than a thousand worked out for us. It is the constant stretching of the mind over large problems over large models—it is independent thought—that increases mental power

Use of Both Hands.

There are comparatively few people who can use both hands indifferently, yet this is a most sensible accomplishment. When one hand grows tired, the other should be able to take up the work, for thus more can be accomplished without undue fatigue. In the mechanical departments of German schools the boys are obliged to do much of the work with their left hands. They are taught to saw, plane and hammer equally well with both hands and to make large circles on the blackboard first with one hand and then with the other, says Home Notes.

Man, said to be the highest of animals, is the only one which cannot use all his limbs with equal ease. Man uses his eyes equally well and his legs, but how few people can make their left hands do even half of the things accomplished easily by the right. And this state of affairs is simply because the left hand is not trained. The child is generally not allowed to let it do its share of work, but is made to keep it idle while the right hand does the greater part of the work of the two.

Odd Cat Facts.

A good cat—the kind you want to have in the house, if any—will have a round, stubby pug nose, full, fat cheeks and upper lip and a well developed bump on the top of the head between the ears, betokening good nature. A sleepy cat that purs a good deal is apt to be playful and good natured. By all means to be avoided is a cat with thin, sharp nose and twitching ears. It must be remembered also that a good mouser is not necessarily a gentle or desirable pet. Although any good cat will catch mice if she is not overfed, quick, full, expressive eyes generally betoken a good mouser. The great mistake and probably the most common one in the care of domestic cats is overfeeding, particularly too much meat. In wild life the cat has exercise which enables her to digest her food. In the lazy house life the same full feeding leads to stomach troubles and to fits.

Unripe Jewels.

There was at one time a wonderful emerald extant with white corners, while all the rest of the stone was of its proper velvety dark green hue. This stone was used as an illustrative proof that emeralds were born white, but ripened into the right color in the mine, time working one of its usual miracles on the crystal. Indeed, beryl, that pale green stone exactly like the emerald in all essentials save color, has often been called the mother of emerald.

Aquamarine is a beryl—in other words, an unripe emerald, not yet matured into the proper tint, and of this the commoner varieties are by no means rare. Yet it is to be doubted whether these unripe stones would ever mature into the true and lawful lustrous emerald.—London Queen.

What Gold Beaters Can Do.

Gold beaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch; yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them laid upon any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well stocked library of 1,500 volumes with 200 pages in each.

The Everlasting Smokers.

Is it our own fault that men now smoke all over the house, in close carriages with ladies and between the dances at a ball? Men of the old school—there are a few left—of the fine old type that observes the rules of courtesy where women are concerned, would not dream of asking a girl to dance while shedding around them odors of whisky and tobacco. But the young men of the day, with a few delightful exceptions, make it their constant practice.—London Truth.

Water Clocks.

Among the curious features of ancient Toledo which unfortunately remain no longer were water clocks, devised by a Moorish genius named Az Zareal, who placed them on the banks of the Tagus so that the people could read the time. They were run by water power and were so famous that Daniel Merlac, an English astronomer went all the way from Oxford in 1185 to study them.

His Little Joke on the Doctor.

"Doctor," said the patient, after paying his bill, "if there is anything in the theory of the transmigration of souls you'll be a war horse after death."

"That sounds rather flattering," remarked Dr. Price-Price.

"Yes, you're such a splendid charger."—Catholic Standard.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on **Mrs. M. JENNINGS** 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

The mark of QUALITY

On Silver Plate can only be determined after long years of actual service unless you purchase ware bearing a well known trade-mark. For over half a century Spoons, Forks, etc., stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Have been in use and given perfect satisfaction. They are sold by leading dealers everywhere. For catalogue No. 6 of new designs send to the makers

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute Remember 1847

How One Fact Was Discovered.

In the early part of the last century an English buttonmaker became famous for the steel waistcoat buttons which he used to manufacture with lines cut upon them for ornament. He gradually put the lines nearer and nearer together and observed that as he increased the number of lines the buttons became more and more iridescent. He explained his discovery to a scientist, who began experimenting upon ruled plates of steel. The result was the wonderful diffraction grating which is now used in place of the glass prism upon all great telescopes to break the ordinary ray of light into its primary colors.

Less Profanity Than Formerly.

The habit of swearing is not as common as it used to be in this country. Gentlemen no longer use the language with the unvarnished freedom of the days of Sheridan, when a gentleman was accustomed to consign himself, collectively and in sections, to the lowest depths of perdition in the presence of ladies while paying tribute to their charms. Undoubtedly many youths who were not brought up to swear do swear now and then under provocation, but there is, all things considered, an increasing respect for the English language.—Washington Times.

Korean Mourning.

Koreans wear full mourning for their fathers. The dress is of hemp cloth, with a hempen girdle. A face shield is used to show that the wearer is a sinner and must not speak to any one unless addressed. The costume is retained for three years, the shield for three months. This is worn for a father only. Secondary mourning is worn for a mother and no mourning at all for a wife.

Unreasonable.

"John," said the bargain hunting half of the matrimonial trust as they sat at the breakfast table, "I wish you would let me have $10 this morning."

"My dear," replied the meek and lowly husband, "I wish you would break yourself of the habit you have of dreaming that I married an heiress."

Too Independent.

"What! Fell downstairs? How did it happen?"

"Why, you see, I started to go down and my wife said, 'Be careful, John,' and I'm not the man to be dictated to by any woman—and so down I went."

Hope, deceitful as it is, carries us agreeably through life.—La Rochefoucauld.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 14.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON: 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY**-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.06, 2.00, 4.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 2.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 1.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.06, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 6.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell; 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M. and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
211 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

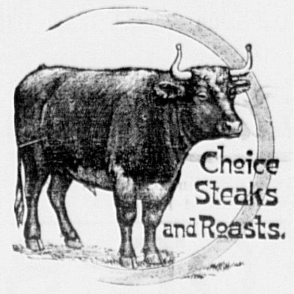
John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 42[illegible] Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
—DEALERS IN—
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6 22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10 37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8 37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1 22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8 07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

LILAC BLOOMS

By Keith Gordon

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Danbury, fresh from the wilds of the west, where for a year or more he had been busy taming rebellious nature—after the manner of civil engineers—came down the steps that led from his club to the street, with his broad shoulders well back and the zest of living alive in his heart.

Something of the wholesomeness of nature's solitudes clung to him, showing in the clearness of his eyes and the breadth of his chest. Here was a man, one saw at a glance, accustomed to wide horizons and great drafts of untainted air.

May, that tender mixture of spring and summer, was casting its glamour over the city, and Danbury's blood whirled through his veins with an intoxicating, boyish eagerness. It was a good thing to be alive, to have come from that vast, still land beyond the Rockies, where man seems so small, to the more intimate if less lofty attractions of New York. He felt it keenly through every inch of his healthy, vigorous body. Then, too, he was on a holiday, the more sweet that it had been long delayed and hardly earned.

The crisp patter of hoofs upon the asphalt, the whizzing of the automobiles, even the distant onrush of the elevated trains—all of it was delightful to him. He was in love with the urban idea. Then at the corner a faint, sweet, vaguely familiar scent drifted across his consciousness, and as at a magic touch Fifth avenue and its sights and sounds faded into the background and an old fashioned garden rose as suddenly before his mind's eye.

There was a rambling white house which looked as comfortable as an old shoe and a wide driveway guarded on both sides by poplars as straight and tall as grenadiers. At the back of the lawn was a shadowy mass of shrubbery where the spikes of lilac bloom stood out richly against the green.

"What could have made me think of the old place just now?" was the silent interrogation that he put to himself. But before he had time to analyze his train of thought his eye fell upon a pushcart at the edge of the sidewalk, upon which stood a tub crammed full of lilac blossoms. It was the scent of the lilacs that had transported him in spirit to the old scenes and the lilacs that as a boy he remembered he scorned because they were flowers and therefore only worthy the attention of women and girls.

The alert Italian, with his parchment skin and bilious looking eyes, who saw in lilacs only another way of getting money, held out a bunch insinuatingly. Danbury tossed him a dime and, selecting one of the soft, purplish spikes of bloom, held it to his face and sniffed at it reminiscently.

Though he walked mechanically onward, in thought he was far back in the years. He felt the soft, springy sod under his bare feet once more, heard the big black and yellow bumblebees buzzing heavily over the sweetness of the flowers, tasted the wild strawberries that grew on the south slope of a certain hill that he knew well. These and many other things that had made life wonderful he thought of, remembering a bit sadly that the world could never seem just like that again. Being a boy—that was the greatest thing!

Guided by that sixth sense that comes to those who dwell much in cities, he paused at a crossing to allow a vehicle to pass. It was a victoria, and leaning lazily against the cushions was a girl of nineteen or twenty years, the sight of whom brought his thoughts quickly back to the present.

Even in that irresponsible moment he realized that she could lay no especial claim to beauty. But the fresh, girlish face was very young and clear, and by a strange coincidence it looked out at him from a mass of lilac as pale and soft in color as the flower he held in his hand. Her light cloth gown, her large hat, the parasol at her side, were all of that color. Danbury had a bewildered feeling that she was a sort of human flower, and he stared like a man in a trance, noting the delicate pallor of her skin and the clear darkness of her hair.

Their eyes met and passed. Hers were a blue so deep that they verged upon purple, and Danbury, who was but the more a poet that he never attempted to write verses, drew a sigh of delight. In some inexplicable way she epitomized all the charm of life to him—the scent of flowers—the tenderness of womanhood. She seemed the lilacs transmuted into femininity, and his glance involuntarily traveled from her to the blossom in his hand, while hers followed with a little, quick, unconscious flicker of appreciation.

The carriage rolled on, and he went his way, with thoughts that were but a blissful blur of lilac maidens and lilac bloom. Under the thick foliage of the trees in Madison square he sat down to pull himself together.

"Ridiculous!" he argued sagely. "A man of thirty-eight to lose his head over the glimpse of an ordinary girl in a pale tinted gown!" Then the wonderful purplish eyes looked into his again, and he recalled the slender form in hazy lilac and the dear young freshness of her brow and forgot to argue at all. He simply dreamed strange, beautiful dreams, in which the scent of flowers and a slender maiden in amethyst robes floated in soft, wordless confusion.

At last he rose and straightened himself with the quick, sharp decision of manner which those who knew him had learned to recognize as a sign of determination.

She was the woman! Absurd as it was, he felt exultantly positive of that. And for the rest—well, he had a calm confidence in himself. He would surely find her and win her.

As all observant persons must have noticed, fate dearly loves to be trusted. In this instance she rewarded Danbury's confidence by bringing him face to face with the victoria once more as he emerged from the square. By her quick avoidance of his glance he saw that the girl recognized him, and at the knowledge a sudden glow suffused him. He felt as if their lives were already upon the loom of destiny. Without a moment's hesitation he stopped a passing cab and, with a few hurried words to the driver, jumped in.

"Do you happen to know the Granvilles of East Twentieth street?" he inquired of Bartram, with whom he dined that night, for he had learned so much in the intervening hours. Bartram nodded, stopping to blow a few rings of smoke into the air before replying, as if it were a matter of no special importance.

"Nice people," he observed at last, "but rather quiet and old timey. Why?"

"I should like to meet them," answered Danbury, with a straight look that conveyed perfectly that no further explanation was forthcoming.

And so, before many days elapsed, he was presented to the lady of his dreams in a room where the odor of lilacs was as heavy as it had been in the garden of his boyhood. As their eyes met he fancied that Miss Granville flushed ever so slightly and that her glance was puzzled and inquiring.

There were several other guests present, but at the end of a quarter of an hour Danbury and she were separated from them by enough space to make confidences possible. It was then that Faith Granville turned her clear eyes upon him and said naively:

"Of course it is you who have been sending the lilacs? But how did you know who I was, and why have you done it?"

There was a vague disapproval in her voice, but not enough to make him despair of forgiveness. Besides, her question proved that she was more child than woman and that in the midst of a society bound by precedent she dared to be herself.

So he threw prudence to the winds and after it diplomacy and convention and stood before her the man that he was, telling her how it had happened, how he had come back to New York and how, even before he had seen them, the scent of the lilacs had taken him back to his boyish days, how she had appeared suddenly, clothed in the very colors of his dream. All this he told her rapidly and earnestly and as only a clean souled, natural man could have done. Then he waited breathlessly for her to speak. By her answer he would know whether he had read her aright.

"O-oh!" she said, with a little gasp. "It is too beautiful!" There was a suspicious humidity in her eyes, but she lifted them bravely to his and continued: "I am not worthy anything so poetical and beautiful as this, and when you come to know me you will find it out. I should hate that—having you discover what a commonplace girl I am!" She stopped and tried to steady her somewhat tremulous lips.

"But that is my risk," was the answer, "and I am not afraid. May we call this the beginning of the beginning?" And he smiled down at her with a look in his eyes that quickened the beating of her heart deliciously.

The end of the beginning came about a year later. The lilacs had made their appearance in the city once more, heaped upon the pushcarts at the curb, where their haughty sisters, the roses and violets, would sometimes stare disdainfully out at them from behind the plate glass windows of the flower shops. Had you been passing through East Twentieth street early in the afternoon of a certain day you might have seen a big athletic man and a slender deep eyed girl descending the steps of one of the somber brownstone residences. The man was in the regulation tweeds, with his gloves grasped firmly in one hand, and the girl was gowned in lilac of a shade as elusive and beautiful as a memory.

At the sight of the gorgeously decorated carriage that awaited them they half hesitated. Then as a shower of something fine, white and hard as hailstones began to patter about their heads they dashed down precipitously and gladly availed themselves of its protection.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Better Than None.

When a now famous actor was a young man he was one day, while driving, asked by a pedestrian how to get to a certain village.

"You go," said the young actor, "down this road, and then you turn to the left, and afterward—but I am going in that direction myself. Will you get in and let me drive you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said the stranger. "Poor company is better than none."

He climbed up and took his seat. He was tall and thin, with a very gruff, rude manner.

The actor tried to entertain him and to get him to talk, but he would say little. Once he drew out a well filled case, selected a cigar and returned the case to his pocket again. He was insufferable.

The young man whipped up his horse and mile after mile was covered in silence. It was beginning to grow dark.

"How about that road to the left that I was to take?" exclaimed the stranger suddenly. "Ain't we come to it yet?"

"Oh, we passed it six miles back," said the other.

"Why didn't you tell me?" said the stranger.

"Because I didn't want to lose your society. Poor company, you know, is better than none," said the young man.

Omar Khayyam's Translator.

To FitzGerald, careless, disorderly, unconventional, who had for so long folllowed his own sweet will, punctilious etiquette and fastidious neatness in attire were above all things hateful. He once said to a friend: "I couldn't be bothered with all those whims—dressing for this and dressing for that. I couldn't put up with it."

He and a friend were dining at a hotel, and among the good things set before them was a noble fruit pie. But they had eaten so heartily of the first course that when it came to the pie's turn they were beaten. FitzGerald looked troubled. "Mrs. So-and-so (the hostess), who knows my partiality for fruit," said he, "will take it as a slight if we leave the pie untouched." So without more ado he cut out a good sliced wedge with a fair allowance of fruit and dropped it into his hat, which he covered with his yellow silk handkerchief, and rang the bell for the bill.—Wright's "Life of FitzGerald."

Health Fads on the Brain.

To get all sorts of health fads on the brain is a disease in itself. It is a very prevalent disease too. With a few foolish rules to observe, a whole lot of hygienic quirks to adjust to and a schedule of superstitious sanitary notions diligently followed by day and dreamed of by night, is a malady which begins as a mental derangement and ends in a complete physical fizzle. No room left for a spontaneous life, no place for free, joyous liberty. Not a minute's space for rollicking disregard. Everything fixed, every minute disposed of, introspections without number. Forebodings, misgivings, hovering vaguely about the mind, like flocks of carrion crows. Such a life is not worth living.—Medical Talk.

Victoria Was Exclusive.

When Queen Victoria visited any of her subjects it was by no means a matter of course that people staying in the house should have the privilege of sitting down at table with their august fellow visitor. It was her majesty's custom not only to take with her to the house where she designed to "lie" (as the old phrase was) for a night or two her own bed and bedding, carriages, horses and servants (including occasionally her cook), but also to confine herself at meals to the company of her own suit, sometimes inviting her host and hostess to join her at luncheon or dinner.

The Fickle Fair Ones.

Engagements are entered into far more lightly and broken far more easily than used to be the case, when a betrothal was as serious an affair as marriage. Now it is not unusual for a girl to be engaged once or twice before she is married, and people think none the worse of her. Young girls' ways are beginning to resemble those of nursemaids, who walk out with a man, but not always with a view to matrimony. —Lady Greville in London Graphic.

New Year's In Japan.

Most of the people you meet on the Japanese New Year's day are carrying a squashed salmon with a piece of paper tied round its waist by a paper string which holds a little gold paper kite. That kite means that the thing is a present and has not to be paid for. Those who are not carrying crushed salmon or taking up the street in giving correct New Year's salutations are playing battledoor and shuttlecock.

HOW SHOT IS MADE.

One Case In Which Man Cannot Improve on Nature.

"Did you know the method of making shot has never changed? No? Well, it's a fact," said the shot maker. "Hundreds of years ago shot was made in just the same way it is made now. Seems strange, doesn't it, that with all the improvements in other lines none has been made in this? Oh, yes, plenty of men have tried to find some better way, but they all have had to give it up and go back to the old shot tower. They wanted to get rid of the high tower, for that is the most expensive part of the plant.

"You know, shot is made by pouring a melted composition of lead and arsenic through a screen or from a big ladle with a serrated edge at the top of the tower and letting it fall into a tank of water. The drops of lead get perfectly round on their way down just like raindrops, and by the time they reach the water they are cold enough so they do not flatten out when they strike. Then the water finishes the cooling process.

"They have tried dropping the lead through a big tube, with a blast of cold air against the outside, and they have tried dropping it through glycerin, but none of these ways seems to work. Why can't they improve on it? Well, I suppose because the fellow who started making shot found the right way. It's just following the course that Nature takes in making hail, and I don't suppose they can beat her at her own game."

THE SAMOYEDS.

A Mongolian Race That Sometimes Resorts to Cannibalism.

Samoyeds, a race of Mongolians inhabiting the shores of the arctic ocean, maintain themselves by hunting and fishing. They make use of the same implements in bone and stone, besides cherishing the same superstitions, as were current in the stone age among the inhabitants of western Europe. They clothe themselves in reindeer skins. In fine weather they wear the hair outside, and when it is wet the tunic is reversed. This interesting race is gradually dying out owing partly to the scourge of smallpox which makes ravages among them and also to their fondness for raw spirits, which leads them to degradation and misery, as the Russian merchants take advantage of this to cheat them when bartering for valuable skins and walrus teeth. In fact, to such an extent do these traders dupe them that the Samoyeds sometimes are reduced to a state of famine and have recourse to cannibalism. This seems to account for the name Samoyed, which was given them by the Russians and which signifies in their language self eating. Every year in mid-Lent these queer looking people travel down in their reindeer sledges from Archangel to St. Petersburg and take up their abode temporarily on the frozen river Neva, where they build themselves circular huts composed of a framework of poles, over which are stretched reindeer skins. Here they traffic for the products of civilization.

Remedy For a Cold.

"We desire a remedy for a cold," says the Baltimore News, "and for the information of those who may make suggestions we mention that we have already taken the following: Quinine, rock and rye, lemon hot, hot toddy, Irish moss tea, beef tea in quantities, hot milk, mustard plaster (externally), mustard plaster (infernally), hot water bag, steam bath, hot irons, X's mixture, bronchial troches, hot baths ad infinitum, flaxseed, nausea, all the ten minute remedies, Stickem's corn cure, Bump's sure cure for hog cholera, Dover's powders and two different prescriptions of unknown character.

"We will be genuinely obliged for a long list of other things to take.

"N. B.—We have also taken a fresh cold."

Gordon at Gettysburg.

Major Robert Stiles, author of "Four Years Under Marse Robert," thus describes General Gordon at Gettysburg: "His face was radiant, his figure erect, mounted on a splendid ebony charger, with gleaming eyes and proud arched neck. The rider fairly stood in his stirrups and, bareheaded, waved both hands, while his sonorous voice rolled out such exhortations as only he knew how to make to soldiers. Thus they charged, with the great black charger joyful in the midst of the flashing muskets."

Bespoken.

"No, thank you," said Miss De Mure. "I don't care to meet any new young men."

"My!" exclaimed Miss Gaddie. "You are select all of a sudden!"

"No," replied Miss De Mure glancing dreamily at her new ring. "I've merely been selected all of a sudden."—Philadelphia Press.

Received Tumultuously.

"He says he created quite a furore with his new play," remarked the first actor.

"Huh!" snorted the other. "He means he created quite a few roars—'Git off the stage!' 'Shoot him!' etc."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wide Experience.

Mrs. Snobbs—I want a girl accustomed to being employed in the best families. Agent—I've got just the girl you want. She was employed in seven of the best families last month.—Exchange.

Unruffled Serenity.

"Mr. Gladboy has such a pleasant smile! I think he must have a very sweet temper."

"Um-m! Probably his wife has!"—Brooklyn Life.

Curious Legal Custom.

A curious custom is in vogue in many parts of India. If a dispute arises between two landowners two holes are dug close together, in each of which defendant's and plaintiff's lawyers have to place a leg. They have to remain thus until either one of them is exhausted or complains of being bitten by insects, when he is judged to be defeated and his employer loses his case.

THE PORCUPINE.

Only Known Creature That Eats the Foliage of the Hemlock.

"You don't have to skirmish around much to get feed to fatten one of these hemlock porcupines on," says an old woodsman. "Just sprinkle some salt over a stick of cordwood or saw log for that matter, and he'll eat the whole business and enjoy it as you would mince pie." The customary diet of these animals is hemlock browse. They make themselves a home in a hollow log or under the roots of some old tree, but always within reach of a big hemlock.

The hemlock is their pasture, and they make beaten paths going to and fro between the tree and their home. Once up in a tree the porcupine goes out on the big limbs and, pulling the small branches in with one paw, browses on the pungent leaves. In going through the woods you will find little piles of these fine leaves on the ground under hemlock trees. That means that a porcupine is feeding in the tree, the leaves on the ground being dropped from his feast.

Sometimes a porcupine will remain in a hemlock tree for a week at a time, hugging close to the trunk at night and feeding during the day. This curious little beast is the only known living thing that eats the foliage of the hemlock.

DANGER SPOTS IN A STORM.

Places to Avoid When the Lightning Is Flashing.

Out of doors trees should be avoided in a thunderstorm, and if from the rapidity with which the explosion follows the flash it is evident that electric clouds are near at hand a recumbent posture is the safest. It is seldom dangerous to take shelter under sheds, carts or low buildings or under the arch of a bridge, and a distance of twenty or thirty feet from tall trees or houses is an eligible situation, for should a discharge take place these elevated bodies are most likely to receive it.

It is well also to avoid water, for it is a good conductor, and the height of a human being near the stream may determine the direction of a discharge. Within doors we are tolerably safe in the middle of a carpeted room or when standing on a thick hearth rug. The chimney should be avoided on account of the conducting power of the carbon deposited in it, and gilt moldings or bell wires are sources of risk. In bed we are tolerably safe, since blankets and feathers are bad conductors.

It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud, and buildings frequently sustain the greatest injury in their basements.

QUEEN BEES.

Wonderful Provision of Nature by Which They Are Made.

A marvelous phase of bee life is the power which they possess to raise queens, or mother bees, from eggs or very young brood that would in the ordinary course produce workers, which are neuters, or undeveloped females.

If by any chance a queen is killed or lost the whole colony would perish were it not for this wonderful provision of nature. Much perturbed at first at their loss, the bees after some hours settle down and deliberately build a pear shaped structure known as a queen cell. This is much larger than an ordinary cell, rough, irregular and strong.

In this the selected eggs, or larvae, are lavishly supplied with "royal jelly," which is highly stimulative and in which the baby queen literally floats during her period of growth. The result is that certain organs and ovaries which remain dormant in a worker bee are perfected, and the new queen hatches out in about fifteen days, or six days sooner than the workers.—London Answers.

Headdresses In Africa.

The married women and the men of the upper Mobangi wear their hair long and in braids, which are profusely adorned with colored beads woven in and out among the locks. This coiffure excites the astonishment of all travelers who see it. Coquetry is the privilege of the sex under the tropics as well as in civilized lands, and the women are very proud of their headdresses. The arrangement of their hair requires a number of days, and while it is in progress or when they fear that it will be disarranged they cover the hair with a finely woven net of wood fiber. Ivory needles handsomely carved keep the arrangement in position and give it a truly artistic aspect.

Audience Not Gleeful.

"So you belong to a glee club?"

"Well," answered the youth with longish hair, "that's what we call it, but no one seems very joyous when we sing."—Washington Star.

Ayer's
We know what all good doctors think of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor and find out. He will tell
Cherry Pectoral
you how it quiets the tickling throat, heals the inflamed lungs, and controls the hardest of coughs.
"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is well known in our family. We think it is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."
KATIE PETERSON, Petaluma, Cal.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Hard Coughs
One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

IMAGINATION.

Instances Showing How It Has Made Well Men Sick.

The domination of imagination over the normal exercise of the faculties is no new idea. Samuel Rogers suffered from a violent cold from the effects of what he believed to be an open window at his back, which in reality was closed. An instance of this known to the medical faculty is more strange still. Two men stayed at a house in which an inmate had died of cholera. One man placed in the room in which the patient had died was in ignorance of what had occurred. He slept well and was no worse. The other, wrongly told that the room in which he slept was that in which the cholera patient had died, spent a night of mental agony and in the morning was actually found to be suffering from this complaint. He died of cholera.

A similar instance was mentioned the other day by a friend of the writer. Two London men stayed in the country at a house where scarlet fever was reported. One, an unimaginative, healthy minded fellow, awoke all right in the morning. The other, a nervous, sensitive man, was very ill—had not slept and had broken out into a terrible rash which both declared to be scarlet fever. A wire to a London medical man was dispatched, and by the first train he hurried down. The supposed fever patient proved to have no fever at all beyond an imaginary one. As a fact, there was no scarlet fever in the house, the case had been wrongly diagnosed, and the frightened visitor had tortured himself into a violent rash, all without cause.—St. James Gazette.

BASKET BALL.

An American Game With No Uncertainty as to Its Origin.

Basket ball as a recreative game is unique in its origin for two reasons: First, it is our one positively sure, home American production; secondly, the name, date and place of its authorship are exactly known. Basket ball was born in the year 1891 at Springfield, Mass., and its author was James Naismith. The story is short enough to be interesting. In that town is a training school connected with the Young Men's Christian association and of course professors, among them a professor of psychology, who is paid to teach the young ideas how to think effectively. In one of his lectures he called attention to certain conditions upon which the brain could with advantage be exercised and challenged his class to supply the requirements to meet them. The conditions were the invention of a new game which could be played indoors in a limited area by a defined and unalterable number of contestants and adaptable to both sexes. Upon this hypothesis one of his pupils, James Naismith, the same night evolved basket ball. It was put into practice the next day experimentally and found to meet the conditions and limitations laid down by the professor admirably. But it had more than an academic value, as its spread as one of our most appreciated pastimes attests.—Illustrated Sporting News.

Fooling the Colonel.

I doubt if the pranks of the present day subaltern are as pluckish as those of his predecessors. I can remember a story that went the rounds some years ago of a daring junior of the Grenadier guards who chaffed his colonel in a fashion that would not be tolerated today. But the colonel was not disposed to deal leniently with him. He kept unusually late, or rather early, hours, so one day an early parade was ordered unexpectedly, and five minutes before the hour the colonel rode past the culprit's quarters.

Cheerfully unconscious of impending doom, the latter leaned out of his bedroom window in the airy garments of sleep to say good morning. The colonel chuckled and rode on, but to his surprise at the stroke of time the subaltern stepped out on parade fully dressed and all in order. He knew of the trap and had donned the looser garment over his uniform to take a rise out of his superior.—London Tatler.

Where Wives Are Pawned.

They have a curious way of utilizing wives and daughters in some parts of India. If a man wants money he puts these members of his establishment in pawn, and his creditor detains them until the debt is discharged. The custom varies in different localities. In Nellore the Yercalls pledge their daughters to creditors, who may either marry them or give them away, and a man who has to go to jail deposits his wife with another man of her tribe until his return. In North Arcot unmarried daughters are frequently mortgaged and become the absolute property of the mortgagee until liquidation.

He Wouldn't Ask Further.

Contributor—Would you take it kindly if I were to ask you on what grounds you refused my latest poem? Editor—Yes, if you'll take kindly to my true statement of the case. Contributor (after slight hesitation)—Good day, sir.—Baltimore American.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1904

AFTER McCALL'S SCALP.

Last Monday morning the enterprising and eminently reliable Boston *Globe* presented to its hundreds of thousands of intelligent readers the portraits, en groupe, of 13 prominent Republicans, highly esteemed residents of the 8th District, who are, or are alleged to be, aspirants for Samuel W. McCall's seat in the National House of Representatives, and some of whom, it is said, propose to fight for it, if compelled so to do.

They are as fine looking a group of men as anybody hardly ever set eyes on, and several of them, perhaps the entire 13, enjoy the reputation of being smart.

Among the 13—an unlucky number, by the way—appear the comely countenances of two of Woburn's foremost citizens, Elwyn G. Preston, Esq., Secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and Edward H. Lounsbury, Esq., a well known and successful Boston Lawyer. The nomination, of either of them would fill the heart of the JOURNAL with unspeakable joy.

It looks as though Congressman McCall would have anything but a walkover for the nomination this fall. It is high time to drop his name from the Republican rolls, and the next convention will afford a good opportunity to do it. He belongs to the Democratic Party, but the inducements for him to formally move over into their camp are not quite strong enough for him to take the step. With 13 stalward Republicans in the race, it looks very much indeed as though McCall's Congressional days were rapidly drawing to a close.

THE WOBURN PARKWAY.

A few days ago Representative Herbert S. Riley of this city sought and obtained an interview with the Chairman of the Metropolitan Park Commission for the purpose of obtaining information respecting the status and future prospects of the proposed extension of Mystic Valley Parkway to Woburn Centre, and was considerably gratified with the result of it.

Representative Riley was assured by the Chairman that, as early this spring as practicable, a plan and specifications of a Parkway would be made, and the cost of its construction figured out, and as soon as that was accomplished the Commission would be prepared to make a formal proposition to the city of Woburn for building it. This the Commission had already decided on, the Chairman said, and it insures an early consideration of the work with a view of executing it.

When these preliminary steps shall have been taken by the Commission, and their proposition submitted, it will then be for the city to say whether the Parkway shall be built or not, and until then the whole business will be wrapped in uncertainty, and no trustworthy prediction concerning it can be made.

PANAMA TREATY RATIFIED

On Tuesday, February 16, 1904, the Panama Treaty was ratified by the United States Senate by a vote of 66 to 14, and Uncle Sam is going right to work to build the Canal. Sixteen Democrats voted for it in obedience to instructions from their constituents, mostly in the Southern States, that section of the Union being nearly unanimous in favor of the great National undertaking. Nearly 50 years have elapsed since the scheme for an Isthmian Canal was born, and at the end of that period, after the failure of the government of France to put it through, and the financial ruin of Lesseps and thousands of his fellow countrymen, the United States takes hold of the big job, and it is a go.

There was tremendous rejoicing in Panama over the ratification of the Treaty.

GOES BACK TO NO LICENSE.

After a year's trial of license the State of Vermont voted last Tuesday by an overwhelming majority to return to its former policy of No License. Forty eight towns that voted for license last year went strong against it on Tuesday. It was a grand victory for temperance.

Y. M. C. A. LAW SCHOOL

Representative J. Howard Nason of Everett, formerly of Woburn, fleshed his maiden sword in the Massachusetts House of Representatives last Monday on a bill which had been favorably reported by his Committee on Education to allow the Y. M. C. A. Law School to confer degrees.

The measure was hotly opposed by several members; but Rep. Nason's arguments, supported by those of Rep. Stone of Lexington, Quinn of Boston, and some others, won the fight, and the bill was passed. Naturally his success was highly gratifying to our former townsman.

☞ At the instance of one of the members a special meeting of the School Board was held last Wednesday evening. The subject debated was the sanitary condition of the Wyman school. The member above referred to insisted that the school be closed forthwith; but the Board took a different view of the matter and voted to refer it to the Local Committee. The discussion was a warm one.

☞ Hon. Charles R. Saunders of Boston, Chairman of one of the principal Commissions of that city, a gentleman quite well known in Woburn, has issued a manifesto against the repeal of the death penalty for murder in this State. It is a strong one.

☞ We are indebted to Representative H. S. Riley of this District for a "Report of Committee on Relations of Employer and Employee" for which he will please accept our thanks. It is a readable and instructive Pub. Doc.

☞ Early this week a committee of the Legislature reported adversely on a petition for an act abolishing capital punishment for murder in this State, so the death penalty for that crime stands.

J. FOSTER DELAND

GENERAL REAL ESTATE

—AND—

Fire Insurance.

Room 5, First National Bank Building

FOR SALE.

Estate on Main Street
The ideal place for a house. One of the most desirable locations in Woburn. Corner lot, over 7000 feet land. Electric cars pass the door. 5 minutes walk to 2 R. R. stations, stores, churches, 5 schools; house of 11 rooms, steam heat, and all modern improvements. Chances for a place like this are scarce in Woburn.

Estate on Mishawum Road
32000 square feet of land, good location, good house 8 rooms and bathroom, furnace, &c., barn and henhouse. The best of land for garden, can raise enough in garden to pay interest. Six minutes to R.R. station, electric cars, school, stores, etc. This estate will be sold cheap and on easy terms, as owner is to leave town.

Estate on Eaton Avenue.
This is right in the heart of the most desirable growing residential part of the city, within 3 minutes of R. R. station, electric cars, school, stores. Dwellinghouse 8 rooms, steam heat, bath, laundry, electric lights, good stable. Will be sold at reasonable price on easy terms.

Estate on Union Street
One of te best investment properties in the centre of Woburn. Double house, always well rented, good location, desirable neighborhood, will be sold at a very low price on easy terms.

Estate on Pleasant Street.
This place is desirable as an investment or for improvement. 29000 square feet of land, 90 feet frontage on Pleasant street, 2 appartment house, always rented, barn, &c. This place will be sold to the right party at little less than the valuation of the land; very little money required. This will bear investigation.

Estate on Pleasant Street.
One of the best residential properties in one of the most desirable locations in Woburn. Good house 10 rooms, new modern improvhmennts, furnace heat, all in excellent condition, 13000 square feet of land, a very pleasant home and within 5 minutes of centre station, churches, schools, library, stores, &c. Electric cars pass the door.

For Sale at a Low Valuation.
The valuable plant of the Russell Counter Co. Call for particulars. I have some good houses and appartments to rent.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Office will be closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after six o'clock.

☞ The petition of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company for a franchise over Arlington Road and Lake avenue is still in the hands of the Railroad Committee of the City Council, with an uncertain fate awaiting it. It has been claimed, for some weeks, that the franchise would be granted; but at the present time there seems to be doubts about it. Some of our people say they fail to discover any particular benefit to the city of a line running from a point so far distant from the Centre as North Warren street is, and coursing the rural districts of Woburn, Winchester, etc., and are therefore not enthusiastic over the proposed new route. The matter may possibly come up for determination at the regular meeting of the Council next Monday evening.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

C. E. Smith—For Sale.
A. F. Converse—Citation.
M. A. Carter—Dressmaking.

— C. M. Strout & Co. are firstclass plumbers and tin roofers.

— Capt. John Gilcreast is better of the grip, but not real strong yet.

— The next Co. G. Rifle team assembly is to be given on March 10.

— Frank R. Cummings and family will soon permanently settle in California.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— No sessions of the schools were held last Tuesday afternoon on account of the storm.

— 8.20 a. m. Clear; wind W.; 14 above zero.

— Mr. John R. Carter has been visiting his lumber mills at Bathurst, N. B., this week.

— Some changes and improvements in the interior of the First Baptist church are going on.

— Mrs. George F. Bean addressed the Maternal Association of First church on Feb. 26.

— The Boston Ice Co. have been filling all their icehouses this winter and have just finished.

— The Leap Year party in Shirley Hall, Montvale, last Monday evening was a large and enjoyable one.

— Mr. Joseph F. DeLoriea accepts the office of President of Towanda Club, and will make a good one.

— The North Woburn boys want the city to buy a part of the Jonathan Thompson estate for a playground.

— Tomorrow evening, March 5, the Swedish Nordstjernon will give a concert and basket party in Mechanic Hall.

— To select the right plan from the many offered by architects for the new schoolhouse is no fool of a job.

— John Shea, who was engineer on the city road roller, has been the engineer for the Boston Ice Company all winter.

— There was a pleasant whist party at the residence of Mrs. J. A. Dickinson on Johnson street last Monday evening.

— The Young Ladies Sodality of the St. Charles church will hold a whist party April 13 in aid of the coming fair.

— "The Social Three" of Hope Circle are to have a Leap Year dance at Post 33 G. A. R. Hall this evening, March 4.

— F. P. Brooks, druggist, has just the right kind of stuff to knock "that tired feeling," or "spring fever," higher than a kite.

— Fitz & Stanley of the Boston Branch don't have to give trading stamps to secure business. Merit wins every time.

— "The Pirates of Panama" will be given in the highest style of musico-dramatic art by the Towanda Club on March 23 and 24.

— Mr. Dominick Cooney is now in the employ of the Prudental Insurance Co. of this city, as an agent. He should make a good man.

— According to the returns of the Board of Health there were 12 deaths in this city in February; 25 in Feb. 1903; and 24 in Feb 1902.

— Miss Bertha Seller and Miss Lottie Rollins were appointed to fill vacancies in the Board of Directors of the M. E. Church Gymnasium.

— The South End Social Club hold three rehearsals every week for their minstrel show which is to be produced by them Easter Monday night.

— "March came in like a lion" all right; now it behooves all persons interested in the subject to watch and see if it "goes out like a lamb."

— The M. E. Gym seems to be the most popular resort for young men in this city. It is a good institution, and well worthy the patronage it enjoys.

— The 16th Annual Concert of Clan Mackinnon will be held in Music Hall on April 13.

— The smart rain yesterday was a godsend. The gentle reader is at liberty to make the application.

— St. Patrick's Day will present claims for consideration in a little less than a fortnight, to wit, March 17.

— Attention is asked for the card of Mrs. Mary A. Carter, dressmaker, in this paper. She has recovered her health.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— A large fine picture of the 5th Mass. Regiment in camp at Duxbury in 1903 has been on exhibition in the window of Doyle's drugstore this week.

— Colds, grip and pneumonia have been flourishing here this winter as they never flourished before. Nor have they loosened their hold to any great extent as yet.

— The ordinance of baptism will be administered to ten or twelve next Sunday evening at the First Baptist church; using for the first time the new baptistry.

— Our sprightly and charming suburb, Winchester, has organized a Country Club, and Mr. Charles M. Wright of this city is a member of its Gun Committee.

— Dr. Robert Chalmers and Mr. John M. Portal of this city beat all competetors at the meeting of the American Whist Club in Boston last Saturday evening.

— Rev. Henry B. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church, delivered an address before the Young Men's Society in the vestry of the church last Tuesday evening.

— The High School lads are to have a dance and good time in Music Hall on the evening of April 8. John J. Hern's Orchestra have been engaged to furnish the music.

— The Woman's Club cleared $30 from their Colonial party, which made up, in a measure, for the loss they sustained a little while ago on one of a different character.

— The Highland Orchestra, six pieces, have been engaged to furnish the music, for the Sons of Veterans Drama, "Our Jim," to be given in Lyceum Hall, April 11.

— Mrs. Uriah Perkins of N. W. has returned from a lengthy and pleasant visit with her son Fred E. at Tamworth, N. H. She contemplates moving from here this spring.

— Rev. Dr. March accompanied some young people on a shopping excursion to Boston last Saturday. It was his first visit to the Hub of the Universe in many months.

— Rev. Dr. Norton's theme at the vesper services of the Orthodox church at 430 next Sunday afternoon, will be "Our Daily Bread." These services are well attended and interesting.

— James Hogan of this city has started in the meat and provision business in the old Madigan block at the corner of Warren avenue and Porter streets which is owned by Mrs. MacDonald.

— Rev. George H. Tilton, pastor of the North Congregational church, preached a strong, healthy sermon at St. John's Baptist church last Sunday in exchange with its pastor Rev. W. H. Scott.

— The State Railroad Commissioners are to give a hearing on a petition for better facilities on the Stoneham and Reading electric line. They ought to take a hand in the conduct of some other roads.

— Bear in mind the "Olde Folkes Concerte" at the Congregational church vestry next Monday evening, March 7, by the Trinity church singers, under the auspices of Sunnyside Circle of King's Daughters.

— Mrs. George H. Taylor is furnishing good people with a sett of Bible cures for various ills, printed on handsome colored ribbon, and illuminated, which is something new, but an excellent thing to have.

— Mr. Luke Warren Fowle keeps his row of business buildings on the west side of Main street in the best condition all the time. He thinks tenants are entitled to consideration as well as the owner.

— The Board of Public Works and the schoolhouse committee of the School Board held a meeting last Tuesday evening and discussed some of the 20, or more, plans before them. Nothing was done.

— Mr. Samuel Cummings, of the firm of Cummings, Chute & Co., coal and hay and grain dealers, is managing the affairs of the Central stable, in the office of which he can be seen and consulted at any time.

— The Lowell & Boston cars are running all right, and people appreciate the pluck and hard work that made it possible for them to mark time these days. It has been a mighty hard winter for trolley lines.

— Cold weather has prevented Mr. Joseph Linnell from being much in evidence on the streets or at his market this winter; but he may be expected to put in an appearance among people again about planting time.

— Special Officer Plummer is reported to be improving slowly. A large piece of ice and snow fell on his foot and crushed a toe, in which he got cold and blood poison set in. He was removed to the Massachusetts General Hospital.

— The great War mass meeting, at which William T. Kendall, Uriah Perkins, Elisha Mann, and others enlisted, was held in Lyceum Hall 40 years ago last Monday evening, Feb. 29, 1864. Great changes have taken place since that date.

— Why, if all our traders are opposed to furnishing stamps, as it is said they are, do they not rise up and get rid of them? It seems that the merchants all over the State are asking the Legislature to come to their relief by abolishing the traffic.

— Last Wednesday Mr. James W. McDonald, in behalf of friends, informally presented Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher, the druggist, with a gold watch, locket and chain. It was a great surprise to Mr. Whitcher, and a generous act by his friends.

— William Fred Davis, Esq., Lawyer, has thrown his professional shingle to the breeze, in National Bank block and is ready to take in hand all legal business that comes his way. We opine that Lawyer Davis will make a successful practitioner at the Bar.

— Harlow C. Seeley, who is a clerk in the freight department of the N. Y., N. H., & H. Railroad Company, is getting on nicely. He has had three promotions in the couple of years, or so, he has been employed by the Company, and the prospect of further early advancement is good.

— L. L. O. A., No. 12, held a successful clothespin party in G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Wednesday evening, March 2. The attendance was so large that the management have decided to hold another in 2 weeks. Graham's orchestra, 4 pieces, played for the dancing.

— Last dance given by the Rifle Team of Co. G, 5th Regt., at the Armory, was the most successful of the whole series, over one hundred couple being present. The music by Strachan's famous Orchestra is a treat in itself. Next Thursday evening, March 10, is the date for the next dance.

— Last Wednesday afternoon Margaret Cowles visited the fruit store of Peter Dimon and left with him a 4-weeks old babe. The Chief of Police was notified, the woman arrested and locked up, and the child taken to the almshouse, and yesterday afternoon Dimon was arrested and jailed.

— Manager Head of the Stoneham polo team was given the purse of $300 which, they say, the Woburn management forfeited all claims to when they played Besse in the last game at Stoneham, but Woburn won the championship by right, because they beat Stoneham in the series, 2 games out of 3.

— Nearly, or quite, 4 inches of snow fell here last Tuesday, and the shovel brigade was again called out all along the line. According to some weather observers it was the 34th snowstorm of the season; others, equally reliable, say the number is largely in excess of 34, that 50 would come nearer to it.

— It looks as though the much talked about new station for Hose 6 might be built at some day in the future. Supt. Ring has drawn plans for one that seems to meet with general approval and is likely to be adopted. The company are in sad need of a new house and there should be as little delay as possible in furnishing one.

— Mrs. Fred W. Ruggles of Pine Point, Scarboro, Maine, formerly of Woburn, is visiting Madams Charles H. and George H. Taylor at 23 Pleasant street this week. She reports that her husband and his partner, proprietors of Lookaway Inn at P. P., have finished harvesting their clam crop, and that it is abundant and of excellent quality.

— The Woburn Telephone Exchange Operators have issued and posted a fetching advertising card for their ball to be given in Lyceum Hall on Easter Monday night. In the centre of it appears the portraits of John J. Hern's Orchestra of 8 pieces who are to furnish the music for the ball, and these are surrounded by the announcement. It is a handsome card.

— It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Charles H. Dudley, formerly, for several years, salesman in Thompson's hardware store on Main street, is still in the land of the living, and flourishing. He dwells away down on the Kennebec River, at Hallowell, Maine, where he fills the office, in good shape, of Treasurer of the Hallowell Savings Institution, and long may he wave.

— Dr. Edwin O. Bolles is to deliver the next and final lecture in the 1903 4 Burbeen Course next Tuesday evening, March 8. His subject will be "Picturesque Holland," the same to be profusely and beautifully illustrated. We venture to say that the lecture will greatly interest the audience, for no field offers more and better advantages for securing quaint pictures than Holland.

— The C. E. Smith Real Estate Agency advertise for sale the Russell Counter Co. factory and contents on Beacon street, which is not now in operation. It is in prime running order for a continuance of the former business; a rare opportunity for a manufacturer; and Smith expects to sell the plant to parties who will put it to work either as a shoe or counter factory.

— Mr. Samuel Leeds, an excellent citizen and good man, by the way, has resumed business at the old stand after a severe and painful illness of more than a month duration. People are glad to see him out again. Resolutions of condolence in his case will be issued in due season by the Federation of Woburn Public Hack Unions, of which Mr. Frank Fitzgerald is the esteemed President.

— After all said and done, and as much of a rarity as the occasion is, a considerable contingent of Woburn population enjoyed a birthday anniversary last Monday, Feb. 29. On the list appear the names of Arthur W. Da'zial, John C. Nichols, James H. Langill, son of Amos Langill, Wallace Penney. There are others, no doubt, but they have not yet reported to the JOURNAL.

— Mr. C. A. Nichols, as spring approaches, is rushed with orders for carpet cleansing, rug making, etc., and the same are increasing every day. For the use of customers and to make things easier for himself Mr. Nichols has put a telephone into his office, No. 7 Buel Place, and the number of it is 151-5. Patrons will please bear this in mind—151-5. All orders will be promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

— The frequent bursting of water mains indicates that the whole system needs renovating, and that Commissioner Hayward will have all the work and worry he wants for a year or two to come. A large share of the mains have been in service 30 years, or more, and it is not at all surprising that they are beginning to feel the effects of old age. It will take a mint of money to replace the old with new ones; but it has got to be done.

— With a single exception, it has snowed here on every Saturday from Dec. 26 to Feb. 27, inclusive, and there has been continuous good sleighing during the whole of that long period, so reports to the JOURNAL Supt. James Callahan's Weather Bureau at the church avenue crossing. The record is unprecedented, even the winter of 1857 failing to come up to it, and what has been remarkable the temperature has varied but little from the zero point all that time.

— Henry H. Goodell, Director of the Hatch Experiment Station of the Mass. Agricultural College at Amherst, reports that the cold weather of this winter has done great damage to the peach trees in New England; hundreds and even thousands of them having been frozen to the ground. Prof. F. A. Waugh of the same institution gives a course of treatment for the frozen trees, which will be submitted to the readers of the JOURNAL in due season.

— "Ye Old Folks" of Trinity choir are to repeat their "Synging Meeting" in the vestry of the Congregational church next Monday evening, March 7, under the auspices of Sunny Circle of King's Daughters, the admission to which is only 25 cents. The concert lately given by them was the greatest musical hit of the season, and its repetition next Monday evening cannot but bring out a great crowd of people. The singers appear in old fashioned clothes, old hymns and songs are sung, old ways and manners are brought out, and the entertainment is highly pleasing and satisfactory.

— One of the most objectionable measures of Mayor Davis's administration was the banishment of the handorgan from our streets. To be sure it was an expensive luxury, but it cost the city government nothing, and its benefits were incalculable. William Congreve, the famous English poet, wrote: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and where on earth could a better field for the exercise of those charms be found than right here in Woburn? What could possibly be more soothing to weary nerves, or delight the ear more, than the dulcet notes of "Sweet Marie," "Annie Rooney," or a dozen other classical handorgan productions? Many and many a music loving soul in this city longs and languishes for the return of the Italian and the delicious strains of his hurdygurdy.

"Winter Picnic."

It was held in the vestry of First church last Tuesday evening, March 1, for the purpose of replenishing the Home and Foreign Missionary boxes of that church, in which laudible aim the managers succeeded to the extent of $43 net.

It was a real picnic, with trimmings. It was likewise a rare social affair and a great treat to the 300 persons present. Miss Sarah W. Chamberlain gave out the programme last week, which consisted of music by the popular Highland Orchestra; solos by Miss Jennie Trecartin; mandolin solos by Miss Esther Bean; and reading by Helen Sylvester, the incomparable. Each of these divisions was carried out in the best possible manner, and gave the audience a great deal of genuine pleasure.

Boxes were carried, in real picnic style, each one of which contained the name of a girl written on a slip of paper. They were sold at auction to young men by Hon. George F. Bean, the Auctioneer, who provided no end of fun in the discharge of his public functions. He is up to tricks of that sort. The purchaser of a box opens it, discovers the name of some girl, sets about to find, and finding her, the fun begins.

The vestry was filled with evergreen trees, also in true picnic fashion; there were swings; booths, etc., and no end to delicious lemonade and chocolate.

Everybody present declared that it was one of the best entertainments he, or she, had been to this winter.

Miss Edgell.

No woman in this city has a larger circle of friends, or better ones, or is more highly regarded by the whole community, than Miss Susan E. Edgell of 508 Main street, which has been her residence for the last 55 years.

Last Friday, Feb. 26, 1904, Miss Edgell attained her 92d birthday anniversary in good health, buoyant spirits, and an apparent fast hold on many more years of active and pleasant life to come. Her birthday was not forgotten by friends, neighbors and acquaintances, many of whom called and warmly congratulated her on reaching another of life's milestones in such fine physical and mental condition, and brought heaps of beautiful flowers as tokens of their love and esteem.

The JOURNAL has, before now, embraced opportunities of giving outlines of Miss Edgell's public life, which included successful teaching, services as first female member of the Woburn School Board, President of the Woman's Club, and, also, of the Corporation of the Home for Aged Women, and other positions of honor and responsibility, and her history need not be repeated here; indeed, everybody knows her, and her long and eminent career of usefulness in her native town. She is highly educated and still retains, to a remarkable extent, the culture and polish of her younger days, and long may she remain to enjoy the society of friends, and the comforts and pleasures of life here below.

Leap Year Ball.

The weather was fine, the sleighing smooth, the moon failed at 1.30 a. m., and nothing more favorable for the grand Leap Year Ball in Lyceum Hall, last Monday night, Feb. 29, could reasonably have been asked for.

The Manager of this notable and highly appreciated society event was Miss Dora Buss, (absent from illness), assisted by Miss Grace E. Bond, Mrs. Daniel R. Beggs, Mrs. L. K. Green, Mrs. John S. Jaquith, Mrs. Arthur H. Linscott, Mrs. W. W. Hicks, Miss Bertha Trull, Miss Helen Ramsdell, Mrs. J. H. Linnell, Miss Annie A. Skinner, Miss Florine York.

As February 29 comes none too often to please the fair sex, especially the unwedded part thereof, only once in four years, in fact; and as this is the year for its return, bissextile, or Leap Year; and as the custom has always been for women and girls to make much of it, and enjoy its privileges; to celebrate last Monday by giving a ball to the male population of this city seemed to be the proper thing to do.

The efforts of the maids and madams to entertain their gentlemen friends with music, dancing and feasting in true Leap Year style, were successful in the highest degree, for the ball was enjoyed by every person present as never was one before, or hardly ever. There was an uncommonly large number of people in the Hall, seated aloft as pleased spectators, or dancing to excellent music by Calnan's Orchestra on the floor.

On every hand the reporter heard the remark, not from youthful lips alone, nor principally from either sex, "it is a swell one," and so it was, indeed, and very gay.

It was one of the dressiest parties that has ever been seen in Lyceum Hall, which is the centre of more fashionable functions of a public nature than any other in the city. It was quite plainly to be seen that the women, previous to the ball, had entered into friendly rivalry in the matter of appearing at it in the finest clothes, and had very nearly exhausted their ingenuity in producing garments which in fabric and style, could not possibly be excelled for their elegance. To describe the dresses of the ladies, even the more "stunning" ones, would be a task that the reporter feels himself too poorly qualified to perform, and the slightest mention of all, or a majority of them, would be wholly out of the question.

Lyceum Hall presented an attractive appearance. The stage was bountifully decorated by the skillful hands and good taste of the Theonleighs; the illumination was perfect and showed off the jewels and gems of the party with dazzling effect; while the assembled "beauty and gallantry" added greatly to the splendor of the scene.

White dresses, with roses and ribbons, adorned the bright, ladylike ushers, who were tireless in looking after the comfort and pleasure of guests.

The floor officers were: Mrs. Maud Merrill Beggs, Miss Grace Etta Bond, Mrs. Edna Linnell Greene, Mrs. Laura Evans Hicks, Mrs. Ethel Cummings Jaquith, Mrs. Edith Leathe Linnell, Mrs. Gertrude Watson Linscott, Miss Helen Marion Ramsdell, Miss Annie Almira Skinner, Miss Bertha Preston Trull, Miss Florence Bartlett York.

The dancing was prolonged to an hour or more after midnight, and reluctantly closed in season to give the dancers a nap before breakfast. At the proper hour Dill, the Boston caterer, appeared on the scene with a bountiful and excellent supper, which, it is needless to say, was eaten by the hungry company with keen relish. Everything good that Dill could think of was spread on the tables.

There have been given innumerable Leap Year parties in Woburn in times past, but it is very much doubted if there has been a more brilliant or enjoyable one than this one. It was attended by the best people in town, by whom, on all hands, it was pronounced unequalled.

City Council.

A meeting of the Board of Aldermen was held on Monday evening, Feb. 29.

Isaac N. Henderson and John H. Sweetser were drawn for jurymen.

The annual money budget was passed its first stage.

The Board of Assessors sent in a communication asking that the ordinance relating to the assessment of taxes be amended to provide that the assistant assessors secure all the polls for tax assessment, and report.

A Dramatic Entertainment.

"A Spoiled Darling," a comedy in three acts, is to be given by the Woburn Woman's Club in Music Hall, March 18, 1904, at 8 o'clock in the evening. Tickets thirty-five cents. Music by Highland Orchestra.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Stanley McAllister,	Miss Helen B. Cook
Mrs. Stanley McAllister,	Mrs. Emma S. Eaton
Mr. Livingstone Vandersilce,	Miss E. Sybil Fox
Miss Gwendolyn Raill,	Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward
Mr. Hunter Brown of N. Y.,	Miss Alice J. Whitcomb
Flora O'Flannigan, Cook,	Miss Susie H. DeLoriea
Kittie, Maid,	Miss Agnes E. Cottle
Bessie Murphy, Maid,	Miss Elva A. Caldwell
Roberts, Coachman,	Mrs. Ada C. Kendall

"A Spoiled Darling" is as fine a comedy as ever held the boards in this city, and, judging from the cast, it will be presented in real dramatic style. Bright women are to appear in the principal parts, and the Highland Orchestra will furnish music worthy of the occasion.

The Woman's Club are everlastingly giving the public the best of entertainments.

Still Greater Attractions.

There is no Sunday paper which reaches the desk of the editor of this paper that is more welcome than The *Boston Herald*—always the foremost in news and editorial comment, it has advanced year by year to the foremost position as an illustrated paper. The wealth of pictures which The *Sunday Herald* prints each Sunday is equal to the pictorial product of six monthly magazines in quality as well as quantity. With next Sunday's issue The *Herald* will add a Comic section, which will be unique in that it will be funny, will be in bright tints, and at the same time inoffensive. But this is not all. The inimitable magazine will appear for the first time in a tinted cover, which will add greatly to the interest and beauty of this incomparable supplement. Every reader of this paper should have it.

WANTED IN WOBURN

Moderate cost house in good neighborhood, in exchange for first-class investment property.

GEO. ADAMS WOODS, 50 State St., Boston.

WOBURN Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

A meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank will be held on

Thursday, March 10, 1904,

At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of making nominations for the necessary Officers and Auditors to serve the Bank the ensuing fiscal year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

JOHN C. BUCK, Secretary.

WINFIELD R. LANG, LAWYER.

847 Tremont Building. BOSTON

Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.

Can be seen evenings at B. & M. ticket office. Tel. 179 Haymarket.

Special Offer

For the next thirty days we shall sell our

Porous Strengthening Plasters

For 7c. 4 for 25c.

Although the price is low the quality is the highest.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ The Original Cut Price Store. Prompt messenger service.

Green Stamps. Public Telephone.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions. Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office. Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Reduction Sale

To close all our Heavy Weight Goods before stock taking.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

A Drug Store that Cuts Prices.

Colorado Cough and Catarrh Root 45c.

If YOU haven't used this cure, your neighbor has.

Whitcher's Next to Post Office

☞ Now begin to think of SPRING MALTS. Prices Lowest in town.

FOR SALE

The Estate on Bennett Street

Extending through to Boston & Maine Railroad, owned by Mrs. Phinney. The estate will be sold in separate lots if desired.

Inquire of C. E. SMITH, Real Estate Agent, Main Street, Woburn.

Ayer's Pills Sugar-coated, easy to take, mild in action. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Literary Notices.

McCLURE'S for March adds still further to its well established reputation as a torch-bearer in the magazine world. It is still going before, lighting the way. In this number the light is shed on several of the nation's dark places greatly to the interest of the public. Especially startling in its illumination is a powerful article on The Case of the State of Kentucky versus Caleb Powers, by Samuel Hopkins Adams, who tersely and dramatically reads the lines of this dark page in Kentucky's history. For the first time on a printed page Mr. Adams presents the facts concerning the bitter political feud which cost the life of William Goebel, the man who raised himself by his own boot straps into the governorship of a great state, and the efforts of his followers and friends to revenge his death in reckless and wrathful disregard of every other consideration. Of especial significance and timely interest is the first of a series of papers on The Negro: The Southerner's Problem, by Thomas Nelson Page, in which he discusses Slavery and the Old Relation Between the Southern Whites and Blacks. Miss Tarbell adds to her Standard Oil history in this number an account of some of The Troubles of a Trust. There is more of public interest in the impressions presented by President H. S. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from his trip over the famous German experimental electric road while speeding A Hundred Miles an Hour. A thrilling story of a race won by an American man o'-war against the elements is told in The Run of the Altamaha. Charles G. D. Roberts contributes The Alien of the Wild. The number is a most excellent one throughout, harmoniously blending pleasant entertainment with solid interest.

The METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE for March contains a short story entitled The Pardon of Becky Day. In A Plain Statement About Russia and Japan, Frederick McCormick, special war correspondent (now in Pekin) for the New York *Sun* and METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, tells the unvarnished truth about both the Russian and Japanese forces, land and sea. Albert Kinross contributes a short story, the scene of which is laid in Tibet and the country of the Lamas, very much in the public eye at the present moment. Rufus F. Zogbaum writes and illustrates a capital short story, having for its central figures some U. S. A. regulars of the plains. Among the many other exceptional features in the March issue are The Passing of the District Boss, by James L. Ford; An Interview with Mark Twain, by Clara Morris; The Rival of Ringwaak, by Chas. G. D. Roberts. In all there are 160 pages of reading, and nearly 100 illustrations.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

FOR SALE.

The Russell Counter Co. Factory, situated on Beacon street, Woburn, buildings in good repair. Apply to C. E. SMITH, 439 Main Street, Woburn.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,

Instructor in Pianoforte,

Studio: First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.

The Virgil Practice Claviæ System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,

Violin Instruction,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

4 Fairmount St.,

WOBURN, - MASS.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Fear as a Motive Force in Character and Conduct." Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Henry B. Williams, followed by Communion.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Ordinance of Baptism.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Substance."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday in Lent.
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. F. I. Paradise of Winchester will officiate.
Lenten Services Wednesdays at 4 P. M. Fridays at 7.30 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Dr. March. Communion.
4.30 P. M., Lenten Vesper Service. Music by Church Quartette. Pastor speaks on "Our Daily Bread."
5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
Wednesday, at 4.20 P. M., Pastor's Class.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: King David—a Biographical Sketch.
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Sins of Saints."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Dressmaking!

MRS. MARY A. CARTER

Informs the Ladies of Woburn and vicinity that she is prepared to fill all orders for Dressmaking at her residence.

No. 6 BENNETT STREET.

Satisfaction guaranteed in styles and quality of work.

Woburn, March 1, 1904.

WANTED!

Men or women local representatives for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prizes. Write J. N. TRAINER, 80 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y.

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

The Way They Point---

Everything points to a big busy season with us. Just as real as is the magnet's attraction is the attraction of our goods and prices. No one can fail to appreciate values they can test. The needle always points to the pole, and the people always point to us for business.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches

Dalobe Farm CREAM

18c. Jar.

5c. allowed for empty jar when returned. This is the Best and also the Cheapest Cream on the market.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a. m. hourly until 9 45 p. m.; also 11 p. m., for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9 55 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m., and hourly untill 10 30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12 15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a.m., hourly until 10 45 p. m., Billerica 7 39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a, m.

C. W. B HARRISON, Supt.

Strictly Home-Made
Caramels
CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning. 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN. Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 151-5.

Physicians and Nurses
USE AND RECOMMEND

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

The STANDARD ANTISEPTIC for Burns, Wounds, Cuts, Sores, Chapped Surfaces, Scalp, Hair, General Bath and Tender, Aching Feet. Excellent as a Poultice for reducing Inflammation, Pain, Soreness and Irritation and stopping flow of Blood.

See that the above Trade-Mark is on all packages. It protects you from inferior substitutes.

Sold in 10c., 25., 50c. and $1.00 packages.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

The Best Cough Reliever
Wild Cherry and Tar
COUGH BREAKER.
25 Cents.
PREPARED BY
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Bradford Clark, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Jennie Clark of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of March, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

O. B. SANBORN,
Furniture and Piano Moving,
Jobbing of all kinds.
Out of town moving a specialty. Storage for furniture. All mail orders promptly attended to.
Telephone connection, 103-7.
Residence, - 117 Montvale Ave.
WOBURN

Desk Room To Let
at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

WINCHESTER.

The Democratic Town Committee organized last week with Dr. C. F McCarthy as Chairman.

Rev. E B. Palmer has resigned the office of Clerk of the Congregational church after many years of efficient service.

Judge Emmons, Chairman of the Boston Board of Police Commissioners, lectured before the Calumet Club last Saturday evening.

There is to be a grand concert in Town Hall on Friday evening, March 11, in which Boston artists of great celebrity are to take part.

There are to be vesper services of unusual interest at the Congregational church on Sunday evening, March 6. Special music of a high order has been prepared for it, and a refreshing season is expected.

The annual Town Meeting is to be held on Monday, March 7. It looks as though there might be some pretty sharp contests at the polls, for which considerable work is being put in by some of the aspirants and their friends. The caucuses settles the most of these questions, and for that purpose the caucuses is a mighty good thing.

Editor Wilson of the *Star* now knows how good it is himself. He was housed last week with a severe attack of grip, but his good spouse, Mrs. Wilson, is a deft handler of the Editorial pencil, and the *Star* came out on time Friday as bright, full of local news, and readable as though the Boss had not been confined indoors all the week.

Hub Crumbs
better breadcrumbs
10c

Makes everything fried much better and wholesome.
Saves work and time in the midst of cooking; as handy as the salt box.
Keeps fresh and sweet indefinitely.
It swells in milk or water to four times its dry bulk; use only half or a third as much as of other crumbs.
Makes delicious pudding, stuffing, griddle cakes, etc.

Ask your grocer for MISS HOWARD'S COOK BOOK

Madge Carr Cook as Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch at the Park Theatre, Boston, beginning March 7.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

What promises to be one of the quaintest of this season's theatrical offerings is soon to be seen on the stage of the Park Theatre, Boston, where dear, delightful Mrs. Wiggs is to make her bow on Monday evening, March 7, next, beginning a limited engagement. Madge Carr Cooke, the expert comedienne, is said to give the half-humorous, half-touching and wholly lovable old lady an ideal incarnation. New England play-goers can soon listen to the quaint sayings, "malapropisms," and epigrams of Mrs. Wiggs from her own lips and see her looking straight at them across the footlights. In the three-act dramatic version of Alice Hegan Rice's phenomenally popular story, an opportunity has been given Mrs. Wiggs for a revelation of her more deeply human tenderness and heart interest; while the stage plot will give an added interest to the relations of Mrs. Wiggs and Lovey Mary, and will invest the runaway flight of that unhappy wait with an increased dramatic significance. Lovey Mary is the romantic figure of this dramatic version, and is said to have a thoroughly sympathetic stage depiction by Mabel Taliaferro. Miss Mabel is just now on that trembling line between girlhood and young womanhood and the real sweetness of Lovey Mary finds magnetic personality in this winsome young artiste. Humor, comedy, over-bubbling mirthfulness of eccentric character types and Cabbage Patch realism come in for the greater share of the entertainment, and in the ludicrous courtship and wedding of little Miss Hazy and Mr. Stubbins has been found a brimming subject for fun and laughter. Everybody who has read the original stories of Mrs. Rice will readily recall this mirth-provoking romance of the Cabbage Patch; how that meek and shiftless little spinster, Miss Hazy, sent the requisite 25 cents to the mysterious "Astrologer" to find her "spiritual pardner;" how Mr. Stubbins, "the prominent citizen of Bagdad Junction," subsequently appeared on the scene, etc., etc. All the queer Cabbage Patch characters are reproduced in the cast of 25 in the three scenes laid in the Patch itself.

Loyal Temperance Legion.

The regular meeting of the L. T. L. was held in the vestry of the Swedish Church Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20, 1904. There was a good attendance, but we should like to see a still greater number of children taking interest in these meetings.

The W. C. T. U. are taking up as many branches of temperance work as they possibly can. If the ladies of this city do not feel that they can join the Union, will they please send the children to Legion meetings and help make this Branch of the work a success. Any teaching which helps to make better citizens in future years is worthy the consideration of all thinking people. Life is a serious thing, and although children should have all the innocent pleasure that can be given them, it is well for them to be sometimes "grave" as well as "gay."—C. M. WARREN, Press Agent.

We heartily agree with the sentiments expressed in the above report by Mrs. Warren from the second paragraph to the end. The Woburn W. C. T. U. are composed of earnest, honest workers in the good cause of temperance who deserve more aid and encouragement from the public than they now get. Because they do not trumpet their work and its fruits, nor push themselves to the front, nor appeal constantly for sympathy, the number of members is small; but they keep hard at work, yield to no discouragements, and are doing good all the time.

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. Their main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred-and-one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step, vigorous and successful in your pursuits. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c; regular bottles, 75c. At all druggists.

To Let.

House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.
Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

Countries as Presents.

Cleopatra received Egypt as a present from Julius Cæsar. Lucullus, Sulla and Pompey each gave away half a dozen kingdoms. Antony gave the kingdom of Judea to Herod. One of the excellent stories of the past is that the Emperor Constantine gave Rome and all Italy to Pope Sylvester, who cured him of leprosy. King John, called Lackland, being excommunicated by Pope Innocent III., gave to that pope and his successors the kingdom of Ireland and England. The deed reads, "Not constrained with fear, but with my full consent and the advice of my barons, for the remission of my sins against God and the church, I resign England and Ireland to God, St. Peter, St. Paul and our lord the Pope Innocent, and to his successors in the apostolic chair." Julius II. gave the estates of King Louis XII. to the Emperor Maximilian. Sixtus V., Gregory XIV. and Clement VIII. were ready to make a present of France to whomsoever Philip II. would have chosen for the husband of his daughter Clara Eugenia. Alexander VI. presented the East and West Indies to Spain and Portugal, which was like giving almost all the earth.

The Birch.

Old writers in mentioning birch trees seldom failed to say solemnly that they were useful to grow branches with which to give boys thrashings. Turner regards the supply of "flexible, pendent branches" for purposes of punishment as the chief merit of the tree. Coles also based his estimate of the birch chiefly on its use in the supply of rods as instruments of punishment, for he writes: "The civil uses whereunto the birch serveth are many, as for the punishment of children, both at home and at school; for it hath an admirable influence upon them to quiet them when they are out of order, and therefore some call it makepeace." In ancient Rome the fasces of the lictors, with which they cleared the way for magistrates, were formed with rods of birch, and their influence was sufficient to insure a rapid dispersion of men assembled where they would impede the passage of the administrators of the law. From that time to within a comparatively recent period the birchen rod was regarded as one of the most important deterrents of juvenile depravity.

A Japanese Mimic.

A jolly little story is told by a contributor to an English paper about a curious faculty the Japanese have of imitating animals. "I remember some years ago," she says, "being at a Christmas juvenile party when a nephew of the mikado was present. The young prince got himself up by means of a muff, a sable mantle and a boa for a tail to look like some extraordinary feline and then crawled into the room where the Felis domestica was enjoying the hearth rug before the fire. There was something so sinuous and lifelike in his movements that the wretched grimalkin almost flew up the chimney with terror."

The Retort Disdainful.

Ellen Terry, the famous English actress, in the kindness of her heart once took a girl out of the poorhouse to train as a servant. But she was altogether hopeless and was continually breaking plates, dishes and everything she laid hands on, until Miss Terry thought that in time she might break her, so she dismissed her. But, not wishing the girl to come to any harm, when she was going away she asked her what she was going to do for a living. "Oh," she said disdainfully, "if the wust come to the wust, I can go on the stage."

Wanted the Best.

Mrs. Shoddy (to shopman)—Show me a thermometer, one of your best. Shopman—This, ma'am, is one of our finest Venetian glass and the best quicksilver. Mrs. Shoddy—Silver! That would be nice for the kitching, but I want one for my boodore. Haven't you one with quick gold?

FAT ON A FOWL.

It Is Not So Good a Thing as Some Housekeepers Think.

"When I see men or women looking for nothing but fat on a fowl," said a marketman, "I don't envy them their dinner. There is a layer of fat underneath the skin when poultry is unduly fattened, and in the cooking this overheated fat saturates the meat, and delicate stomachs have a hard tussle. This is why lots of people can't eat ducks and geese at all. These overfattened fowls are in reality more expensive and less easily digested, there being much less lean meat in proportion to the fat. Most of my customers are now willing to pay what a good turkey is worth, understanding the difference. What is the difference? Why, there are a few rules that must be observed. For at least six days before killing barnyard fowls must be cooped, not huddled, have a good, clean space and be well fed on corn for at least five days. Then for twenty-four hours before killing they should be fed on skimmed milk or soft boiled rice. The night before the killing the turkey must have plenty of water, but no food, which leaves the crop empty, the intestines clean, the dark meat quite light, and gives a flavor as different as possible from the offensive flavor that is likely to impregnate the common fowl killed in the common way. The flesh of all animals is flavored by their food. This accounts for the delicious flavor of the canvasback and redhead ducks. Both eat of the wild celery at the water's edge, the former taking the roots, the latter the tops."—Philadelphia Record.

LABRADOR.

It Is a Picturesque Country With Many Great Waterfalls.

Labrador externally is forbidding and discouraging. She is not all moss covered rock, however. From a scenic point of view she has something to offer that will interest the world. Unfortunately it is possible to reach the country by water during only four months of the year. Dog sledges and snowshoes are the medium of travel the remainder of the year. There are no roads.

The interior of Labrador has been found to be tableland, about 1,500 feet above sea level, the foothills of which reach down to the Atlantic coast. Piercing these foothills at intervals along the 760 miles of coast line are deep inlets, some of which resemble Norwegian fiords. Of these perhaps the most picturesque is Nachrach bay, 1,190 miles north of St. John's. It is a mile or more wide and twenty miles long. Great shouldering cliffs, more than 1,500 feet high, jut out into the water on either side, glistening cascades tumble over their sides, and mystifying sea caverns lure one to explore them. Fifteen miles from the mouth is a waterfall of tremendous height. Its altitude has been variously estimated at from 400 to 600 feet. Tumbling over the edge of the cliff in a cascade, it takes this great leap and then dashes along on its foamy way down several hundred feet until it drops into the bay. This is by no means the largest waterfall in the country.—New York Tribune.

The Camel Raid.

Camels in Somaliland are kept in great herds sometimes numbering 30,000. Such numbers involve wide areas for grazing and consequent distances from the few places where water may be found. The ponies used by the Somali can also manage without drink for three or four days and when employed for herding have, like their masters, only camels' milk to quench their thirst. These big herds offer, of course, a tremendous temptation to the raider, as many as 10,000 camels being taken at a time, and the excitement of driving off such a haul at full gallop for forty or fifty miles, with the exasperated owner possibly hard in pursuit and the chances of the raider finding his own camp has fallen a prey to some other tribal diversion, appeals irresistibly to the excitable Somali.

Talismans In War.

It was not at all unusual for soldiers and others who were exposed to danger to wear talismans by way of protection. A story which gained credence is told of a soldier in the time of the Prince of Orange. He was a Spanish prisoner, and on being condemned to be shot it was found that he was invulnerable. The soldiers stripped him to see what kind of armor he wore, but it was discovered that he was not protected in that way, but an amulet on which was the figure of a lamb was found on his person. This was taken away from him, and the shots took effect.

Food For Escaped Prisoners.

In Siberia the houses in every village upon the main street facing the road have little windows with shelves about six feet above the ground, and on these shelves the inmates place whatever food they have to spare. This is a custom handed down from a former period to aid escaped prisoners, the shelves being placed at that height so as to prevent dogs from getting at the food.

The Home Makers.

"If there are only three essentials to a home," remarked the pudgy little matron, after the others had said their say, "they are rugs, hardwood floors and a man."—Chicago Tribune.

Misplaced Sympathy.

Old Gentleman (to small boy, who is nursing a skinned knee)—Did you fall down, little chap? Small Boy—Yer didn't think I fell up and dashed agin a cloud, did yer?

A man who shows no defects is a fool or a hypocrite whom we should distrust.—Joubert.

Very Easy.

"Don't you wish you were as smart as Conan Doyle's detective?"

"My dear sir," replied the modern detective, "if they'd let me plan the crimes in the first place I could discover the facts in ways quite as extraordinary as those of any detective that an author ever put into a book."—Chicago Post.

After the Honeymoon.

"Anyhow, Jack, you cannot say that I ran after you at the time of our marriage."

"You never spoke a truer word, Maria, but neither does the mousetrap run after the mouse, yet it catches it all the same."

One Sense Keen.

Rob—Say, Bob, loan me $100, will you? Bob—Why, man, have you lost your senses? Rob—Nope; at least not my sense of touch.—Yale Record.

Attractiveness of New Friends.

Edmonia—How you do love to make new friends! Eustacia—Yes, they are so much more polite than old ones.—Detroit Free Press.

A WISE OLD FOX.

One Who For a Long Time Cleverly Eluded the Hounds.

In common with other people who have looked after fox coverts I have often been puzzled by the disappearance of well known foxes and have become convinced that the more intelligent foxes, after they have been before hounds several times, often turn their wits to account to avoid being hunted. In a small covert that I know well there was always a fox. A fine big fellow he was. I have more than once met him when taking an early ride as he loped quietly homeward after his night's foraging. He never seemed to mind being seen. When the season opened he gave us one or two capital runs, on the second occasion only just saving his brush by scrambling into an unstopped drain in our neighbor's territory. After that he was never to be found when hounds came. Yet he was seen about as usual at other times. One day when walking near the covert one of the terriers, who knew all about foxes, took a line to an old tree in the hedgerow and began to whimper and scratch at the roots. A careful examination showed nothing. The tree was not difficult to climb. It proved to have a hollow trunk, and there, at the bottom, was my friend curled up fast asleep. His mask smiles on me as I write. After a seven mile point and on a good scenting day he met his fate.—Country Life.

MARVELS OF MEMORY.

Feats of Famous Men That Seem Almost Beyond Belief.

Some examples of the marvels of memory would seem entirely incredible had they not been given to us upon the highest authority. Cyrus knew the name of each soldier in his army. It is also related of Themistocles that he could tell by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to 20,000. Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew all his 80,000 soldiers by their right names.

Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age because he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 names in the order in which they were read to him, and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies, 200 unconnected verses having been recited by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reverse order, proceeding from the last to the first.

Thomas Cranmer committed to memory in three months an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician, could repeat the "Æneid," and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word. It is said that Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all of Homer, Virgil and Horace, besides many other works.

THE SCIENCE OF A LIGHT.

Cheap Acetylene Gas Was Discovered by an Accident.

Cheap commercial acetylene gas was discovered by accident. Willson, a scientific experimenter, believed that nearly all metallic oxides could be reduced to a metallic state by heating them to an extremely high temperature by the voltaic arc in the presence of free carbon. Aluminium had been successfully reduced in this way. Mr. Willson wished to obtain metallic calcium. He therefore mixed a quantity of quicklime with pulverized coke and brought the mixture to a high temperature by the action of the voltaic arc. He expected to obtain a white metal, but instead he appeared to produce nothing but slag. This was thrown into the yard, and one day at noon while the boys were having their luncheon they picked up these bits of slag and threw them at each other. One piece fell into a pail of water and produced a bubbling effect and a strong odor. This attracted Mr. Willson's attention, and upon investigation he found that the strong smelling gas was extremely inflammable. Further investigation revealed that it was pure acetylene gas.—Sir Hiram Maxim in Harper's Weekly.

The Healthful Uphill Walk.

The best way to get oxygen into the blood is to walk a mile uphill two or three times a day, keeping the mouth closed and expanding the nostrils. This beats all other methods. During such a walk every drop of blood in the body will make the circuit of the lungs and stream, red and pure, back to its appointed work of cleansing and repairing wornout tissues. Recreation piers are coming into use at seaports, and people are being advised to use balconies and fire escapes in the fresh air treatment of consumption. The uphill walk, as a prophylactic and curative measure in many chronic ailments dependent upon a weak condition of the heart, lungs and blood vessels, would prove invaluable.—Medical Brief.

When Digestion Is Perfect.

Moderation in diet has more to do with prolonging human life than any other one thing. A proper dietetic regimen, once attained, brings all the rest in its train. Sleep, exercise, cleanliness, equanimity of spirit, all hang upon it. Life is not only prolonged, but is constantly enjoyed, most of its minor annoyances vanishing when digestion is perfect. Pay no attention to fads. They give rise to too much introspection, and that is bad for every one.—Roger S. Tracy in Century.

The Boston Maid.

Mary—I think I be like the boss' coat; I'm made to order. Mistress—Well, Mary, you certainly are not a ready maid article.—Boston Transcript.

They All Do.

Mother—Dickie, what do you want for a birthday present? Dickie—I want to be my own boss.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Patient's Excuse.

Physician—I told you to come three times a week. Why haven't you been here for five days? Patient—Because I haven't been feeling well enough.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Way of It.

Green—You and Short don't seem to be as intimate as you were. Does he owe you money? Brown—No, indeed; but he wanted to.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Opposition imbitters the enthusiast, but never converts him.—Schiller.

His View and Hers.

He—As for me, life isn't worth the living without you. She—As for me, the living you earn isn't worth the life.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue.—Sidney.

Women seldom deceive their husbands. The men are egotistical enough to deceive themselves.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

FREAK HOUSES.

Dwellings In Which Ladders Took the Place of Stairways.

Years ago a story was told of a naval officer who wanted a house built to please his own taste in every detail. He drew the plans himself, placed them in the hands of a builder and instructed him to see that they were carried out in every detail. Then he went to sea for a year's cruise. When he returned home the house had been completed with the utmost regard for the plans and specifications left by the officer. He was taken through the first floor and expressed the utmost pleasure in everything he saw.

"Now," he said, "we will go upstairs and see the second floor."

"Come right out this way where we have a ladder," replied the builder.

The seafaring man was astonished. He had planned the house with the greatest care, but forgot to provide for a stairway.

The story of the naval officer has never had a certificate of genuineness attached to it, but an actual case in which a house has been built without a stairway is on record in Washington. It finally became the home of the late John Boyle, who was for many years chief clerk of the navy department and who died in 1854, leaving a large estate. The house in question stood on the site now occupied by a brewery below the naval observatory. It was a pretentious old mansion, located in what was a very stylish section during the days of the elder John Boyle, who came to this country in the early years of the nineteenth century. The record is not clear as to why the house was constructed without a staircase, but there is no doubt about the fact.—Washington Star.

GLOVES IN EARLY DAYS.

They Were Often Made to Represent the Man Who Wore Them.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people, as it is now, by the government and the law courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough and ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.

For example, to open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy, or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows, I can't open the fair in person, but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove I will attend to him; that's all!" So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.—St. Nicholas.

Old Time Carving Terms.

In an old number of a magazine issued more than a century ago we lighted upon a list of different terms used at "tables of elegance" in the days when Queen Charlotte came as the bride of the young and handsome king. From this list it would appear that nothing in the way of game was to be carved. The correct phrase was to "cut up" a turkey, to "rear" a goose, to "unlace" a hare or rabbit, to "wing" a partridge or a quail, to "allay" a pheasant, to "dismember" a heron, to "thigh" a woodcock, to "display" a crane and to "lift" a swan. Beef and mutton were "carved," of course, and the sporting men prided themselves by using appropriate sporting terms when the spoil of their morning's work made its final appearance on the table.—Modern Society.

Our Double Selves.

In a form of experience which is almost as common as ordinary dreaming we see that the semisomnolent self possesses a faculty not always given to the waking self. Compared with my own waking self, for instance, my half asleep self is almost a personality of genius. He can create visions that the waking self can remember but cannot originate and cannot trace to any memory of waking impressions. These apparently trivial things thus point to the existence of almost wholly submerged potentialities in a mind so everyday, commonplace and, so to speak, superficial as mine.

All In the Expression.

Hamfatte—When I asked Brown how he liked my Othello he said it was all that one could wish.

Hamlette—Yes; he told me the same thing, only he expressed it differently.

Hamfatte—How's that?

Hamlette—Well, when I asked him how he liked it he said he certainly got all he wanted of it.—Indianapolis Sun.

Her Experience.

Professor—In China criminals are often sentenced to be kept awake until insanity and death result. Now, how do you suppose they keep them from falling asleep? Little Girl (oldest in a small family)—I expect they give 'em a baby to take care of.

If it were not for bores it would be very difficult for us to realize what eternity is.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Natural Executor.

"I don't wish to be rude, Banks, but you'd make an excellent executioner."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, you have such a natural aptitude for minding other people's business."

Sensible.

Father—But are you sure he is a sensible young man? Daughter—Oh, yes papa. Why, he's the only one of our amateur theatrical club who hasn't professional aspirations.—Puck.

There are two powers at which men should never grumble—the weather and their wives.—Disraeli.

Wall Street Proverb.

"A fool and his money," remarked the observer of events and things, "soon get on the opposite sides of the market."—Yonkers Statesman.

Don't throw away the ladder by which you climbed. Use it for kindling wood.—Smart Set.

HOME SAVINGS BANK
(Incorporated 1869)
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles
— AND —
Food Products
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Also, a new and well selected stock of
GROCERIES.
W. J. Buckman
No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 104-7.

Winslow, Rand & Waton's celebrated
High Life Coffee
AND
Winslow Chop Tea
FOR SALE AT
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
☞ We give Green Stamps.
Telephone 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn
Telephone 108-2.

..Are.. You Particular
About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.
Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29-4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks.
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54-3.

J. E. Herrick, Jr
BUILDER.
Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Office: 439 Main St., Woburn
SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.
Telephone 103-4.

To Let.
Two Modern Flats.
Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent low.
Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.
Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office 349 Main St., Woburn.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

ALEXANDROVITCH

By WILLIAM H. OSBORNE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.

Alexandrovitch was a man with a memory—a memory of death. Alexandrovitch was still young, almost a boy, but he was younger then, when he had met death and walked part way with her hand in hand. It was summer now, but then it had been winter. Alexandrovitch, for the nonce cast out of good employment, had started in on Shankowitch's mare to trudge from one village to another.

He did not make a fine appearance altogether. His clothes were thin, and he had tied his hands and feet in burlaps—burlaps picked up in the gutter—and he had started off. Remember, this had been some years ago. He had started out, bending his muscular body to the gale, pressing on in the teeth of the wind.

He had started out; that was all. He remembered but little else, for he was but one-third of the way out of Nodolosk when the blizzard struck him. But on he went, running briskly to keep the blood warm in his limbs and following the road as best he could. And then there had come a time when he felt his very soul freeze within him. He cried aloud in agony. But he pressed on.

Suddenly all this was changed. In place of the cold a drowsy warmth spread over him. He thought that he was lying wrapped in furs before some great log fire. Red flames danced before his eyes. Alexandrovitch thought that he danced and laughed aloud, he felt so comfortable. But he did not. He was simply staggering through the deep snow, his head lolling from side to side and his dark eyes staring at vacancy. Finally he pitched headforemost.

"Ah," muttered Alexandrovitch to himself pleasantly, "this is indeed a bed of down! Now shall I sleep and sleep and sleep."

And Alexandrovitch slept. And the blizzard roared about him. It was a strange thing that but twelve feet to the right of Alexandrovitch there was a small cottage, almost covered with the snow. Inside was a young girl, the daughter of Abram Saratovsky. Saratovsky was a Jew, a Russian Jew. There was but one window to this cottage, and in this window sat the young girl, closely wrapped up in a rug, for the cold entered and the snow drifted in through the pane of glass. She was peering out, watching the storm. Now the snow dashed against the house and blinded her. Then with a sudden gust it would blow away and open up a wide vista outdoors. During one of these swirls the girl caught a glimpse of something dark that lay prone upon a bed of snow. She shuddered. This girl was alone. The family had gone to market at a nearby village. There they would stay until the storm had spent its force. Anna Saratovsky peered out at the dark spot in the snow. Obeying a sudden impulse, she rose and ventured to the door. Then she returned.

"It is nothing," she assured herself. "It is not a man. I am seeing sights. It is the storm." Again she peered out. "It is—it is a man," she exclaimed to herself—"a man who will surely freeze to death!"

She gathered her rug close about her. Then with sudden energy she threw open the little door and staggered, buffeted by the storm, across the space of twelve feet. It might just as well have been twelve yards. The storm, which had designs upon Alexandrovitch, prevented her from reaching him. But only for a time. Making an extra effort, she cast off the rug that hampered her, and then, with a sudden leap, she plunged forward and fell prone upon the dark object by the roadside. The object stirred.

"He is alive," exclaimed Anna Saratovsky—"alive, and I must save him!"

The next few moments made a woman out of a mere girl. The work of those few moments was the work of a lifetime. But she did it. Fifteen minutes later Anna Saratovsky was rubbing with snow the hands and face and feet of a strong young man, who was fair to look upon, and all the fairer because he was in the valley of the shadow of death. At last she was rewarded. Alexandrovitch slowly opened his eyes and looked into the face of a beautiful young girl. "You are one of the angels up in heaven," he murmured.

She shook her head. "I am Anna Saratovsky," she answered.

And all this was some years ago.

In Anna Saratovsky's village Alexandrovitch lived and moved and had his being. He was a Russian, and she was a Jewess, but to him she was one of the angels up in heaven.

It was early summer in the village. One night without a sound 200 men stole each from his house and met under cover of the darkness in the market place. Suddenly a mighty shout went up from them.

"The Jews! The Jews!" they cried. "Death to the Jews!" That was the beginning; after that, battle, murder, sudden death, blood and fire, fire and blood. The men were Russians; their neighbors were the Jews. Each man turned upon his neighbor; each man armed himself and struck and struck and struck to kill. They entered home after home, dragging the innocents in to the streets and slaughtering them like cattle. Alexandrovitch was a Russian. He, too, sought a house. He was almost too late. Two people of the name of Saratovsky lay weltering in blood. They lay there at their doorpost, where Alexandrovitch had lain so many months before. Alexandrovitch looked upon them. His heart bled with pity.

"If one could only have foreseen all this!" he cried. "If I could have but known!" He shuddered not with fear, but with dread. He heard footsteps in the house.

"Anna—Anna Saratovsky!" he cried in a low voice. He heard an inarticulate sound. Alexandrovitch strode over the dead. He sought the living. He peered into the house. In a corner a silent struggle—a struggle to the death—was being fought. It was a young girl, Anna Saratovsky, gagged, but with free hands that she had torn clear of their bonds, fighting for dear life against two men. It did not last long, for Alexandrovitch was there. He sprang into the midst and struck out right and left.

"So, so, Boroski," he cried to one of the men. "It is you who are the dastard. That for you, Boroski! And that for you, Mongolovitch!"

These two men were men that Alexandrovitch knew as well as he knew his brother, but it was all one now, for there was murder in the heart of Alexandrovitch, even as there had been murder in the heart of the two men, for Alexandrovitch was fighting for something more than his own life, and he was a maniac for the instant—a wild beast. Finally he drew his hand across his brow and turned to Anna Saratovsky. Then he stepped back and opened a rear door.

"Anna Saratovsky," he said, "thy father and thy mother are beyond all aid; none can help them now. We must even leave them where they are. The Holy Mother will protect them. Come thou with me, Anna Saratovsky." He did not give her time to hesitate. He caught her in his arms and forced her through the open door.

"Fly, Anna Saratovsky!" he whispered in her ear. "Fly, for the flying death comes after us."

It was a wild flight, that night of the dread massacre. But at last the two had left pursuit behind. As the day began to break Alexandrovitch reached forth his arm and lifted from the ground the form of the fainting girl. Then with his precious burden he struck across the country. He reached a small, secluded and deserted stable. With the girl still in his arms he entered. They crouched there in a corner. Suddenly the girl burst into hysterical weeping. "My father and my mother!" she exclaimed. "My father and my mother!"

Alexandrovitch comforted her. There was a long silence between them. Suddenly Alexandrovitch bent down his head. "Little one," he whispered, "thou art alone in this wide world. Thou didst save me once from death. My life belongs to you and yours to me. Let us go through life together, little one. Today our faith is one—our creed is love."

Anna Saratovsky clung to him. "Whither thou goest," she whispered, "I will go. Where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God."

Miss Rose Hennessy, well known as a poetess and elocutionist, of Lexington, Ky., tells how she was cured of uterine inflammation and ovaritis by the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been so blessedly helped through the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** that I feel it but just to acknowledge it, hoping that it may help some other woman suffering as I did.

"For years I enjoyed the best of health and thought that I would always do so. I attended parties and receptions thinly clad, and would be suddenly chilled, but I did not think of the results. I caught a bad cold eighteen months ago while menstruating, and this caused inflammation of the womb and congested ovaries. I suffered excruciating pains and kept getting worse. My attention was called to your **Vegetable Compound** and the wonderful cures it had performed, and I made up my mind to try it for two months and see what it would do for me. Within one month I felt much better, and at the close of the second I was entirely well.

"I have advised a number of my lady friends to use it, and all express themselves as well satisfied with the results as I was."—MISS ROSE NORA HENNESSY, 410 S. Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove beyond a question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble and at once, by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a normal and healthy condition.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—About two years ago I consulted a physician about my health which had become so wretched that I was no longer able to be about. I had severe backache, bearing-down pains, pains across the abdomen, was very nervous and irritable, and this trouble grew worse each month. The physician prescribed for me, but I soon discovered that he was unable to help me, and I then decided to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and soon found that it was doing me good. My appetite was returning, the pains disappearing, and the general benefits were well marked.

"You cannot realize how pleased I was, and after taking the medicine for only three months, I found that I was completely cured of my trouble, and have been well and hearty ever since, and no more fear the monthly period, as it now passes without pain to me. Yours very truly, MISS PEARL ACKERS, 327 North Summer St., Nashville, Tenn."

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health more than a million women, you cannot well say without trying it "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, do not hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Her advice is free and helpful. Write to-day. Delay may be fatal.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Different From a Mountain.

A certain Philadelphian, who is at once a minister of the gospel and a registered physician, had an amusing experience in his attempt to corner a Christian Scientist, according to the Philadelphia Ledger.

Every time they met this scientist took occasion to scoff at medical science and to dwell upon the wonders that could be performed through faith.

"You are convinced that through faith you can do anything," said the medical man one day.

"Yes," he replied; "faith will move mountains."

A week later he was in the doctor's office with a swollen jaw, due to toothache.

"What! You here?" the doctor exclaimed, with feigned astonishment.

"Oh, doctor," he said, "I have suffered agony all through the night. I simply can't stand this pain any longer."

"Have you tried faith?" the physician asked him. "You know you told me faith could move mountains."

"But this is a cavity, doctor."

A Worthy Man.

When William E. Chandler was in the United States senate he was visited by a delegation from his home town, Concord, N. H. The object was to have Mr. Chandler assist in selecting a candidate for mayor of Concord. Name after name was offered to the senator only to be rejected. Finally a delegate who was not especially pleasing to Mr. Chandler asked: "Well, who in thunder do you want, anyway? How are we going to know when a man does possess the qualities that will entitle him to your approval?"

"When you find a man who isn't ashamed to show respect for women, love for children and animals and who will walk to the edge of the sidewalk at midnight when no one is watching to do his expectorating into the street you may be sure that he possesses all the civic virtues and is fully worthy of any office you may be able to give him," was the quiet response.

Washington Named It.

The question, "Who named the Empire State?" is often asked, but seldom properly answered. General Washington is the man to whom that and many other honors belong. In his reply to the "address of the common council of New York city" the great general said: "I pray that heaven bestow its choicest blessings on your city; that a well regulated and beneficial commerce may enrich your citizens, and that your state, at present the seat of empire, may set such examples of wisdom and liberality as shall have a tendency to strengthen and give a permanency to the Union at home and credit and respectability abroad."

This is, of course, an inferential allusion, but was the origin of New York's popular name nevertheless.

Good Fortune.

Mr. Backlotz (enviously)—She has the greatest luck in selecting servant girls. Mrs. Backlotz—Don't talk nonsense! You mean she has great luck in having servant girls select her.—Exchange.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

MOODS AND TEARS.

One Woman's Views About Weeping at Theatrical Performances.

"There is just this about crying at the theater," said the average woman—"you'll cry if you're in the mood for it and you won't if you're not, no matter how harrowing or nonharrowing the play may be. Like most average women, I rarely cry either at the theater or anywhere, but I long ago discovered that it depends entirely upon my mood at the time. I once went to a genuine comedy and found the tears filling my eyes just because I happened to be blue at the time, and I've been at many a play with all the women round me mopping their eyes and drying their pocket handkerchiefs on their fans while I, being for some reason or other uplifted, sat there dry eyed, almost smiling.

"No matter what my mood, however, the thing sure to keep me from weeping at the theater is any emotional display on the part of her who is with me. I can attend the weepiest kind of a play unmoved with my sister, for she starts in way ahead of time, making me feel more like laughing than crying, and then when the true lachrymose opportunity arrives it finds me pathos proof. This is the only way by which I may make myself immune from weeping at theaters upon all occasions."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TIPPING IN LONDON.

No End to the Fees to Servitors In Restaurants.

As an old Londoner I have seen changes in the manners of the city which amount to a complete transformation. I remember well the time when there wasn't really a good restaurant in all London and when men had to be content with dining and supping in the back parlors of public houses. You got very good food in those dark, low ceilinged, stuffy rooms, and I remember when you were considered to be doing very well when you handed the somewhat time worn an ill clad waiter twopence or threepence as a tip.

Nowadays you go into a restaurant which is palatial, and you see men, especially if they belong to the Stock Exchange, giving huge tips that in olden times would have paid the price of a whole dinner for half a dozen friends. And the tipping never seems to end. You tip one waiter for one thing and another for another, and you tip the carver, and then you tip the man who gives you your wine, and as you are leaving you tip the porter who puts on your coat and the other porter who calls your cab. It is, in fact, becoming almost impossible for men of moderate means to go to most of the restaurants of today.—M. A. P.

HEAT AND MOTION.

Various Theories About the Connection Between These Agents.

The idea that heat is a kind of motion was entertained by Plato, who makes Socrates say: "For heat and fire which generate and sustain other things are themselves begotten by impact and friction, but this is motion. Are not these the origin of fire?"

Bacon defined heat to be "a motion acting in its strife upon the smaller particles of bodies." Newton, Boyle and Hooke considered heat to be motion. Locke described it as "a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts of the objects which produces to us that sensation from whence we denominate the object hot; so what in our sensation is heat in the object is nothing but motion. This appears by the way heat is produced, for we see that the rubbing of a brass nail upon a board will make it very hot."

Many scientific men have held heat to be matter, and in spite of Rumford's vigorous exposition of its fallacy this material theory held its ground until a comparatively recent date, when Sir H. Davy took up the subject and by his experiments proved conclusively that this view is unsound.

Causeway of Bending Pillars.

Nature has hewn many upright pillars from the rock at various prehistoric periods, but so far as is known she has completed but one group of bending pillars. The causeway at Staffa, in Scotland, is after this original design. The stone shafts rise perpendicularly to a height of fifty or sixty feet, when they curve inward in a long, sweeping line at once graceful and massive. In some places a perfect Roman arch has been formed in this way. The formations are so symmetrical as to suggest the hand of the architect.

Antiquity of Pins.

Pins of various sorts have been in existence ever since our "first parents" clothed themselves in palm leaves which grew wild in the garden of Eden. As a matter of fact, pins claim a very high antiquity, the earliest form being a natural thorn, which is still used to some extent for fastening the dress by the peasant women of upper Egypt. In prehistoric times pins were also made of the small bones of fish and animals.

Of Course Not.

"Marriage," remarked the moralizer, "is a lottery."

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "but it's one of the games of chance that clergymen do not try to discourage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Usual Thing.

Mrs. Knowitt—I hear you celebrated your silver wedding last week. Mrs. Wise—No. To judge from the presents we received I think it was our silver plated wedding.—Chicago Journal.

Success may sometimes come unexpectedly, but work alone can hold it.—Murray.

The First Riding Lesson.

The pupil of a good riding master is usually disappointed at not being allowed to do more at the first lesson. He expects to mount the horse at once, start off with a trot and wind up with a canter. He is a little annoyed upon finding that the first lesson consists almost wholly of oral instruction and a great part of it on foot at that. If the master is conscientious he will not permit the anxiety to be off and doing to interfere with a proper understanding of the A B C of the art. Should the beginner apply at one of the big riding academies in New York for instruction the first lesson will begin with the leading by a groom of a horse, bridled and saddled, into the center of the ring. The riding master and the pupil take their stand close by, and the former begins to explain painstakingly the various parts of the saddle and bridle and their purposes. Before anything further is attempted the pupil must be able to answer simple questions in regard to the pommel and the cantle, the curb and the snaffle, and to know the uses of the two bits.

INDIA RUBBER.

The Second Voyage of Columbus Gave It Publicity.

The first notice of india rubber dates back 500 years, when Herrera, a Spanish historian, during the second voyage of Columbus, saw that "the natives of Haiti played with balls made of the gum of a tree, which were lighter and bounced better than the wind balls of Castile."

In a record published in Madrid, 1615, we are told: "There is a tree which the Indians call ulequahuitl, very high, with round, ashy gray leaves. It yields a milky substance, thick and gummy, in great abundance, which is collected and allowed to settle in calabashes and afterward softened in hot water or smeared over the body and rubbed off when sufficiently dry."

Even at that early date Spaniards used the juice of the ule tree to waterproof their cloaks.

The first accurate account of these gum elastic or caoutchouc trees was furnished by La Condamine, who was sent in 1735 by the French government to measure an arc of the meridian near Quito.

It was introduced into Europe as a drug about 1730, and some fifty years later was used commercially as rubber for pencil marks and to waterproof clothing.

THE WATER LOTUS.

A Plant That Has the Power of Purifying Standing Water.

There is a plant growing in the southern waters of the United States which possesses the singular property of being able to render the most impure standing water perfectly healthy. The people of Louisiana and Mississippi call it the water lotus.

It consists of leaves about the size of the head of a pin and roots so fine as to escape notice save under a microscopic inspection. Where it grows at all, it covers the water and to the casual observer looks like a coating of green scum. The flowers and seeds are microscopic, so that its appearance in any given locality is not readily accounted for, but wherever it does appear the water beneath is always fit to drink.

So marked is this property that families using the water from bayous where the lotus is abundant are known to have better general health than those taking their drinking water from places where the lotus is not found. It is often transplanted into ponds, bayous and lakes, spreads with wonderful rapidity and never fails to do its work well.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOMES OF HEALING.

The History of Hospitals Begins With the First Century.

The temple at Epidaurus was founded by Antoninus Pius at the end of the first century A. D. in honor of Æsculapius, Homer's blameless physician. Beyond the sacred inclosure was a building for the reception of the sick and dying, which Strabo describes as a place renowned for the cure of all diseases, always full of invalids and containing votive tablets descriptive of cures.

About 380 A. D. a hospital was founded by Valens and richly endowed by him at Cæsarea, and another at Rome by Fabiola, a wealthy Roman widow, for the reception of the sick poor.

Basil is said by Gregory, the presbyter, to have built a large hospital for lepers with money collected for the purpose. The Hotel Dieu in Paris, founded in the seventh century, and two founded in 1080 by Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, were both connected with monastic establishments. Bartholomew's, 1547, and St. Thomas', 1553, are the oldest hospitals in London and were both originally religious foundations.

Omens In Tea.

When the tea is made and the lid of the teapot is forgotten for a minute or two it is a sure sign that some one will drop in for the meal. Two spoons put by chance into the saucer of a maid or a bachelor denote that he or she will be married within a year. Putting cream into your tea before you sweeten it will bring you love troubles. A tea stalk floating in a girl's teacup is a "beau." She should stir her tea briskly and then hold the spoon upright in the center. If the "beau" be attracted toward the spoon and cling to it a gentleman visitor may be expected some time that evening. If, however, the "beau" goes to the side of the cup the visitor will not come that day.

Messages of War.

Among the natives of Australia notched and carved sticks are used for messages. For instance, a piece of wood carried from one village to another with straight and curved lines cut upon it is a message of war and means: "There is a fight on hand. Fetch your spears and boomerangs."

The North American Indians utilized wampum belts from time immemorial for like purposes. The arrangement of the different colored beads conveyed the signification desired.

Playing Safe.

"Look here, sir! You have been calling on my daughter every night for the past six months!"

"But I can't afford to get married, sir, and if I call on any other girl I'm afraid I might fall in love with her."—Smart Set.

What Did She Mean?

Alice—Yes, I accepted George at once. I knew when he proposed to me he was wholly unselfish. Bertha—Oh, nobody could ever have any doubt about that!—Boston Transcript.

The easiest way to get along with some people is to let them think they are right.—Atchison Globe.

Painter and Tavern Keeper.

Mariotto Albertinelli, who lived in the fourteenth century, was a painter who spent much time in endeavoring to produce certain mixtures in oil. He was not very successful and objected so much to the criticism he received that he gave up painting and kept a tavern, but his name as a painter still lives, while his tavern keeping record has passed away.

A Schemer Spotted.

"The young man talks a great deal about his estates abroad."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "he's like one or two others who wanted to marry into the family. He's anxious to trade his imaginary estate for some of my real estate."—Washington Star.

Haven't We?

"But," said the Englishman, "you have nothing to see over here—nothing in the way of grand old things that have long since fallen into disuse."

"We haven't, eh? Wait till I get you a copy of the city ordinances."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 6.

Text of the Lesson, Mark iv, 35-41. Memory Verses, 37-39—Golden Text, Ps. cvii, 29—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

While the lesson committee seems to have had no regard to the sequence or order of events, there is no event in the life of Christ, nor is there any record in all Scripture, in which we may not find unfathomed of breadths and lengths and depths and heights of eternal realities for our soul's nourishment and growth. After the events of the Sabbath day lesson which we had two weeks ago it is probable that Jesus chose the twelve apostles, repeated part of the sermon on the mount on a plain, healed the centurion's servant, raised the widow's son, answered John's messengers and was anointed in Simon the Pharisee's house.

In the latter chapter the account of the stilling of the storm is immediately preceded by His wonderful words, "My mother and my brethren are these which hear the word of God and do it" (Luke viii, 21), and somewhat similar are His words in Matt. xii, 50, "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother and sister and mother." Let us yield fully to the will of God, to do or to suffer, and enter into the joy of this marvelous relationship and hear Him day by day say to us: "Let us pass over." "Let us go" (verse 35; John xiv, 31). He leads; we follow. He commands; we obey. He works; we yield ourselves to Him that He may work in us and through us all His good pleasure.

It was evening when they started to cross the lake, and He had just finished speaking many parables and teaching them many things and was evidently weary in body. That may possibly be the significance of Mark's remark, "They took Him even as He was." As they sailed He fell asleep, possibly while communing with His Father about the events of the day, for He was truly a man, and the great storm that suddenly swept down upon the lake did not awaken Him. There was nothing in His soul but perfect peace, and such a mind can sleep quietly under any circumstances. Even I, a sinner saved by grace, have proved it in storms at sea and dangers on land. He has told us that we shall meet storms as we journey day by day, but peace through all is our privilege (John xiv, 1, 27; xvi, 33; Matt. xxiv, 6). Ofttimes He seems to us to be indifferent as to what is happening to us, but He does care always, and I Cor. x, 13, stands, and no trial ever continues longer than is really necessary for His glory and for our highest good.

As to perishing, it is impossible for a vessel to be lost that has Christ in it. It is impossible for one of His sheep to perish, and His own word stands to that effect in John x, 27-29, and there is nothing in the word that can possibly contradict those precious words of His, for all is written by the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit cannot contradict Himself. Let Phil. i, 6; II Tim. i, 12, confirm the above passage, and let I John ii, 19, explain why some who seem to be His wander away. As to Heb. vi, 4-6, some one has well said that each statement there might have been true of Balaam or Judas Iscariot, who certainly never were redeemed.

Calmly our Lord slept through all the storm, calmly He arose when they awoke Him and calmly He uttered His mighty "Peace, be still!" and there was a great calm. The first Adam was given dominion over all things, but he soon lost it. In the last Adam all shall be fully restored, and this is but a sample of the dominion that shall be ours with Him over all things, and even over death itself (I Cor. xv, 24-28; Rev. v, 9, 10). One has said that the destructive powers of creation are, because of man's sin, in the service of evil spirits, but our Lord has all power in heaven and on earth. He is the Prince of Peace. He is the Peace of God, and where He rules there will always be a great calm (Col. iii, 15; Isa. ix, 6, 7; xxxii, 1, 17). Why troubled? Why fearful? Why weeping? Why so little faith? (Verse 40; Matt. viii, 26; Luke xxiv, 38; John xx, 13.)

These are the questions He asks of His disciples, and they are very pertinent questions always, and perhaps for you just now. The answers might be various, such as: Lord, I can't see that Thou lovest me when things are as they are with me. I can't seem to feel thy presence, Lord. I have prayed earnestly, and there seems to be no answer. My enemies threaten me, my friends fail me, my health is gone, I have no assurance of salvation, etc. Whatever the cause of unrest, you see it is all I, my, me, self occupation or seeing the waves and the storm. The remedy is seeing Jesus, hearing His voice, seeing Him work, believing His love and resting in it, our hearts crying, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid!" or "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee" (Isa. xii, 2; Ps. lvi, 3, 11).

Yes, even the wind and the sea obey Him, all creatures obey Him, fishes great and small, lions and all wild beasts and birds, all angels and all the orbs in the universe, and only men and demons are in rebellion; but yet to Him every knee shall yet bow to the glory of God the Father (Phil. ii, 10, 11). The lost shall acknowledge that He is just as they are sent away by Him to their own place, while all the redeemed shall rejoice in His righteous reign. What manner of man is this? He is the Son of Man, Son of David, Son of Abraham, God manifest in the flesh.

Man the Slave.

It has taken ages of repression to bring the husband and father to his present condition of abject slavery to the wife and mother. He is the victim of a process that began in the garden of Eden and gives no promise of ending until he is called to the reward that awaits the humble on the other and brighter shore.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Putting Words In Her Mouth.

"I declare," said Bella sweetly, "your thoughts run exactly in unison with mine, Augustus. I had those very words in my mouth."

"Yes, and I saw him put 'em there, too," said little Tommy, who had seen the kissing going on.

An Investigator.

"Yes, our boy has shown a remarkable talent for music. He wants to get at the very source of it, as it were."

"What proof have you of this?"

"Why, he knocked in the heads of three drums in as many days."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POTASH MINES.

They Are All In Prussia and Supply the Entire World.

The potash which is dug from the royal Prussian mines, located at Strassfurt, ninety miles from Berlin, is the sole source of the world's supply. Before the mines were discovered the best substitute which could be found for the product was wood ash, such as the southern plantations used in the old days for making lye soap. The Prussian mines are twenty-seven in number and were devoted to the production of salt before rock salt was discovered.

When the new variety of salt was given to the world the Prussian mines were temporarily abandoned, and in a few years a search for rock salt was instituted. The salt was found, but in a badly adulterated condition, and an analysis of the adulterant revealed the fact that it was the most valuable part of the mineral. The potash was at once turned to use as commercial fertilizer.

The mines are controlled by a syndicate. They employ 21,000 men and yield 1,200 car loads a day of potash. Of the entire output 75 per cent is used for agricultural purposes, while the remainder is used for chemical purposes. It is largely utilized in the cyanide process of extracting gold from the ore.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MILITARY STORIES.

A Soldier Who Was Punished and a Bugler Who Was Excused.

From one of the French naval ports comes an interesting story of an incident which recently occurred there. A general holding a high command made his appearance suddenly at the barracks of an infantry regiment, which, in obedience to his orders, was promptly drawn up in the yard. Then he explained the reason in a brief address. He said that as he was walking in the town attired in mufti on the previous day a man belonging to the corps, who was the worse for liquor, accosted him rudely and asked him to stand him a drink. "Let him step out of the ranks," he concluded. Immediately a bugler emerged and, saluting, said, "It is I, mon general."

The incident is characteristic, and apropos of it we are reminded of such an adventure which befell a certain French marshal. A grenadier who was exasperated at some injustice that had been done him pointed his pistol at the marshal and pulled the trigger, but it did not go off. Without moving a muscle the veteran cried, "Four days in the cells for keeping your arms in a bad state!"

The bugler's honesty can scarcely have failed to be an extenuation of his offense in the eyes of the general.

THE WORD "HUSSAR."

It Is Hungarian and Originally Meant a Freebooter.

Hussar is a Hungarian word meaning originally a freebooter or free lance. These men, strong, active, hardy, accustomed to capture and tame herds of wild horses, were brought into military service by Corvinus, the boy king, in 1442 and became the finest body of light cavalry in the world. The suggested derivation from the Magyar—huszt, twenty, and ar, pay (one horseman raised by twenty families)—is only a fanciful one. The name spread into all armies, and hussars of all nations are distinguished by uniforms of brilliant colors and elaborate ornament. Two characteristics are the dolman and the busby, with its scarlet cloth attachment, a survival of the narrow Magyar bag, which fell over the left shoulder as a protection against sword cuts.

The word dragoon was first used of a regiment of mounted infantry, so called from the dragons or short muskets with which they were armed. The head of a dragon, wrought on the muzzle of the muskets, seemed to spit fire and at one time was depicted on their standard.

Peculiar Land Tenure Custom.

At Chingford, in Essex, England, an estate is held by a very strange condition. Whenever it passes into new hands the owner, with his wife, manservant and maidservant, comes on horseback to the parsonage and pays his homage by blowing three blasts upon a horn. He carries a hawk upon his fist and his servant has a greyhound in the slip, both for the use of the rector for that day. He receives a chicken for the hawk, a peck of oats for his horse and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. After dinner the owner blows three more blasts, and then, with his party, withdraws from the rectory.

The Color Violet.

It is said that of all colors violet is the one most stimulating to the eye coats and that the electric light, and more especially that given out by the large lamps used in many public places, is rich in violet rays. It is claimed violet dresses and draperies are responsible for many eye "cases" and for not a few of the skin troubles about which the dermatologist is frequently consulted.

Look Up.

The troubles of people are unnecessarily multiplied by the fact that they are forever looking down instead of up, which is only another way of saying that they live on a low plane instead of on a high one; that they breathe the miasmatic airs of the swamps instead of the pure ozone of the hills, and so miss the real meaning of the true happiness of life.

What He Wanted.

"A tall bride is the best looking, don't you think?"

"Well," replied the titled Englishman who had caught on to a little American slang, "so far as I am personally concerned I certainly am not looking for one who is 'short.'"—Chicago Post.

Blocking Him.

Carrie—I'm sure you misjudge Mr. Sweetser, papa. He is a man of great ambitions. You should hear him tell of the things he is going to do. Carrie's Papa—And I suppose I'm one of 'em, but I'll reckon he'll find it harder to accomplish than he fancies it is.

George Francis Train's Wit.

One of George Francis Train's sayings was: "People call me insane. I don't wonder. What would a village of peanuts say if a cocoanut rolled in among them?"

Teeth.

How strange it is that you tell a horse's age by the horse's teeth, but a chicken's age by your own!—Town Topics.

Don't say a man is shiftless. Be polite and say that he is too contented to ever get rich.—Atchison Globe.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

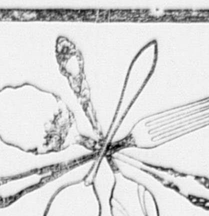
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan — Dominion
Anchor — Leyland
Cunard — White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.



"Silver Plate that Wears."

The trade mark

"1847 Rogers Bros."

on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 6 to

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

The Story of Toledo Cathedral.

The cathedral of Toledo is perhaps the finest architectural glory that Spain can boast. The site was occupied by at least three churches before the erection of the present building, the first one, according to popular legend, having been erected during the lifetime of the Virgin Mary and visited by her. Of this church we know nothing. The second was pulled down in 1032. The third was finished in 1085 and was occupied by the Moors for many years as a mosque. Afterward it was the cathedral of Spain, until in the early part of the thirteenth century Alfonso IX. had it pulled down and the present one erected in its stead. It is 404 feet long and 204 feet wide, is built from material quarried in the neighborhood and is of the purest Gothic. It was designed by Pedro Perez Diaz, who supervised its erection for nearly fifty years and consecrated his life to it. During the five centuries after his death more than 150 architects were employed upon it, and for 266 years the work was uninterrupted.—St. James Gazette.

Through Women's Eyes.

As a finely dressed woman entered the "L" train every other woman in the car eyed her clothes closely. "There," said a man to his wife, who was making a close inventory of the new arrival's dress, "that is what I don't like about women. They display such interest in other women's clothes. You see it everywhere—in parlors, at receptions and balls and in public conveyances. You never see men acting that way. I am inclined to believe this is owing to men's finer judgment as to what is proper. They know that to take note of another's dress is the height of bad manners, and they abstain from doing it."

"It is very nice of you, of course, to praise your own sex so," said his wife, "but your explanation is utterly wrong. The reason women notice one another's clothes is that every woman is practically a dressmaker, and when she sees a dress she views it with the interest of a professional."—New York Press.

Confederate Coinage.

It is a matter of history that the entire coinage of the Confederate states consisted of four half dollar pieces. The obverse side had a goddess of liberty (same as United States coins) in an arc of thirteen stars, in her right hand a shield of conventional design with "Liberty" thereon and below the date, 1861. On the reverse side was an American shield beneath a Liberty cap, the union containing seven stars—representing the seven seceding states—the whole surrounded by a wreath; at the left cotton in bloom, at the right sugar cane. The legend was "Confederate States of America." In the exergue, "Half Dol." The borders were milled and the edge was serrated.—New York Tribune.

Old Time Grave Robbers.

Under the laws of Draco, the most severe code ever drawn up, all grave robbers were put to death without trial. The old Athenian laws put a slave to death for disturbing a body after interment, but in the case of a freeman a "confiscation of a moiety of his possessions" was the penalty. Constantine decreed that a woman might obtain a divorce if she could prove that her husband had disturbed the remains of the dead. At one time (in the time of the seventh and eighth Henrys) the English law held that "it is deemed unlawful to open a grave for a second person, except for a husband or wife."

Vegetables of Liberia.

The most common vegetables of Liberia are the sweet potato, cassada, yam and tania. The cassada is a root varying in size from three to eight inches in length and from three to eight inches in circumference. When it is cooked it tastes very much like a fresh chestnut. This root is the vegetable most extensively cultivated by the natives and forms, with the rice, their chief diet. The fecula of the cassada is made from tapioca.

Stage Manners.

Stage managers still consider it necessary to keep the actors bustling about the stage in a meaningless, unnatural and distracting manner. In life I do not speak three or four sentences to my friend at one side of the room and then with him elaborately cross the room before I continue my discourse. Why should I do so on the stage?—London Academy.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1904. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 15.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.08, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.33, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.35 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M, and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON, (Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
241 Main St., Woburn

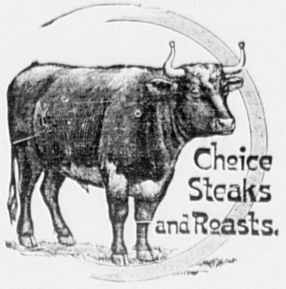
JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
309 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward


450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-2.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5 45, 6.00, 6 22 and every 15 minutes until 9 22 A. M.; then every 30 minutes until 12 52 P M.; then every 15 minutes until 7 22 P M., and then every 30 minutes until 11 22 P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10 37 A M.; then every 30 minutes until 2 07 P M.; then every 15 minutes until 8 37 P M.; then every 30 minutes until 12.07 P M.; 12.37 A M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A M. and every half hour until 1 22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P M; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8 07 A M; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10 07 P. M; every half hour to 12 07; then 12 30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
312	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Night Call At the Ferry

By Charles Sloan Reid

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Hal-loo-eh-hoo!"

It floated over the river, up the little ravine and in through the doorway of the cabin where Mat Wellesley sat looking out into the night.

"Hal-loo-eh-hoo!"

The hills, the sky, the rocks and the trees all were lost in one formless sea of darkness outside, but this was occasionally rifted by zigzag streaks of fire from the heavens, and Mat found a grim sort of enjoyment in watching these.

"Hal-loo-eh-hoo!"

For the third time the call for the ferryman came stealing through the darkness. Mat looked back into the cabin to where an old man lay stretched across a bed.

"Poor old dad!" she murmured. "It's a pity to wake him. He's so tired, and the old boat's a load. Seems to me the feller could just as well go back and stay the night at Amos Salter's as to want to make the crossin' on a night like this."

"Hal-loo-eh-hoo!"

Mat arose reluctantly.

"I reckon there's nothin' else for it," she said to herself, "but it's hard on dad."

She went to the bed and put her hand on the man's shoulder.

"Dad," she called in his ear, leaning forward.

But there was no response. She waited a moment, then dropped her hand upon his forehead.

"O-h, dad!" she exclaimed and fell to her knees, with a moan, by the side of the bed. The forehead was clammy to the touch, and an instinctive messenger of the truth had darted to the girl's heart—the old man was dead. Mat laid her ear over his heart, and another moan of horror escaped her lips.

"Hal-loo-eh-hoo!" came over the river, floated in through the cabin doorway and fell upon the girl's ears.

The ferryman would never more carry the boat over the river, and the terrible loneliness which came to Mat with the thought almost prostrated her. Alone, alone, alone with the dead, with the storm gathering outside and the voice on the breeze calling from over the river.

"Hal-loo-eh-hoo! Hal-loo-eh-hoo!" it came again.

But this time it brought a mite of comfort to the ear of the girl; it relieved a little of the loneliness. A sudden thought came to Mat's mind, and she rose and staggered to the doorway. Inflating her lungs, throwing out her chin and tiptoeing with the effort, she called out through the night:

"Hal-loo-eh-hal-loo-eh-hoo!"

It thrilled through the blackness of the sky, every tremor of it bearing the suffering of her breast. Mat wanted the companionship of a living human being through this night, and she had determined to take the boat over the river for the traveler. She had done it before in the daytime, and she did not fear the trial at night.

"Dad," she murmured, kneeling again by the bedside, "you will forgive me for leavin' you—you'll forgive me in heaven, I know, for leavin' you this little while, but I am so lonely."

She pressed her lips to the clammy brow and went out, closing the door behind her. Down the rugged ravine with nothing to guide her footsteps she made her way. She knew the big tree where the boat path led off from the main road to the landing place at the edge of the water, and she knew every inch of the path, which was now one with the unbroken darkness of everything. The roar of the river grew louder as she approached until she could hear the waves lapping the sides of the boat at her feet.

"Hal-loo-eh-hoo!" Mat called softly, and "Waitin'" came the answer from over the water.

Mat shoved off in the long bateau and carried it with all her might against the current of the stream.

"Hal-loo-eh-hoo!" she called again when near the opposite shore, and the traveler's answer told her she was making the landing safe.

But when the keel touched the sand Mat's strong arms gave way under the strain they had had to sustain.

"Get in, stranger," she said; "but I must rest before we go. It is days since I brought the boat over."

"Give me the blade. I'll take her back myself," said the man. "I can't see ye, little un, but I can tell by yer voice ye're a woman. I knew it the moment I heard yer answer from the hill on the other side. But where's the ferryman that ye're sent to bring me across?"

The stranger had pulled the boat into the stream, but it was some time before Mat answered his question. She was sitting in the stern end of the boat, with her chin on her bosom, shedding silent tears.

"The ferryman—the ferryman," she stammered at last, "is dead!"

"Since when?"

"Tonight."

"An' ye're alone?"

"Yes."

"H'm! When ye answered me tonight from over the river the cry brought a sadness to me heart. But who was the ferryman?"

"Abe Wellesley, my father."

"H'm, h'm!" muttered the man after several minutes' silence. And Mat knew that the oar had ceased to move in his hands.

But presently a few quick strokes made by the strong arms of the stranger carried the nose of the bateau out upon the sand of the shore.

"Landed!" said the man. And Mat was conscious of a softness in his tone that had not marked his first words.

"Lead the way," he added, as the girl brushed past him on the sand. "I'll try to follow."

Mat turned along the path, and the stranger kept close behind her.

"H'm, h'm!" he muttered again presently, and the tone of it brought fresh tears to Mat's eyes.

Toilsomely she led the way up the ravine, and the man kept track of her with a good degree of skill.

"If ye'd left the door open we might have had the light to lead us," he suggested.

But Mat shrugged her shoulders. "I—I couldn't do that," she said.

"No; I guess not." The stranger's voice had grown so wonderfully soft that Mat felt an impulse to fall back and put her hand upon his arm.

But now the faint light shining through the chinks outlined the cabin door to their eyes, and Mat soon caught the latchstring in her hand. But she paused. The horror of the death scene inside filled her with dread. The stranger came up the steps and stood beside her. It was a long silence. Mat stood with her head pressed against the door, the unpulled latchstring held in her hand. Presently the stranger's arm slipped about her waist, and the girl made no resistance.

"Did—did ye ever hear the old man say anything about Joe?" The words fell from his lips in whispers, but Mat caught them.

"Joe! Joe!" she exclaimed. "Yes; tell me, do you know anything of Joe?"

"I'm Joe."

Mat's hand suddenly drew tight the latchstring, and as the door swung inward she buried her face against the breast of the stranger.

"I wonder, dad," said the man a few minutes later as he bent over the corpse on the bed, "how many minutes too late I was. But I reckon ye know all about it now."

Weeks slipped by, and Joe Wellesley was doing the duties of the ferryman. The loneliness which had held Mat one awful moment had not come upon her again.

One day Joe came and sat down beside Mat on the cabin steps and lit his pipe.

"Ye were two years old when I left, Mat," he said presently, "an' of course ye don't remember me then. I was sixteen. There was a misunderstanding. Dad accused me o' takin' his weasel skin, with two gold pieces in it. Well, I hadn't done it, but I guessed who had, for the chap had skipped out. So I swore I'd follow him all over the west or have a confession from him, an' I got it."

Joe unfolded a paper, and Mat read a confession of theft.

"But it seems I got here too late with it, Mat."

Joe sucked his pipe slowly.

"But it warn't about that I wanted to talk particularly, Mat," he went on at length. "I reckon dad never did tell ye anything about yerself?"

"No. Why, Joe?" Mat sought his gaze.

"Never told ye that ye warn't his flesh an' blood daughter?"

"What are ye tellin' me, Joe?" Mat was holding her breath.

"Jest the truth, Mat. Your father an' mother were killed in a tornado, an' dad found you, without a scratch, in a haystack a hundred yards from the house. An' somehow I knowed after I left dad would never let on ye warn't his flesh an' bone."

Silence for some time.

"But I'm glad it's that way now, Mat, for I—I been thinkin' that if ye'd have me I don't see the use o' we two goin' different ways through this old world. What d'ye say, Mat?"

"I'm so glad we're no blood kin, Joe," the girl said softly as he drew her to him.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Saved by a Firefly.

In a night attack, before the fall of Seringapatam in 1799, a curious incident occurred while the British forces were returning in the dark through thickly planted bamboos and cocoa trees. The men were making for their quarters, as all imagined, when the suspicions of Lieutenant Lambton were aroused, and he assured General Baird, to whose staff he was attached, that the troops were actually marching on instead of from the enemy.

The guide was obstinate in asserting that he was leading them right, while the lieutenant declared that in the starlight he had clearly ascertained that, instead of moving to the southward, the troops were proceeding due north and were every moment approaching the point of danger.

General Baird called a halt, procured a pocket compass, and, putting a firefly on its glass, was speedily satisfied that he had been misled. Fortunately there was time to remedy the mistake, and he changed his line of march, jocularly observing that in future he should put more faith in the stars than he had done formerly.

The Woman's Proposal.

The real origin of the custom which grants women the privilege of the marriage proposal is unknown and is generally supposed to possess rather an uncertain foundation. However, one story says that St. Patrick decreed that women should be accorded the right to propose in leap year. Another professes to refer the right to an act of the Scottish parliament of 1228 which gave it to "Ilka Maiden" during the reign of "her maist blessed Majestie Margaret." There was no Queen Margaret in Scotland in 1228, however. There was a book published in 1606 referring the right of matrimonial proposal to women to the common law of England, but such a law is not chronicled. Therefore we accept the existence of this custom without busying ourselves to seek the source of its foundation, which is no doubt mythical.

"By and By" and "By the Bye."

Johnson's definition of "by and by," now generally written "by and bye," is "in a short time," corresponding to the French tout a l'heure, and Shakespeare uses it to express the immediate as distinguished from the more remote future:

> Now a sensible man, by and by a fool and presently a beast.—Othello.

If we knew how "by" came to be indicative of the present the second "by" might be assumed to signify beyond.

"By the bye" was in Johnson's time used in a different, almost opposite, sense to that in which we now employ it as an equivalent to the French a propos, not as expressive of something apposite, but, on the contrary, as, according to Johnson, "something not the direct and immediate object of regard." In neither case is the employment of "by" in these two familiar expressions accounted for.—Notes and Queries.

The Mohammedan Judgment Day.

The Koran, sura 81, has this to say concerning the general "judgment day," which nearly all religions teach in common: "When the sun shall be folded up, and when the stars shall fall, and when the mountain shall be made to pass away, and when the wild beasts shall be gathered together, and when the seas shall boil, and when souls shall again be joined to their bodies, and when the girl who hath been buried alive shall ask for what crime she was put to death, and when the books shall be laid open, and when the heavens shall be removed, and when hell shall burn fiercely, and when paradise shall be brought near, then shall every soul know what it hath wrought."

Consecrating Church Bells.

The custom of consecrating church bells was once common to nearly all denominations, but it is now confined principally to the Roman Catholics. The old form was to wash the bell with holy water, anoint it with oil and mark it with the sign of the cross, and to some extent this form is still used. At the time of the reformation in England the prejudice against Roman Catholic ceremonies was so strong that instead of being blessed new bells were occasionally turned up and filled with punch, which then was drunk by the participants in the occasion.—London Chronicle.

The Admirable Crichton.

To speak of any one as an "Admirable Crichton" is to credit him with being very learned and accomplished, since such a person lived in the sixteenth century. His name was James Crichton, and he lived in Scotland from 1560 to 1583. At the age of seventeen years he was the reputed master of twelve languages and had been given the degree of master of arts when but fourteen because of his great learning. In addition to his accomplishments as a scholar he was poet, musician, sculptor, artist, actor, raconteur, a good horseman and an expert fencer.

A Statesman's Queer Ambition.

The great Lord Grey had an ambition far above politics. He had passed the reform bill, but that did not satisfy his soul. There was talk of Taglioni, and Grey said quite earnestly, "What would I give to dance as well as she!" The statesman who had been prime minister and had left an indelible mark on the history of his country was envious of an opera dancer!—London Chronicle.

OUT of THE DEPTHS

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Cause and effect are your true endless chain. Thus because young Alanson brought good letters, the very best, to the rector and Squire Clark Mrs. Brown gave the garden party where so much else happened. Mrs. Brown had three girls to establish, and, as beaus were none too plenty, naturally it was a ruling principle with her to let no eligible young man get away from Eastbridge without a proper experience of their fascinations.

The fascinations were all very well until Amy Peters came. Amy was never accounted a beauty, but somehow she put all the set beauties out of court and countenance. Behold her at the party tripping airily about the lawn, with young Alanson at one side, Jock Hilman at the other and Billy Corliss tagging after like the faithful watchdog he was. This while the other young women had less than a beau apiece. You will admit it was aggravating. Kate Martin, Amy's best friend, spelled upon her fingers "P-I-G" as the train went past her. But Kate was not in the least angry or jealous. She had Bobby Shepherd all to herself, although Essie Brown had done her best to lure the gentleman away.

"Let me tell you about Miss Amy," Jock said to the stranger when presently Amy was safely enthroned in a garden chair, with her court still about her. "She's nearly the only girl in Eastbridge you don't have to court, whether or no you want to"—

"But you know you always want to, Jocky, dear," Amy said saucily. Billy Corliss laughed with the rest, but somehow the laugh did not get into his eyes. Young Alanson kept up the game bravely. "Can you imagine a live man not wanting to?" he asked of the world in general and Billy in particular. Billy put on his most reflective look. "There might be extenuating circumstances," he said diplomatically. Amy gave him a reproachful glance and said loftily: "I suppose, Billy, your extenuating circumstances wear frocks. Pray, does it happen by any chance that the most extenuating of them is named Clarissa Brown?"

"No," Billy said sturdily, shaking his head. "But that reminds me that neither Mr. Alanson nor I have more than said 'howdy' to Miss Clarissa. Jock, you stay here and keep this quicksilver young person out of mischief while we scramble through the decent thing."

"You may find us engaged unless you hurry back," Amy flung after them. Jock laughed aloud. "Let's hide," he said. "I know the very place. Won't it give Billy a jolt to come back and find us missing?"

"He needs one, good and hard," Amy said, tossing her head the least bit. "I have not told anybody else, Jock, but I'm going to marry Billy if I can ever make him show himself properly and humanly foolish. He's so abnormally steady going and sensible and settled I should not dare try to live up to him—unless I knew he had a nice silly streak somewhere."

"I suppose you wouldn't any way consider me. I'm pretty near all silly streaks," Jock said dolefully. Amy laughed and patted his arm, saying: "But you have good sense streaks, too, Jock, else why should you like me so well? We'll always be the best of friends, I know."

"Bet your bottom dollar on it!" Jock said, hurrying her along. He was making for a tumbledown summer house, thickly overgrown with vines, that nestled in the very farthest corner of the lawn. It had a plank floor, rotten and crumbly, and a dilapidated rustic bench along one side—a cool, deeply shaded nook, sweet with roses and honeysuckle. Amy sprang joyously inside it, with Jock at her heels. As they made to sit down low, hollow reverberations came up from below their feet. There was a dull crushing, a giving away, then before they could cry out a sliding down, down to dark, dank, unknown perilous depths.

Five minutes later Billy was asking anxiously of those about the garden chair, "Where is Amy?" Nobody could tell him. Presently he spied far out in the grass one of her little lace mitts. Running away from it were faint footmarks on the warm turf. Billy followed the marks, his face whitening fast. "Jock could not be so cruel as to take her near that old well house," he said to himself—then groaned aloud; he had come in sight of the well house, where the crumbled floor told him the tale.

"Jock! Amy! Answer me! Oh, God!" he cried aloud, peering over the crumbling rim into the blackness. No articulate answer came to him, but was it fancy that down in the deeps of earth he heard low, gasping moans? He sprang up with a shout that brought the whole crowd huddling about him. Mrs. Brown was at the head, weeping and wringing her hands. "They are lost, lost!" she moaned. "Nobody ever came out of that well alive. It's always half full of choke damp! That is why my father had it built over! Why didn't I think to tell everybody?"

Billy seemed not to hear. With giant strength he wrecked the rotten lattice, clearing the well mouth, then flung off coat and shoes, and prepared to clamber down. He had already sent for ropes. "No, I can't wait, with Amy dying," he said to those who tried to stop him. "I've got to save her or die with her. Stand by—listen close—and let me have ropes the minute you can."

The last words were shouted up the well mouth, whence already there came a faint earthy smell, half sweetish, half repulsive. Some of the curious were for crowding the edges to watch him, but wiser ones held them back. "Give him all the light and air possible, poor fellow; he needs both," Squire Clark said. Young Alanson stripped and barefooted, sprang to the edge of the curb. "Who'll follow me?" he asked. "I'm going down, right behind Billy; we may make a live chain before it's too late."

"I'll follow! And I! And I!" came from all about. In a little, the human line was over the edge, creeping down, down to the dangerous deeps, noisome and cold. Billy heard it coming, and shouted up:

"In time, thank God! I hear moans!" Then he gave a great inarticulate cry. There, clinging to the rough rock wall, was Amy, five feet above the glimmering water, which lapped something dark and limp.

"Here, you! Take her up!" he cried hoarsely, husbanding his breath all he might. He had come to the thick, deadly damp. Unless he was quick and bold it would make an end of him, as it had possibly already made an end of poor, light hearted Jock. Clinging fast with one hand, his feet well braced across the well breadth, he swung Amy up with the other into young Alanson's hold. The others knew enough to pass her on up and out. Drawing a long, long breath, Billy leaped down beside the insensible figure at the bottom, caught it up and began a desperate ascent.

"Hold hard, Billy! I'm coming to help!" young Alanson cried, setting his feet firmly and bending until his head was almost level with them. Thus he gripped Jock's collar and somewhat eased the strain on Billy. Both were, however, so near to smothering their tense muscles gave down. Lights swam before their eyes; their heads were bursting; the subtle heaviness in chest and nostrils numbed them to the bone. Alanson felt himself almost falling when a rope struck his hand, flung with such force it almost drew blood.

"Send up, Jock! We'll pull you two out safe!" the men higher up cried to them and then, when they saw their plight, came down like Trojans to help. It was little short of a miracle that any of the three got out alive. But somehow, by the good God's mercy, they all came into reviving upper air. Jock had the face of a dead man. At sight of him Amy fell to sobbing. "He—he lifted me up and bade me cling," she said brokenly, "but stayed on the bottom himself because there was not room for two to hold in the crevice of the wall."

"He won't die for it," Dr. Payne said, looking up from his patient. Billy, lying spent and white upon the grass, beckoned Amy imperatively to him. "You must marry me—right off," he said, patting her hand. "After this I dare not trust you with yourself."

"Nor I," Amy said, nestling to him. "You were horribly foolish to take such risks for me, Billy. It is only by staying with you I can make sure you will never do it again."

A Lord Chancellor at Play.

It is on record that the great seal of Britain has twice been degraded to kitchen uses. In 1834, when Lord Brougham, then lord chancellor, was staying as a guest with the Duchess of Bedford, some ladies of the house party in a frolic ventured to purloin the great seal from the chancellor's bedroom.

Trembling with anxiety, the great man came downstairs to proclaim his loss, but to his relief they told him of their joke and challenged him to find his treasure. Entering into the spirit of their fun, he at last dragged the emblem of his authority triumphantly from the coal box.

Still in merry mood, he led the party to the kitchen, where each lady made a pancake, with the great seal for a pan, pouring the batter between its disks.

This mad prank created so much amusement that Lord Brougham repeated it at Taymouth to give pleasure to the Marchioness of Breadalbane.—London Answers.

Bashfulness.

Bashfulness is natural to youth. "Modesty is the graceful, calm, virtue of maturity; bashfulness the charm of vivacious youth," and unless a young man takes advantage of opportunities of entering society he will retain "an air of bashfulness, which is in reality the want of habitual intercourse with the world" (Waverley). As long ago as 1570 Ascham wrote that "if a young gentleman be bashfull and soon blush they call him a babishe and ill brought up thyng." Deficient social education is therefore a cause of bashfulness.

Habit also predisposes to it. A mere indisposition to exert oneself, indulged in for too long a time, may eventually result in confirmed bashfulness. This indifference may be due to a want of sympathy with the surroundings or may have its origin in unalloyed selfishness—for many bashful men are extremely selfish—or may be due to vanity.—Cassell's.

A Hard Proposition.

One of the hardest things for a man to do when he has come home late from the club and tried to go to bed without taking off his collar is to explain to his wife he heard it was a good cure for sore throat.—New York Press.

The man that makes character makes foes.—Young.

Ayer's
One dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral at bedtime prevents night coughs of children. No croup. No bronchitis. A
Cherry Pectoral
doctor's medicine for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. Sold for over 60 years.
"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for eight years. There is nothing equal to it for coughs and colds, especially for children."—MRS. W. H. BAYMER, Shelby, Ala.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Night Coughs
Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

His Damage.

Marked with the indisputable evidence of an encounter with John Barleycorn and a hard fist, he ambled into a drug store for relief. His eyes were half closed; there was a wandering, bleeding laceration across his forehead; his nose was tilted to one side, and a gash in one cheek completed the damage.

The druggist cheerfully replied that he would fix up the caller.

"Wait a minute," said the apothecary as he reached for the gauze, the lint and the antiseptic. The badly marred customer disconsolately sauntered about the shop, but suddenly stopped in front of one of those convex mirrors that do such queer tricks of distortion with their reflected images.

Our friend caught a glimpse of himself out of those disturbed optics. With a yell of terror he tore himself loose from the scene and bolted for the door, scaring the druggist half to death.

"Come back here!" shouted the drug clerk.

"Not much!" almost shrieked the fleeing man. "I just saw myself in your looking glass, and if I don't get to a doctor I'm ruined for life."

And he did not [illegible] for explanations.—San Francisco Call.

"A Bee In Your Bonnet."

Kelly in his "Scotch Proverbs" gives the phrase, "A bee in your bonnet," with a slight addition, "There is a bee in your bonnet case." The earliest reference to it seems to be in Robert Herrick's "Mad Maid's Song:"

> Ah! woe is mee! woe, woe is mee,
> Alack and well-a-day!
> For pity, Sir, find out that Bee
> Which bore my love away.
> I'le seek him in your bonnet brave.
> I'le seek him in your eyes
> Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
> I' the bed of strawberries.

In "Heywood's Duologue," 1546, we find, "Their partes full heavy, their heads be full of bees." The same symbol of confusion occurs in "Ralph Royster Doyster," 1566:

> Whoso hath such bees as your master in his head
> Hath need to have his spirits with musyke to be fed.

And in "Damon and Pithias," 1571, "But, Wyll, my master hath bees in his head."

Rubaiyat of Indolence.

"It never pays to rustle much," said lazy Ezra Fox, a-sittin' round the corner on an empty cracker box. "I don't believe in stirrin' up a lot o' noise at all, fer often too much energy'll bring about a fall. Now, there's the flea; his energy just gits him scratched to death. The hen that works too hard for worms is first to lose her breath. The pig that fights the hardest for the corn throwed in the sty is first to fatten, first to sell an' first of all to die. The horse that tries to do it all soon works hisself to bones. The dog that does the barkin' is the one that gits the stones. No, sir, this workin' hard ain't right. I don't keer what they say. An hour or two of work's enough—say, ev'ry other day." An' then he tilted 'gainst the wall his empty cracker box an' soon was snorin' reg'lar like old lazy Ezra Fox.—Pilgrim.

The Chinese Diet.

"The food of the Chinese consists principally of rice and fish." That statement has appeared in nearly every school geography or history that has been published since the flood. "It's all folderol and flapdoodle," says a concessionaire from the interior of the great empire. "The streams were fished out ages ago, and you seldom find fish in the interior. On the coast, yes, much fish is eaten, but the main food of the Chinese is pork and chickens. Mutton and beef are rare. Less rice is eaten than you would imagine, but there is an abundance of palatable vegetables, and you would find no difficulty in making out a good dinner."

Breeding Lions In Captivity.

For years back within the classic precincts of Phœnix park the authorities of the Dublin zoo have been breeding lions at a rate that has been touched by no other menagerie in the world. The climate of Ireland, which is so inimical to poisonous reptiles, seems to benefit the raging lion of the Nubian deserts to such a marvelous extent that he actually thrives better in the open air within smelling distance of the river Liffey than he is accustomed to do in his native Africa. For some mysterious reason these animals flourish and breed in the Dublin zoo.

She Was Not Consulted.

A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man, whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity: "Oh, dear, no, sir, but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter!"—London Tit-Bits.

Progressing.

"I think Arthur would have proposed to me last night if you hadn't come in the room just when you did."

"What reason have you for believing that?"

"He had just taken both of my hands in his. He had never held more than one of them at a time before."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1904.

☞ There is every reason to believe that the forthcoming automobile show of the Boston Automobile Dealers Association and the auto-boat show to be held in Symphony and Horticultural Halls respectively the week commencing Monday evening, March 14, will rank as one of the best staged and finest collection of automobiles ever seen in this country. This is a rather broad statement to make in view of the success recently achieved by the New York exhibit, but still those who are familiar with that show and know what is promised for the Boston exhibit are confident that they make no mistake when they take that view of the matter. The entry list is the heaviest that has been made for any local show this season, even exceeding that of the Chicago exhibit, and there is no doubt but what something like 350 cars will be seen on the floor of each hall.

☞ It will soon be time for the Republicans to hunt up a couple of delegates to represent this Congressional District in the National convention, an event that is rapidly approaching. The names of a few men who crave the honor have been heard, but, as a general thing, they have done their own launching of them and failed to create much enthusiasm as yet. The name of Congressman Samuel W. McCall is not noticed in the list, but it does not follow that he will not be a prominent and persistant candidate. If he is, there is good reason for the belief that he will be elected, for the gentlemen who claim to manage political affairs in this District seem to concede, tacitly, at least, that he has a first mortgage on them, and are not over particular as to his political principles.

☞ Mayor John P. Feeney of this city is prominently mentioned as a delegate to the Democratic National convention at St. Louis from this District. Each Congressional District is entitled to two delegates and ex-Mayor McNamee of Cambridge is strongly talked of for the second one. Within a few years Mayor Feeney has acquired a front seat in Democratic State and District politics, and his election as delegate would be the natural sequence of his influence and standing. His chances will be equally good whether, or not, the Democratic State convention decide to elect all of the delegates, as is proposed by some of the leaders, or the District system is allowed to stand, for he is as well known all over the State as in his own bailiwick.

☞ Preliminary steps have been taken for holding a mass meeting of Woburn merchants in the Band-room, Buckman's Block, at 8 o'clock next Monday evening, March 14, with a view of organizing a Merchants or Business Association, for the public good. The Committee of Arrangements are Caldwell, McGrath, McCormick, Buckman, Whitcher. There is sore need of such an organization, and it is hoped the meeting will be a large and representative one, as, no doubt, it will be.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Hammond & Son—Hats.
E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Baptist Church—Concert.
A. F. Converse—Citation.
Mrs. A. J. Plumer—To Let.
Mrs. A. E. Cummings—For Sale.

— March 17 is Evacuation Day, as well as St. Patrick's.

— Concert in First Baptist church March 28. See ad.

— The Knights of Columbus are to give a grand ball in Lyceum Hall on April 27.

— General W. H. Brigham inspected Co. G, 5th Reg't last Monday evening.

— April 13 is the date fixed on by Clan MacKinnon for their annual entertainment.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— L. E. Hanson & Co., have generously furnished the M. E. Gym with a fine timepiece.

— Mrs. A. E. Cummings, 22 Cleveland avenue, offers a fine square piano for sale at a bargain.

— The Montvale Y. P. S. C. E. meet on Sunday evenings instead of Friday, as heretofore.

— Miss Margaret Reade will soon be at home for a ten days vacation from Barre, Vermont.

— The S. of V., and S. of V. Club are to give "Our Jim" on April 11. It will be a great dramatic event.

— A heavy rain on Monday afternoon and night settled the snow wonderfully and ruined the sleighing.

— There will be a strong baseball team from the South End this year. Edward Lyons is to be its manager.

— John W. Johnson, Esq., and wife are expected to arrive home from their visit in the South in about a week.

— Commissioner Kelley of the Board of Public Works has had a hard experience with sore throat of late.

— Towanda Club is the leader in the Mystic Valley Candle League. Calumet of Winchester comes next.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout and Mr. James A. Yates, both storekeepers in the Dow block, are down with the grip.

— For fine jewelry and clocks and watches warranted to keep time Hanson & Co.'s is the leading house in Woburn.

— John J. Hern's Orchestra has been engaged for Miss Langley's Dancing School Assembly, Friday evening, March 25.

— Police Officer French has been under the weather this week, but is getting better under Dr. B. T. Church's treatment.

— The South Border Athletic and Outing Club will hold their 4th annual concert and ball at Lyceum Hall, this city, April 18.

— The St. Charles minstrel show is to be given next Thursday evening, March 17. Make a note of the date, and go to the show.

J. FOSTER DELAND
GENERAL REAL ESTATE
— AND —
Fire Insurance.
Room 5, First National Bank Building

FOR SALE.

Estate on Main Street
The ideal place for a home. One of the most desirable locations in Woburn. Corner lot, over 7000 feet land. Electric cars pass the door. 5 minutes walk to 2 R. R. stations, stores, churches, 5 schools; house of 11 rooms, steam heat, and all modern improvements. Chances for a place like this are scarce in Woburn.

Estate on Mishawum Road
32000 square feet of land, good location, good house 8 rooms and bathroom, furnace, &c., barn and henhouse. The best of land for garden, can raise enough in garden to pay interest on inqestment. Six minutes to R. R. station, electric cars, school, stores, etc. This estate will be sold cheap and on easy terms, as owner is to leave town.

Estate on Eaton Avenue.
This is right in the heart of the most desirable growing residential part of the city, within 3 minutes of R. R. station, electric cars, school, stores. Dwellinghouse 8 rooms, steam heat, bath, laundry, electric lights, good stable. Will be sold at reasonable price on easy terms.

Estate on Union Street
One of te best investment properties in the centre of Woburn. Double house, always wel rented, good location, desirable neighborhood will be sold at a very low price on easy terms.

Estate on Pleasant Street.
This place is desirable as an investment or for improvement. 29000 square feet of land, 90 feet frontage on Pleasant street, 2 appartment house, always rented, barn, &c. This place will be sold to the right party at little less than the valuation of the land; very little money required. This will bear investigation.

Estate on Pleasant Street.
One of the best residential properties in one of the most desirable locations in Woburn. Good house 10 rooms, new modern improvhmennts, furnace heat, all in excellent condition, 13000 square feet of land, a very pleasant home and within 5 minutes of centre station, churches, schools, library, stores, &c. Electric cars pass the door.

For Sale at a Low Valuation.
The valuable plant of the Russell Counter Co. Call for particulars. I have some good houses and appartments to rent.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Office will be closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after six o'clock.

— Sections of the Chemical Works are shut down for repairs.

— Woburn Lodge, I. O. O. F., is increasing in numbers right merrily.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— A fine entertainment is to be given in Union Chapel, Cummingsville, on Thursday evening, March 31.

— Towanda Club are to celebrate their 10th anniversary on March 30. Great doings may be expected.

— This will be all right after May 1st, when the saloon will be banished from Woburn; let it be hoped for good.—*Winchester Star*. Amen!

— In about 10 days hence the Vernal Equinox may be looked for, at which, date, also, or near it, the season for bacon-and-eggs, fried, will open.

— Cars on the Lowell & Boston line have not been running of late, not even to Burlington Middle of the Town. The reason for it is a mystery to the people.

— There are a lot of freight cars in the yard here and the freight engine works night and day. The cause of it is that the other lines are tied up with snow.

— The other day Capt. J. M. Ellis's men tore down and removed the old Richardson barn on Bow street which has stood there from away back of the memory of men.

— A reception will be given to those who helped make the Rebekah Minstrel Show a success Wednesday evening, March 16; banquet and dance are on the invitations.

— Mrs. Frank Williams of Somerville, an Illinois girl, visited her old Western friends, the JOURNAL family, last Wednesday afternoon. It was a pleasant reunion.

— At the present slow rate of speed about how long will it take for the Board of Public Works and School Committee to pick out a plan for the new schoolhouse?

— The alarm from box 66 at 3.20 last Tuesday morning was for a fire that did considerable damage to the Emergency Hospital corner of Summer street and Warren avenue.

— The W. H. S. Class of '02 enjoyed a delightful reunion with Miss Angie Tripp at her home, 12 Eastern avenue, last Saturday evening. She is a student at Tufts College.

— W. R. C. 84 are to celebrate their 17th anniversary this evening at G. A. R. Hall. They will have Post 33 for their guests, for whom a supper will be provided by the Corps.

— Tickets for the Telephone Girls Easter Dance are being readily disposed of. All are looking forward to a splendid time. John J. Hern's Orchestra plays for the dancing.

— At Lynn, last Saturday night, the picked polo team defeated the team representing Lynn. Score 5 to 4. Tom Hardy and McMannus of this city played with the picked team.

— Quincy R. Ward and James W. Vye, former residents of Woburn, were brought here for burial in Woodbrook cemetery last Friday. Mr Ward from Athol and Mr. Vye from Danvers.

— Principal W. W. Crosby of the Lowell Textile School attended, as an invited guest, the dedication of the Fall River Textile School last week, at which Governor Bates was one of the speakers.

— Mrs. E. F. Hayward has been of late substituting for Miss Helen E. Brown, Latin teacher in the High School who has been prevented by illness from attending to her duties for a few weeks.

— The Ladies of the Unitarian church will hold their second Food Sale in Caldwell's furniture store on Saturday afternoon, April 2. The last sale proved a great success and they will try to make this a still better one.

— If Towanda Club encounter no slipups, their play, "The Pirates of Panama," will be presented to the public on March 23, 24, in all its pristine glory. People who know about it say it will be the boss of the season.

— The cast of "A Spoiled Darling" was given in the JOURNAL last week and is doubtless still remembered by those who intend to take it in at Music Hall on Friday evening, March 18. It is understood to be a mighty good thing in the dramatic line.

— Tickets for "Our Jim," a war drama to be presented by the Sons of Veterans and S. of V. Club in Lyceum Hall April 11, can be obtained from M. H. Cotton at Buchman's shoe store. Whole house reserved at 25, 35 and 50 cents.

PROF. BAXTERS'
GREAT INVENTION!
Youth Restored by Electricity.
Office Hours: 11 to 3. Call.

— Be sure and go to the Concert at the First Baptist church March 28.

— Early in April a Drametic Entertainment by the star actors of the Unitarian Society entitled "Prof. Baxter's Great Invention."

— Dr. Edwin C. Bolles of Tufts College lectured to a crowded house in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday evening on "Picturesque Holland" and delighted his audience. The lecture was splendidly illustrated and the descriptive work fine.

— Mrs. A. J. Plumer advertises a desirable house to rent at a reasonable price. It is a neat, nice, finely located place, just the thing for a newly married couple who want to set up housekeeping in a good neighborhood and equally good home.

— So great was the success of the Leap Year Dance given by the three members of Hope Rebekah Lodge last Friday evening at G. A. R. 84, Hall, that the committee announce another one for March 23, same Hall. Graham's Orchestra, 4 pieces.

— The Rumford Historical Association are to hold their annual meeting for the election of officers, etc., at the Rumford House, N. W., on Saturday evening, March 26, at which Hon. Levi S. Gould of Melrose will read a paper on "Old Middlesex."

— Mr. Samuel Leeds, Dean of the Hackmen's Association of this city, has recovered from a long and severe spell of sickness, and resumed business, cautiously and in a small way, last Sunday. He still bears the marks of illness, but is gaining every day.

— Mr. John K. Plummer, special policeman, and of late in the employ of the Water Department, who had one of his toes crushed by a cave in and taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital a short time ago, is said to be in a dangerous condition from blood poisoning.

— The "Winter Picnic" yielded $47, net, for missionary purposes, which is $4 better than last week's report. The managers hereby, through the columns of the JOURNAL, express their gratitude and thanks for the generous public patronage with which they were favored.

— At an adjourned Meeting of the School Board last Monday evening the salary of Mary E. McPartlin of the Parker school was increased $50; Beatrice A. Grant of the High School, $50; and Edith M. Estabrook of the Wyman school, $100. The meeting was exceptionally harmonious.

— Mr. and Mrs. Herbert B. Dow were at Palm Beach, Florida, the famous Southern winter resort, where Mr. Dow's health has steadily improved from the day he arrived there some weeks ago. They are to visit other points in that State and tarry a few days in Washington on their return.

— Rev. R. Jameson, son of Lawyer Jameson, member of the Board of License Commissioners of Woburn, has lately been doing successful evangelistic work in South Dakota, and elsewhere. The organ of Western Congregationalism reports many conversions under Rev. Mr. Jameson's able preaching.

— Towanda Club are to celebrate the 10th anniversary of their organization on Wednesday evening, March 30, in grand style. It is going to be the great social event of the season, if the breeching holds and nothing splits. Extensive arrangements are on foot for it. John J. Hern's crack Orchestra are to furnish the music.

— Mr. Abram F. Morrill, 84 years old, a highly esteemed citizen of this place, fell down the cellar stairs at his home, No. 5 Franklin street, about 7 o'clock last Saturday evening, and, besides having one of his ribs broken, was severely shaken up. Considering his age, the accident was a bad one, but he is now on the road to recovery.

— The ladies minstrel show, under the management of Mr. Lawrence Reade, is to be given in aid of table of St. Charles Fair, in the Auditorium on Montvale avenue April 26, 27. Secure your tickets early if you want a good seat. John Coleman of Boston will be the Musical Director. It will be the very best minstrel show of the season.

— Hammond & Son have opened the spring campaign in the clothing and men's furnishings line in great shape. They lead, and smart leaders they are, too. Hammond's is the centre of the trade; the Hammonds regulate. For the best goods, greatest variety, and lowest prices, everybody goes to Hammond's. Please read their announcement in this paper.

— William Keyes was killed at the Chemical Works last Wednesday morning. He was unloading a car of salt and putting his load on a scale when the car was in motion it was struck by a post, the blow resulting in his death in a few minutes. Dr. J. P. Bixby was [illegible] injured man. Keyes was 24 years old.

— Clan MacKinnon, O. S. C., give their annual concert on April 13.

— J. Foster Deland Real Estate Agency is offering to sell some excellent property. See ad.

— Mr. H. L. Platts bowled a total of 335 in the home tournament at the Towanda Club last Tuesday evening.

—In addition to the Russell Counter Co plant on Beacon street, the J. Foster Deland Real Estate Agency, National Bank Block, advertises 6 desirable estates for sale. See ad.

— Harry W. Clark, son of ex Ald Clark of Ward 6, is manufacturing patent leather in the Mishawum factory built by a company of Woburn men, and isdoing a good business. He has a method originated by himself for dressing the leather and the product is of fine quality and finish. He recently bought a nice farm and home of ex-Ald. Francis M. Pushee at N. W., and being a No. 1 young man is bound to flourish.

— Miss Mary Feeney, stenographer for the Edison Electric Light Company of Boston, formerly employed in the same capacity by the Woburn L. H. & P. Co., went to Binghamton, N. Y., last week to visit her brother, Mr William H. Feeney, who is Editor and Publisher of *Feeney's*, a magazine lately founded by him in that city. She found her brother pleasantly situated, and booming *Feeney's* and Binghamton for all they are worth.

— There is on exhibition at the store of Gage & Co. Albert Thompson's latest oil painting, which everyone says is a fine production. It represents a meadow surrounded by trees and shrubbery, with a pool in the foreground, in which cows are standing and taking comfort, while others are feeding farther away. The cows are perfectly drawn and colored, and the repose and beauty of the landscape are admirably depicted by Mr. Thompson's skillful brush.

— The First Baptist church was crowded to the doors last Sunday evening by people interested in the religious exercises that took place there. A dozen, or more, people, old and young, presented themselves as candidates for the holy rite of baptism, which was administered by the pastor, Rev. Henry B. Williams. The large audience were deeply impressed by the solemn ceremonies, and the new arrangements of the font met with general approval.

— During the months of January and February last past the number of arrests of suburban "drunks" in Boston under Judge Emmons's rule as Chairman of the Boston Board of Police Commissioners, was 1621. Of these Woburn furnished only 15, a small contribution compared to some other places, one in 4 days on an average. Burlington added only one to the list, and Wilmington none. Stoneham furnished 6; Melrose 20; Malden 42; Medford 21; Everett 38; and so on.

— If anybody knows anything about the matter of building the much talked of Hose 6 station at Central Square, and will impart his knowledge to the JOURNAL, thanks will be returned for the same. The prospect for a new hosehouse is far from flattering just now, and yet, it may be built this season. Again, it may not be. The low stage of city finances is given as a reason for the delay in going ahead with the work. Better drop the subject of boulevards until the necessaries of life are provided for.

— "Scally, how is the grocery business at the old Thomas Salmon store, 480 Main street?" "Tiptop," replied Mr. John F. Scalley, the proprietor, "tiptop, and growing more so every day," which report Mr. Michael Mulkeen, the faithful bookkeeper of the establishment for many years, was quick to corroborate, and what Michael says goes. Scally is "down" on the trading stamp nuisance, and has been from the start—he has never dealt in them, and never will. The European Steamship Agency is still in full feather at Scally's grocery, the old stand.

— Mr. Anthony A. Doherty, landlord of the Central House, may possibly put the establishment into first-class condition after May 1, 1904, and thus secure a large flocking to it of genteel boarders, as well as a material increase of transient custom. Mr. Doherty has been lessee and manager of the House several years and understands thoroughly the wants and needs of the public. The Central House is admirably located for business, and should it be overhauled and improved, it would never lack for boarders of the best class, nor for transient guests.

— Whitcher, the druggist, has recently taken several new views of local scenes for his souvenir cards, which connoisseurs pronounce admirable. There is no more effective way to advertise one's home town than the purchase and distribution of Whitcher's "Souvenirs of Woburn," of which he has some 20 or 30 varieties, all handsome, representing choice spots, streets, ancient buildings, and other attractive things. Everyone should take sufficient pride in his town to stand up for and advertise it to the best of his ability. Whitcher's "Woburn Souvenirs" do it effectively.

— The Editor of the Chicago *Advance*, a keen witted and remarkably sound headed man in ecclesiastical matters, himself a preacher, writing deprecatingly, the other day, of the long winded and potpourri character of the Sunday morning services at some evangelical churches, summed up by saying: "and a 10-minutes sermon is surreptitiously crowded in" near the end of the programme. Coming from the Editor of a Western denominational organ, that phrase struck us as being about as sharp as anything that has come under our observation for many a day.

— As the JOURNAL took occasion to remark a few weeks ago, Mr. Richard Carton is the oldest Conductor on the Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad in length of service, and one of the most faithful and popular. He has been an employee of the B. & M. Company and its predecessor about 38 years, and has a large supply of railroading ability still left in him. Last Tuesday occurred the 69th anniversary of his birthday, which proves that "Dick" is in the prime of life, and, barring accidents, [illegible]

— Charles H. Taylor, the photo artist, is executing many local historical scenes, plain and water colors, for which there is a brisk demand. He does the best kind of picture work, and his water colors are fine.

— The engagement of Miss Bessie Hill of Biddeford, Maine, to George Allen Barrows of Boston, is announced. Mr. Barrows is the son Rev. William C. Barrows of Biddeford, formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church of Woburn, and is connected with the Walworth Manufacturing Company of Boston.

— Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist Church served their regular monthly supper to about 150 last evening. At 8 o'clock a short musical program was given by Miss Grace White, soloist, and Miss Irene Worthen piano solos, Miss Maude Littlefield, accompanyist. The audience were then given pencil and paper and asked to guess the idenity of about one hundred portraits, most of them taken many years ago.

— Next Tuesday evening, March 15, Rev. S. Parkes Cadman of New York, a lecturer and author of wide and enviable repute, is to deliver the final lecture in the Burbeen Course for the season of 1903-4, his subject to be "Abraham Lincoln." Since his lecture in the Course a few weeks ago there has been a strong popular demand for another one from him, to which the Trustees readily yielded and his return secured. At his former appearance on the platform here Rev. Mr Cadman and his production found a highly appreciative audience—so appreciative, indeed, that nothing short of a second treat by him would satisfy them.

— The new way and old way of putting up medical prescriptions by apothecaries is being exemplified at the Robbins Drug Co.'s store this week. Supt. William E. McLaughlin displays in one of the windows scales, measures, and other ancient appliances used by the forefathers in the trade and placed in sharp contrast to them modern tools, and up to date methods of filling doctor's orders, and doing things in 20th century fashion. McLaughlin is not only an expert prescriptionist, but is everlastingly getting up something new and bizarre at the store to startle and attract public attention, and this time he has hit on a display scheme that interests and pleases the people hugely.

City Council.

The Board held a meeting last Monday evening with President Aylward in the chair.

On petition of the Republican City Committee for assignment of polling places for caucuses to be held on April 5, the following places were designated: Ward 1, Co-operative Bank; Ward 2, Armory; Ward 3, Mechanics Building; Ward 4, Republican Headquarters; Wards 5, 6, 7, Hose Houses.

Ald. Maguire offered an order to ballot for Chief Engineer of Fire Department, which was postponed to March 21.

Joseph Foster Deland was granted an Auctioneer's license, and the bond of Bryan McSweeney as Deputy Tax Collector was approved.

The financial budget was advanced a step.

Methodist Gym.

The second exhibition at the Methodist gymnasium was given Thursday evening in the presence of a large body of interested spectators. As at the first open evening the crowd filled the gallery space and overflowed upon the working floor. The program of events was brimful of interest. A walking exercise with expressions by the junior boys; a tug of war contest by the same class; a fencing contest by E. H. Davis and A. L. Adams of the Boston Y. M. C. A. fencing class, and other firstclass talent filled in the evening's exhibition.

Frozen Peach Trees.

The cold weather of the past winter has done great damage to the peach trees of New England. In a large majority of cases the fruit buds have been killed and the crop of 1904 annihilated. Worse than that, in a large number of instances the wood has also been frozen and the trees damaged. Hundreds or even thousands of trees are reported to be killed to the ground.

Prof. F. A. Waugh, horticulturist at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, says that the best treatment for peach trees thus injured is to cut the tops back in proportion to the damage. In any case it will be proper to cut away all the dead wood, leaving only that which is strong enough to make a fairly vigorous start of buds in the spring. This can be determined by cutting into a branch with the pruning knife. If the wood is black inside, or if it shows considerable discolored layers, it is probably either dead or so much injured that it will not start its buds vigorously.

In cases of moderate freezing this rule would require only the removal of the shoots grown in 1903. In more serious cases it would be necessary to cut back into two year old wood. In a large number of orchards it will mean cutting away all the main branches, leaving only the trunks and a few stubs. Even such severe pruning as this is practicable, particularly with young trees.

It will probably be useful also, in connection with the cutting back of frozen trees, to give them a vigorous start in the spring by early cultivation of the ground, and by the application of a small amount of some quick-acting nitrogenous fertilizer like nitrate of soda. In applying nitrate of soda from 3 to 5 pounds should be given to each tree.

A Greate Synging Meeting.

A violent rainstorm debarred many people from the enjoyment of a genuine Old Folks concert, by children, in the vestry of First church last Monday evening. It was given under the auspices of the King's Daughters of that church, by the juvenile artists who treated the public to a like pleasing entertainment a couple of weeks ago, and proved to be a rich and rare musical success. A large number of tickets had been sold, so the result was financially gratifying.

The programme, in two parts, contained 15 numbers, and included songs, old fashioned hymns, a recitation, patriotic tunes, etc., by "ye bigge choire" and individuals, all of whom acquitted themselves splendidly. The piece spoken by Sister Philura (Edith Bezanson) was a neat production delivered in fine form. It was one of the most pleasing numbers of the programme. A close second was "Ye Patriotic Melodie" ("John Brown") by Brother Noar (John Henry Brown, a little colored lad) which captured the house. The "Anvil Chorus," by the whole choir, was fine; indeed, all the pieces were well selected and admirably performed. The following is a list of the singers:

Mildred Ayer, Edith Bezanson, Nellie Buxton, Marguerite Cotton, Edna Felch, Esther Lentz, Paulina McLean, Editha Miller, Helen Poole, Josephine Ray, Eudora Simonds, Madeline Taylor, Ethel Wallace, Blanche Wallace, [illegible] Harry Keeney, [illegible] Stevenson, Walter Stevenson, Fred Sutherland, Earl Sylvester, Paul Thompson.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

Everybody who is going to Boston nowadays should not fail to make the enjoyable acquaintance of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," who made her delightful bow in footlight form at the Park Theatre, Boston, on Monday evening last, and scored an unqualified hit. The dear old lady is ideally realized, in all her cheerfulness, kindliness and motherliness, in the beautifully sympathetic impersonation by Madge Carr Cook, who has caught the very spirit of that quaintly amiable character and captivated the enthusiastic audience at the Park from her very first entrance in her picturesquely poverty stricken cottage at the beginning of the comedy. All the familiar and famous characters, indeed, of Alice Hegan Rice's two little masterpieces of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary" pass in front of the spectators, in this most happily made dramatization, as realistically and sympathetically as attractive as they have hitherto been for New Englanders in the original stories. The Liebler & Co. cast is, in truth, so admirably fitted to these odd types throughout that almost every one of the twenty-six players received a special demonstration of approval and applause from the big first night gathering. Laughter reigned supreme, and yet every now and then a little situation of heart interest, or some characteristic speech of Mrs. Wiggs, touched the tenderer and deeper chords of feeling. In its skillfully blended elements of humor, fun, heart sentiment and unique eccentric realism, this play is easily one of the very most enjoyable play-novelties that has been enjoyed upon the stage of a New England theatre for many a day, and it may safely be predicted that it will have a record run, to judge from the over-bubbling mirth which it provoked on its opening night and from the more impressive appeal of its humanly affecting scenes.

New Boston Sunday Journal.

The new and enlarged Boston *Sunday Journal*, with its new color magazine section and its color comic section, is altogether the most attractive Sunday paper obtainable in New England.

Its fifty or more pages are filled to the brim with brightly written stories on newsy topics and are illuminated with illustrations of unusual merit. No handsomer color work was ever done than appears in the four-page section of humor and the big section of feature stories. Printed on a press expressly constructed for this work and capable of printing nine separate colors, the result is one scarcely equaled in the high class monthly magazines.

Every part of New England is represented in the news and features of The *Sunday Journal*. Letters from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont detail interesting and live topics in those States and special stories cover the more striking happenings within The *Journal's* territory.

The *Sunday Journal* is distinctly a New England paper and planned and written for New England homes.

Boston Horse Show.

The Boston Horse Show, to be held in Mechanics Building April 18 to 23, will be more attractive than ever to exhibitors as the Directors have decided to offer three money prizes in most of the classes. In events where it was formerly the custom to offer a first prize of $100 and a second of $50 the money will be divided so that second will receive $30 and third $20, with the first money remaining at the same value as formerly. This will give the smaller exhibitors a chance to get back entrance fees and help pay expenses, and it is a more equitable distribution of the prize money. It is announced that the entries will close March 26 with the Secretary, Room 226 Tremont Building, Boston, Mass. Intending exhibitors will be supplied with all the information they may require by writing to Capt. Samuel D. Parker at above address. The list of Directors is a guarantee that the show this year will be a credit to Boston. The gentlemen in charge are President Col. John E. Thayer, Secretary, Capt. Samuel D. Parker, and Eben D. Jordan, Francis Peabody, Jr., Oliver Ames, Bryce J. Allan, Rodolphe L. Agassiz.

An Appeal.

BOSTON, Feb. 24, 1904.

The Visiting Committee of the Massachusetts Association for promoting the interests of the adult blind has recently sent out to the federated Women's Clubs of the State an appeal for cooperation in the much-needed work of helping the blind to become self-supporting. With the appeal was sent a booklet containing Helen Keller's paper on "Our Duties to the Blind," read at the annual meeting of the Association, January fifth.

It is earnestly hoped that the Social Service departments of the Clubs will take up the cause of the blind in their various communities, and study the best means for aiding them to engage in suitable employments which will help them to become, to some extent at least, independent. Reports of the methods used will be gladly received by the Secretary, 3042 Washington street, Roxbury, Mass.

JEANNETTE A. GRANT,
Sec'y Vis. Com.

THE GUYER HAT
SPRING 1904
$3.00 $4.00

NOW READY.

Hammond & Son,
Leading
Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.

CONCERT
— AT —
First Baptist Church
— ON —
Monday Eve'g March 28, 1904
— Artists. —
Miss Florence Wood, Soprano.
Miss Ella Andrews, Reader and Club Swinging.
Mr. Clarence Wilson, Baritone.
Highland Orchestra of Woburn.
Tickets 25 Cents.

WINFIELD R. LANG,
LAWYER.
[illegible] Building, BOSTON.
Residence 7 Winn St., Woburn.
[illegible]

A Drug Store that Cuts Prices.
Colorado Cough and Catarrh Root 45c.
If YOU haven't used this cure, your neighbor has.
Whitcher's Next to Post Office
☞ Now begin to think of SPRING MALTS.
Prices Lowest in town.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!
S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Reduction Sale
To close all our Heavy Weight Goods before stock taking.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

FOR SALE
The Estate on Bennett Street
Extending through to Boston & Maine Railroad, owned by Mrs. Phinney. The estate will be sold in separate lots if desired.
Inquire of C. E. SMITH, Real Estate Agent,
Main Street, Woburn.

A Woburn Physician
Said to his patient last Tuesday, take this Prescription to Robbins Drug Co. they do not substitute and will prepare it correctly and will be reasonable with the price. This statement designates the standing of our Prescription Department. Having the confidence of the physicians it is fair to assume we have also the confidence of the public. For a glimpse of our Prescription Department see our window this week.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ The Original Cut Price Store.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN **Hair Renewer**
Perhaps you like your gray hair; then keep it. Perhaps not; then remember—Hall's Hair Renewer always restores color to gray hair. Stops falling hair, also.
If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

WINCHESTER.

There is some talk of building a "Town Home" here, meaning an alms house. "A rose by any other name," etc.

The Congregational church is to absorb Highland Bethany Chapel, with its property, and make it a part of itself. Good idea.

The next meeting of the Fortnightly Club is to be held on Monday, March 14, and the subject discussed will be "Bulgarian and Gypsy Music."

The venerable Col. Nat. Richardson is improving in health in a satisfactory manner. He will soon be able to exclaim, "Richard is himself again." So mote it be.

Mr. Arthur E. Whitney, member of the Board of Library Trustees for 18 years, was given a fine and well merited vote of thanks by his fellow members when he retired from the Board on March 1.

The Eastern Buffingwheel manufactory in this town is a live and prosperous business concern. The demand for its products is continually increasing, so much so that at times in the recent past its proprietors have been obliged to work their men nights to keep up with orders received. The Company make the best quality of goods, which, with square dealing, accounts for their large and increasing sales.

Nobody can truthfully deny that the *Star* was a political paper last week. It was the issue before Town Meeting and a great number of people had something to say about candidates in the *Star*. It was brimful of life. In no way can a country paper increase its subscription list and influence more rapidly and certainly than by securing a plenty of live correspondents to discuss home affairs in its columns. Everybody is interested in what everybody else thinks and has to say about matters, and the more of these expressions a country paper can get into its columns the brighter, better and more profitable will it be. The Editor of the *Star* understands the trick, and that is why everybody is saying the *Star* is smart and newsy.

Burlington.

At the annual meeting of the parish, the following resolutions were passed in memory of Deacon Samuel Sewall for thirty-five years Clerk of the Parish:

At a meeting of the parish of the Congregational church, Burlington, Mass. January 1, 1904, it was unanimously voted that,

WHEREAS, it has been the will of our Heavenly Father to call home Deacon Samuel Sewall; and whereas the intimate relations long held by the deceased with the members of this parish, render it proper that we should place on record our love and esteem, therefore,

Resolved, that we desire to bear witness of our warm appreciation of his devout Christian character, of his love for, and loyalty to, the parish, and all that pertains thereto; that in his labor for this parish he has led a long life of [illegible]

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions [illegible]

Signed [illegible], Com. on Resolutions.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.
The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Clavier System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Spirit of Compromise."
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Henry B. Williams.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday in Lent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Paul Sterling of Melrose will officiate.
Lenten Services Wednesdays at 4 P. M. Fridays at 7.30 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Dr. Merrill, President Fisk University.
12 M., Sunday School.
4.30 P. M., Vesper Service. Address by Dr. Norton. "Forgive us our debts."
5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
Wednesday, at 4.20 P. M., Pastor's Class.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "Temporality and Eternity."
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., "Short Talks to Men." Series, Elisha the Farmer.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 4 Pearl L. Anderson, aged 3 years, 11 months, 29 days.
In this city, March 9, William Keys, aged 24 years.

WANTED
IN WOBURN
Moderate cost house in good neighborhood, in exchange for first-class investment property.
GEO. ADAMS WOODS,
50 State St., Boston.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Buckman Block, where [illegible] office.

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

The Way They Point---

Everything points to a big busy season with us. Just as real as is the magnet's attraction is the attraction of our goods and prices. No one can fail to appreciate values they can test. The needle always points to the pole, and the people always point to us for business.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches

Dalobe Farm CREAM 18c. Jar.

5c. allowed for empty jar when returned. This is the Best and also the Cheapest Cream on the market.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5.45 a. m. hourly until 9.45 p. m.; also 11 p. m., for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5.55 a. m., hourly till 9.55 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m., hourly till 11.55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7.15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8.14, 9.00 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6.45 a. m., hourly until 10.45 p. m., Billerica 7.39 a. m., Lowell, 7.55 a. m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Strictly Home-Made
Caramels
CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 151 5.

Physicians and Nurses
USE AND RECOMMEND

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

The STANDARD ANTISEPTIC for Burns, Wounds, Cuts, Sores, Chapped Surfaces, Scalp, Hair, General Bath and Tender, Aching Feet. Excellent as a Poultice for reducing Inflammation, Pain, Soreness and Irritation and stopping flow of Blood.

See that the above Trade-Mark is on all packages. It protects you from inferior substitutes.

Sold in 10c., 25., 50c. and $1.00 packages.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

The Best Cough Reliever
Wild Cherry and Tar
COUGH BREAKER.
25 Cents.
PREPARED BY
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Bradford Clark, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Jennie Clark of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of March, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Susan W. Dean, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and two codicils—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Susan D. Richardson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of April, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth C. Converse, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Albert F. Converse, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of April, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

O. B. SANBORN,
Furniture and Piano Moving,
Jobbing of all kinds.
Out of town moving a specialty. Storage for furniture. All mail orders promptly attended to.
Telephone connection, 103-7.
Residence, - 117 Montvale Ave.
WOBURN

Desk Room To Let
at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

Hub Crumbs
better breadcrumbs
10c

Makes everything fried much better and wholesome.
Saves work and time in the midst of cooking; as handy as the salt box.
Keeps fresh and sweet indefinitely.
It swells in milk or water to four times its dry bulk; use only half or a third as much as of other crumbs.
Makes delicious pudding, stuffing, griddle-cakes, etc.

Ask your grocer for MISS HOWARD'S COOK BOOK

Scene from Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch at the Park Theatre, Boston.

Literary Notices.

The March number (No. 1, Vol. 1) of FEENEY'S, published at Binghamton, N. Y., found its way to the desk of the JOURNAL'S Literary Editor a few days ago, and was examined with more than ordinary interest from the fact that its Editor and Publisher is Mr. William H. Feeney, a native and recent resident of Woburn, a brother of our respected present Mayor, Hon. John P. Feeney. It is a bright and racy monthly magazine of 50 pages (with a promise of early enlargement); neat in mechanical appearance; and ably edited. Mr. Feeney is a smart young newspaper man, well known in many cities where, in years past, he has done good journalistic work. We bespeak for him success in his new literary ventures.

On March 25, current, the Hobart Company of 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City, are to issue a new novel by the famous fiction writer, General Charles King, called "A Knight of Columbia," a story of the Civil War, finely illustrated by George Gibbes. In this charming novel, General King seems to have surpassed all previous efforts. The hero, a graduate of Columbia College, first meets the reader in the Academy of Music, New York City, on the occasion of Commencement Day, in 1861, at the breaking out of the war. His magnificent speech, A Menace to the Flag, delivered on that occasion, created intense excitement, the vast audience expressing their approval or otherwise according to their political preferences, for as yet the question of which flag was unsettled in the hearts of many. Then comes his enlistment, and he is launched on the troubled seas of those stirring times. His varied fortunes are closely followed both in love and war, there being two love stories running through the entire book. The plot is exciting, holding the reader in a tense grasp from start to finish. The historical scenes of battle are depicted in a manner worthy of this talented author, who now tells for the first time The Truth About Chancellorsville, exonerating the Ill-fated Eleventh Corps from the odium that has always been heaped upon it, thus flatly contradicting previous accounts. The atrocities of the mob during the draft riots in New York come in for descriptions, and altogether the story is one to warm the cockles of the heart, and arouse that healthy and vigourous enthusiasm that we all enjoy.

Is John Hay Backing Japan? is the question that furnishes the theme of the opening number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for March. Mr. Herbert Young asks the question, and answers it with an array of facts and proofs to sustain the position he takes in regard to the action of the Secretary of State. Nora Tynan O'Mahony writes of All Hallows Missionary College, describing a recent visit, and relating the history of the college and the heroic efforts of its founder. The progress of The Irish National Literary Theatre is the subject of a paper by Mary E. Butler. Anna Seaton Schmidt contributes an interesting account of the Grand Beguinage of Ghent. In A Disastrous Dramatic Season, John Talbot Smith sums up the losses of the theatre managers, and points out practical ways of lessening the danger of life through fire or panic. Mary Agnes Tincker, author of Grapes and Thorns, The House of Yorke, etc., tells of a visit made to Monte Cassino in company with Eliza Allen Starr. Katherine E. Conway contributes an appreciative sketch of Margaret F. Sullivan, Journalist and Author. Anna T. Sadlier, in a paper, Reflections Awakened by St. Patrick's Day, censures the stage Irishman and that equally impossible creation exploited by some publications as the typical Irishman. Other notable features with special reference to St. Patrick's Day are, Memories of St. Patrick's Day, by Alice L. Milligan; The Shamrock, by D. A. McCarthy, and March in Ireland, by Rev. James B. Dollard.

The March number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is at hand ten days late, but stronger and more attractive than any previous issue. The publishers were just ready to mail their March issue when fire completely wrecked their fine plant at 41 West First street, Boston, on February 18th. They made a second edition and got it on the market in ten days. In order to do this they scattered their work among a dozen Boston printing shops and worked night and day. This number sustains the NATIONAL'S reputation for growing better each month. It is brimful of fresh, sprightly and entertaining short stories, special articles, poems, and department matters. The number throughout is lavishly and handsomely illustrated. The text reflects a high level of American life—its optimism, its energy, and its humor.

Joe Mitchell Chapple Editor and Publisher, Boston.

"Do It To-Day."

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it TO-DAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

Committees.

Last Monday evening President Joseph F. DeLoriea of Towanda Club announced the following permanent committees for the current year:

House—George A. Day, G. William Buchanan, Frank H. Sawyer, William G. Stretton, Joseph H. Parker, Jr.

Finance—Joseph F. DeLoriea, William A. Prior, George A. Day.

Bowling—G. William Buchanan, Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, Fred T. Hovey.

Billiards and Pool—William G. Stretton, Charles H. Taylor, Harry Grothe.

Entertainment—John H. Portal, Fred E. Leathe, Frank E. Wetherell, Edward D. Leighton, William W. Crosby, William A. Prior.

Whist—John M. Portal, John C. Buck, W. Fred Davis, Jr.

Cigars—Frank H. Sawyer, Joseph H. Parker, Jr.

Woman's Club.

At the meeting of the Woman's Club held Friday, March 4, Miss Sarah Cone Bryant of Boston and Melrose gave an address on "The Meaning of Citizenship for Women."

Miss Bryant is a pleasing speaker, vivacious in manner and pleasing to look upon.

Her address was highly interesting and she held the close attention of her hearers through it all.

The meeting of March 18 is changed from three o'clock to eight to be held in Music Hall. Friends of the Club can obtain tickets of club members at thirty-five cents.

A. C. K., Rec. Clerk.

Basket Ball.

At the Auditorium last Friday evening the X. L. O. girls defeated the Everett High school girls in a fast game; score 4 to 3. The T. P. girls defeated the Connor Commercial College in a smart game; score 2 to 0.

Good House To Let.

I offer to Rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

Piano For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale a SQUARE PIANO at a satisfactory price. It is a good one.

Mrs. A. E. CUMMINGS,
22 Cleveland Ave., Woburn, Mass.

To Let.

House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.
Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.
Apply to A. J. FOSTER,
4 Church Ave.

WANTED!

Men or women local representatives for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prizes. Write J. N. TRAINER, 80 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y.

BIRTH OF A FLOWER.

The Pretty Legend That Tells the Origin of the Narcissus.

Years and years ago and ever so many years before there lived far away in a lovely country a youth who was the most beautiful man in the world. His name was Narcissus, and he had a sister as beautiful as himself, whom he loved very dearly. Narcissus often used to go hunting in the woods with his sister. Each of them knew that the other one was very beautiful, but they did not know the same about themselves. You see, they had no looking glasses in those days at least—only the mermaids had them, and they never lent them to any one else. One day the girl died, and poor Narcissus was very unhappy, and after that he had to go hunting by himself. Once when he was thirsty he came to a stream and was just bending down to drink when he saw his own face in the water. He had never seen it before and thought it was the face of his dear sister. So he tried to catch hold of her, but could not. When he had tried for a long time he was so disappointed that he killed himself. Then the fairies came in the night to bury him, but they only found a pretty white flower, which is still called narcissus.—London News.

WORMS AS CANNIBALS.

One Member of the Baby Brood Eats Up All the Rest.

The adult earthworm is one of the most peaceable and respectable creatures in existence, feeding chiefly on earth, though not disdaining little bits of vegetable or animal matter. The latter might possibly include pieces of defunct friends or relatives, but there would be no malice in the matter. Yet this same creature is invariably a cannibal of the worst type when it begins life.

The parent worm lays quite a number of eggs in a little horny cocoon, which also contains a nutritious fluid for their benefit. On this they feed when hatching takes place. One member of the brood, when this supply is used up, turns its attention to the remainder and devours them all. This unscrupulous and voracious young worm then comes out of the cocoon and for the rest of its existence tries by a blameless life to atone for its juvenile atrocity. In some creatures of the jellyfish kind the very egg itself is addicted to this revolting practice. It is an irregular particle of living slime, by which its weaker sisters are engulfed and digested.

A CHANGE OF AIR.

Why It Proves Beneficial When a Person Is Ailing.

To maintain the balance of perfect health in a body so complex as man's, where the circulatory, respiratory, muscular and nervous systems interact so much upon one another, there is need of very frequent adjustment, especially in such a busy age as this.

One great benefit of change of air is that the great law of contrast enforced upon us by all natural phenomena is allowed fuller scope for its beneficent work. The various organs of the body are very really rested by slight changes in diet, cooking, water, new surroundings, people and amusements. The same monotonous daily round of duties tries them as it tries us, and change of work is actual refreshment.

If specific ailments have manifested themselves, then the seashore for a tonic and general stimulant, mountain air for its aseptic property, a sandy district for its dryness or a sea voyage to invigorate the whole system will be calculated to ward off what would otherwise spell serious illness.

The First Coal In England.

It was to supply the wants of smiths and lime burners that English coal began to be systematically dug about A. D. 1200. This mineral fuel suited the requirements of their crafts even better than wood. An unwonted and widespread demand for fuel for these purposes doubtless sprang up at this period in connection with the numerous feudal castles and ecclesiastical buildings which were being erected throughout the kingdom. Not only were smiths and lime burners the sole patrons of coal at this early stage, but for a long time subsequently they continued to be its principal consumers.—Contemporary Review.

There Was Plenty.

One day a fussy creature met the famous Father Healy of Dublin by the seashore and thus accosted him: "Father Healy, I'm undergoing a cure, and I take a tumbler of sea water three times a day. Now, I've had my full allowance today, but do you think I might have one, just one, tumbler more?" Father Healy put his head on one side and looked at the ocean, lost in thought. "Well," he said at last, with a gravely judicial air, "I don't think it would be missed."

Strong Stock.

"What kept you so late at business last night, Archibald?" demanded Mrs. Popham.

"Taking stock," replied Popham.

"I knew it," she replied. "Smelled it on your breath the minute you came in. You'll keep on taking it till you get in the workhouse, and then, I hope, you'll be satisfied."

Getting It Straight.

"So your husband tells you that he never plays cards for money," said the neighbor, with a sneer.

"No," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "Charley didn't say exactly that. He said he never gets any money by playing cards."—Washington Star.

Trouble, like cayenne pepper, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives zest to other things.

A Telltale Sign.

"Old Blinker is a confirmed bachelor, isn't he?"

"Yes, but I am sure that he was once engaged."

"Why?"

"Because he tells me there was a certain period of his life when he went to church regularly."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Dangerous Rival.

Jess—They went to the lake district on their wedding trip, and Ethel was wretched. Bess—What was the trouble? Jess—George fell in love with the scenery.

His Balance.

Jinkins—How is your son getting along in his literary labors? Jorkins—Oh, famously! You should see how gracefully he carries his pen behind his ear.—Boston Transcript.

Classified.

"She says she is very fond of music."

"Instrumental?"

"Well, it's instrumental in making the neighbors swear when she gets at the piano."—Exchange.

THE WINTER OF 1861.

Coldest of the Nineteenth Century In New England.

The winter of 1861 was noted for being one of the coldest, and, in fact, it was the coldest one, in the century. The coldest day of the winter was Friday, Feb. 25, and is known as cold Friday. There had been a heavy storm of light, fine snow. It cleared off cold, and the wind blew a perfect gale, thus making the cold more fearful. The air was filled with snow so thick one could see only a rod or two in any direction. Men who were obliged to be on the road perished and were found frozen as hard as marble statues. A very few travelers survived the ordeal. But few had thermometers in those days to tell how cold it really was, but what few there were registered 40 to 50 below zero in Androscoggin, and in Aroostook county it was even lower. Penobscot bay was frozen over so solid that Sam Randall of Vanalhaven took a horse and sleigh and, together with the Hon. Martin Kiff, who was the representative to the legislature from Vinalhaven, cruised from Vinalhaven to North Haven, then to Saddle island, then to Camden and thence across country to Augusta, where he left Kiff and returned to Vinalhaven again safely. Portland harbor and Boston harbor were frozen over solid. Thousands of the Boston people availed themselves of the fact, and the ice on the harbor was covered with skaters.—Lewiston Journal.

GRINNING MATCHES.

An Accepted Form of Sport In Early English Days.

That grinning matches were an accepted form of sport in early English days is shown by an advertisement announcing a gold ring to be grinned for by men on Oct. 9 at the Swan, Coleshill heath, in Warwickshire, which appeared in the Post-Boy of Sept. 11 and 17, 1711, supplemented by the suggestion that all the country fellows within ten miles of the Swan should grin an hour or two in their glasses every morning in order to qualify themselves for this extraordinary competition.

Addison gives a detailed account of one of these "controversies of faces," telling us that the audience unanimously bestowed the ring on a cobbler, who "produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last."

His performance was something like this: "At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his countenance; at the second he simulated the face of a spout, at the third that of a baboon, at the fourth the head of a bass viol and at the fifth a pair of nut crackers." Addison adds that a comely wench, whom he had wooed in vain for more than five years, was so charmed with his grins that she married him the following week, the cobbler using the prize as his wedding ring.

UNDER THE ROSE.

The Term Which Stands as the Symbol of Closed Lips.

Sir T. Browne, in his "Inquiries Into Vulgar Errors," dated 1646, says of the old phrase sub rosa, "The expression is commendable, if the rose from any naturall propertie may be the symbole of silence," and goes on to quote some Latin lines which represent the rosebud folded in its sheath as an emblem of closed lips.

He also speaks of the secrecy to be observed "in society and compotation, from the ancient custome in Symposiacke meetings to wear chaplets of roses about their heads."

Others derive the expression from the fable that Cupid gave a rose to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a bribe to prevent the disclosure of the amours of Venus.

There are many records of roses carved upon ceilings in early and in more modern times as reminders to guests that words spoken in convivial moments should not be repeated.

It is said that in 1526 roses consecrated by the pope were placed over the confessionals in Rome to denote secrecy.

Face Powder In Cuba.

In Cuba there has never apparently been any dearth of face powder even among the lowliest. The Cuban woman, octogenarian as well as "sweet seventeen," considers powder a more necessary article of the toilet than soap and water and utterly indispensable to her attractiveness, which it is her absolute duty to preserve. All classes of the community are devoted to the powder puff, from the little six-year-old orphan in the asylum to the lady of high degree. In any Cuban school teachers and pupils are alike unsparingly powdered, and a powder box is to be found in every desk and as likely as not keeping company with the chalk used for the blackboard.

The Man In the Moon.

Probably even in prehistoric times men have noticed the face of the "man in the moon." Plutarch noticed it and even wrote a whole book about the face in the moon. But, besides this, many other objects are supposed to be visible. The dark markings on the surface are likened by the Chinese to a monkey pounding rice. In India they are said to resemble a rabbit. To the Persians they seem like the earth's oceans and continents reflected in a mirror.

An Irish Gem.

An Irish journal had this gem in answer to a correspondent: "We decline to acknowledge the receipt of your post card."

Which is very much like the Corkonian who traveled into Kerry to an insulting enemy to "tell him to his face that he would treat him with silent contempt."—London Tit-Bits.

Only Two Occasions.

"You always appear to be nervous," remarked the friend solicitously.

"But really," replied the housekeeper, "there are only two occasions when I am nervous. One is when I have a servant girl, and the other is when I haven't."—Philadelphia Press.

Carefully Brought Up.

"Were you carefully brought up, my lad?" asked the merchant of the applicant for a situation.

"Please, sir, yes, sir; I came up in the elevator, sir," said the respectful youth.

Making Sure.

Gritty George—I hope dat bowl o' coffee won't stimulate yer to go to work. Sandy Pikes—No, pard; I asked de lady to put loaf sugar in it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Expects to Return.

"So she has started on a life journey into matrimony, has she?"

"Well, I guess it is only an excursion trip."—Brooklyn Life.

OUR TREASURY SEAL.

The Inscription It Bears and Its Early Significance.

Probably few Americans, young or old, have had sufficient curiosity in examining a bank note to translate the Latin device on the seal of the treasury and to inquire how it happened to read as it does. A writer in the Washington Star believes the inscription throws light on the hopes of our forefathers regarding American dominion.

"Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil." is the legend, an abbreviation of "Thesauri Americæ Septentrionalis Sigillum," "Seal of the Treasury of North America."

The Continental congress in 1778 authorized a committee, consisting of Messrs. Witherspoon, Robert Morris and R. H. Lee, to design seals for the navy and the treasury. The treasury seal has come down to us with very little change.

In those days it was still hoped that Canada would eventually join the Revolution or would at least be wrested from Great Britain before the struggle was over and would become one with this country. That was apparently a project dear to Robert Morris, and he looked upon his country as the whole of North America.

Later, when authorized to establish a bank and a mint "of North America," Morris maintained the legend on the seal, showing that he still hoped for a continental nation. Whenever the seal has been recut the original legend has been adhered to.

Pedicuring an Elephant.

The tools for trimming elephants' feet are a carpenter's drawknife and a rasp for the soles and a horseshoer's knife and sandpaper for the toe nails. The operator places a beer keg or a strong box behind one huge hind foot, lightly prods the thick ankle with his elephant hook and commands the beast to "Hold up!" Up comes the mighty foot, slowly and heavily, but obediently as the velvety paw of a kitten. The foot is rested on the box or the keg, where it remains while the expert works on it much as a horseshoer pares the hoof of a horse. Great slivers of the horny sole are sliced off until it is cut nearly to proper thickness, when the rasp is used to smooth off. Similarly the toe nails are treated with the knife and the sandpaper, while the big patient stands with swinging trunk and an occasional wag of an ear, too full of satisfaction for utterance. When the turn of the forefoot comes, the great beast is made to lie down on its side and the hoofs are propped up and treated.—McClure's.

A Bird That Is Feared.

The elster (Pica caudata) is a bird that is respected and feared throughout south Germany. It belongs to the raven tribe and is about the size of a dove, with black and white feathers and long, pointed tail. It builds its nest in orchards, and its life is sacred. If it is seen three times in succession on the same house top in a place remote from its home it is believed to be a sure sign of death in that house. If it flies and gives its peculiar cry the sick person is sure to die, but if it does not scream the patient may recover. It is better for the sick person if the bird does not come near. No one could be hired to bother these birds for fear they might seek revenge, and if by chance one of them should die it is a sign of bad luck to the owner of the property where it is found. The bird is a valuable insect destroyer and in this way probably more than compensates for the fear it occasions among the farmers.

Animals Become Insane.

Insanity in the human subject is supposed by some to have no analogue in the lower animals. Yet many cases, according to Dr. Snellson, will lead to the permanent loss of self control. Cattle driven from the country through a crowded town will often work themselves into a frenzy. Horses have gone mad on the battlefield. At Balaklava an Arabian horse turned on its attendant, threw him down and, kneeling on him, attacked him like an infuriated dog. An instance is related of a docile horse suddenly going mad on a hot day. Everything that came in its way it seized in its teeth and shook as a terrier does a rat. A scientist of authority even goes so far as to prove by what appears to be incontestable evidence that cats, dogs and monkeys have been observed to have delusions very similar to those of insane people.—London Globe.

Dividing the Sexes.

While worshiping in a little chapel of ease a few miles from Ruthin, on the Wrexham road, the sexes are so strictly divided that they cannot even see one another. The building forms a right angle, in one arm of which the men sit and the women in the other. It was built and endowed by a misogynist of the Stuart period who objected to having his devotions distracted by the sight of the hated sex and sympathizing with male posterity stipulated expressly for this division in his deed of endowment.—London Standard.

The Cuban Workman.

The Cuban workman is a kind husband and a fond father of a family usually of patriarchal size. He lives simply. At the bedega he buys his tasajo (jerked beef), rice, vegetables and cheap wine, and very savory are the stews his meek little wife prepares at the one hearty meal of the day, about 5:30 p. m. The Cuban eats but twice daily. He is underfed and overstimulated. He has coffee at 7 a. m., a light breakfast at 11 a. m. and eats his chief meal at twilight.—Southern Workman.

Rapid Typewriting.

An official stenographer, Deming, at Albany, years ago reported court proceedings on a typewriter at the rate of 150 and 170 words a minute. He eliminated the vowels, using consonants only, with a dot to separate words. His typewriter was incased in glass to deaden the noise. The paper was run into the machine from a roll. Lawyers could read the notes.

Happiness.

"I am sometimes accused," writes Sir John Lubbock, "of being too optimistic. But I have never ignored nor denied the troubles and sorrows of life. I have never said that men are happy, but only that they might be; that if they are not so the fault is generally their own; that most of us throw away more happiness than we enjoy."

Too Deserving.

A young village maiden had obtained the modesty prize. "I suppose then, my child," said a Parisian lady addressing her, "you are the most modest girl in the parish?"

"There is not the slightest doubt about that, ma'am, and it's a down right shame I didn't get all the other prizes!"—Paris Journal.

HOME SAVINGS BANK
(Incorporated 1889)
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Heinz Pickles
— AND —
Food Products.
BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, a new and well selected stock of
GROCERIES.
W. J. Buckman
No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 104-7.

Winslow, Rand & Waton's celebrated
High Life Coffee
AND
Winslow Chop Tea
FOR SALE AT
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
☞ We give Green Stamps.
Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn
Telephone 103—2.

..Are.. You Particular
About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks.
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

J. E. Herrick, Jr
BUILDER.
Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Office: 439 Main St., Woburn
SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.
Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.
Two Modern Flats.
Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent low.
Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.
Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 340 Main St., Woburn.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

A Dresden Shepherdess

By F. B. Wright

....Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure....

It had been a hard day for the little schoolmistress. The children had been stupid and mutinous and at the worst time had come a supervisor to criticise the lack of discipline. Miss Winthrop was too young, he had said. Perhaps the board should get a more experienced teacher.

What that meant Cicely did not dare to think, and now, crouched in the darkness by the garret window, she was trying to forget her worries, for there was to be a garden party and masquerade at the Stonington place near by. From the window she cou[ld] overlook the grounds, all a twinkle with innumerable Japanese lanter[ns]; see the house itself, its lighted porches, its windows lively with many colored passing figures, and watch the ladies arriving at the entrance and floating in like white moths out of the summer night.

At first it was enough just to sit there, head on sill, watching it all and hearing the swing and rhythm of the faint dance music. But little by little came over her a longing to have some part in the gayety her whole young spirit craved. She was young too. She was pretty—as her mirror told her. She had loved dancing in the old days. Ah, those days! They seemed so far off, and yet only two years separated them from the present. Now life was so different—no more girlhood, no more pleasure, no more pretty clothes or jolly parties. That last one, the one just before her father died—that had been a bal masque too. The costume was in her trunk now—as if she would ever get the chance to wear it again! And yet, why not? A sudden thought set her heart thumping. Why not go to this one? Only for a moment. It was a masquerade. No one would know her. She could slip in through the shrubbery unobserved, mingle with the crowd and then— The plan was very dazzling to the little girl in the garret window.

* * * * * * *

Two hours later Cicely—no, not Cicely, but a Dresden china shepherdess—who had stolen away from her own life and forgotten all its cares, found herself one of a hundred or two other gay, fantastic conundrums, who chatted, laughed, bandied repartee, flirted in obscure corners, sat on shadow porches or glided beneath soft lights to the dreamy music of a hidden orchestra.

The life and movement, the kaleidoscopic play of color, the sheen and luster of silk and satin, the gleam of snowy arms and shoulders, the fragrance of flowers, the admiration of her partners, filled the girl's heart with delight, and her courage rose to the occasion. She was surprised to find how behind the protection of her mask she could act her part even as if she, too, belonged to the party.

Once in the swirl of a waltz she caught sight of herself in a long mirror and doubted her eyes. Could that be she, that dainty, graceful madcap with her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling through the slits in her visor, her hair in golden disorder at her neck—that Cicely Winthrop, with her own living to make and shabby clothes to wear? And the music—it seemed to lift her on its wings and bear her over the floor as lightly as any thistledown. That was what her last partner had said, a cavalier of Charles II., when at the end of a dance they were sitting in the dimly lighted conservatory.

"Thistledown! I believe that's what you are, or else a fairy. No shepherdess could dance as you do, not even one out of Watteau, and besides where are your sheep? You haven't even one little innocent snow white lamb!"

"I've escaped for a moment from them."

"Faithless shepherdess! Aren't you afraid of wolves?"

"Awfully! One came into the sheepfold today, a very savage one."

"The poor lambs! My heart bleeds"—

"It needn't. They only eat shepherdesses."

"The brutes! Do you have to fight them single handed?"

Cicely nodded. "It's hard sometimes."

"Don't you need an assistant shepherd to help? I like to kill wolves, and I adore sheep and—shepherdesses."

"You wouldn't if you could see them as they really are. The lambs are not a bit adorable, only stupid and tiresome, and the shepherdess—she'd be wearing a shabby gown and big shoes and her hair untidied. No; you'd best remain with the court."

"Hang the court! I'd heaps rather be a shepherd. Won't you take me on trial?"

There was just a note of earnestness in the cavalier's voice, and Cicely tried to turn it away lightly. "I don't think you would do at all. You are much too fine a gallant."

"I may not be as fine as I seem," he returned. "I may be something quite different."

"That's it. You might be a wolf, you know, and then what would happen to my flock? No; I can't take the risk."

"Then when is the shepherdess coming to court again?"

"Never, I'm afraid. You see, she's only allowed one evening off in years, and, besides, she has no court costume. Oh, this—a fairy godmother touched the shabby gown and the big shoes and when the night is over they change back as they were."

"And the girl?"

"Oh, she will be whisked away too."

"Not before unmasking time comes anyway. There is the signal now," he said as a chime of bells rang in the distant hall, followed by the sound of laughter. "Ah, you are caught, fairy shepherdess! Now disappear if you can." He dragged off his mask and waited expectant, looking at the girl.

Cicely felt the blood rush to her face. "I—I must go," she said hurriedly and rose. "I didn't know it was so late."

"Go! Why, you know you promised me supper, and"—

"I didn't think. I forgot for a moment. No, I must."

"Without unmasking?"

"I can't. Don't ask me why. There are reasons. Oh, I can't explain. Please let me get away!" she cried, for the man had stepped before the door. Cicely cast a hurried glance about. She spied a door leading into the garden, and before the cavalier could guess her intention she had fled through it blindly into the night, he after her.

She did not know where she ran nor care. Her only thought was to escape discovery, to get away home before exposure came. On she sped, across the lawn, into the shadow of the shrubbery, tripping over roots, held back by clinging vines, her mask brushed from her face, her breath giving out and discovery and shame at her heels. Then she tried to find some hiding place and, failing, sank down on a bench, with a bitter, despairing cry, and buried her face in her hands.

"Why did you run? You might have known you couldn't escape me," said her pursuer as he came up. Then as he heard the girl's sobs, "Are you hurt?"

"Yes, yes," she sobbed, "but not as you think! Oh, why did I ever come? How am I to tell you? What will you think of me? I ought not to be here tonight. I am not a guest. I had no right to come."

It was a confession punctuated by sobs and little gasps of pain that the cavalier listened to.

"I saw the lights," Cicely added, "and then the waltz music came to me, and I couldn't resist it. I thought there'd be no harm—just for an hour, and then I could go back and no one would know, and I could have one pleasant memory among dreary, drudging days. I'm—I'm not so very old, and I haven't had any pleasure or happiness in so long, and this was a chance, and I took it."

She rose and dried her eyes. "You see, I told you the truth. I'm only a shepherdess and had no place in court, and now I must go back to the sheep—and the wolves again. It's been—I can't tell you what this evening has been—except this last."

"Do you care so much then that I know who you are?" The cavalier was standing beside the shepherdess looking down at the bent head showing so softly in the dusky shadows. "I would have sought you out in any case—if I had to search the world over. Do you care, now that I know?"

"No," returned Cicely softly.

"And I may come tomorrow and see the lambs—and the shepherdess?"

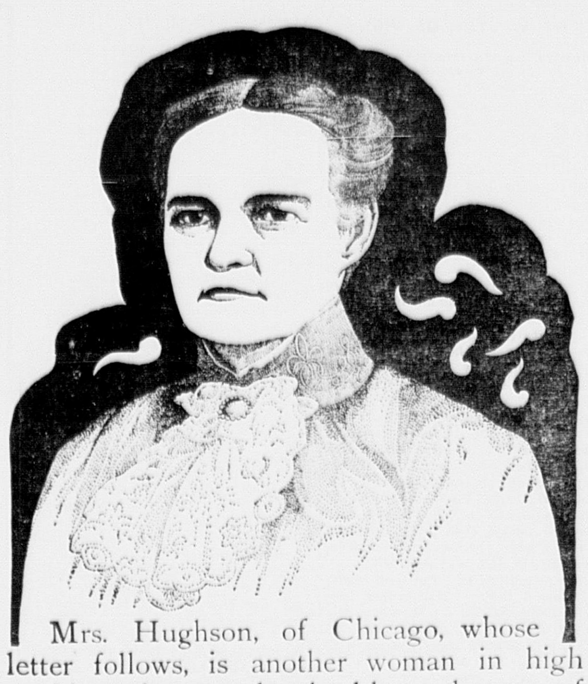
"I don't think it would be best for the lambs, but—I usually come home from the sheepfold by way of the red bridge and"—

"If you saw a wolf waiting by the bridge, would you mind?"

"Not if it was a nice wolf."

"And if the wolf were to carry you off and the lambs have to have another shepherdess, would you be very much scared?" asked the cavalier.

"I—I don't think so," whispered the little Dresden shepherdess. "I think—I'd rather like it."



Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was fitful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep, until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of your advertisements I decided to try the merits of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—MRS. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks Produce Displacements.

Apparently trifling incidents in woman's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started.

The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. Lelah Stowell, 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—You are indeed a godsend to women, and if they all knew what you could do for them, there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony.

"I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, womb trouble, nervousness, and excruciating headache, but a few bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy, and I do not know what sickness is, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints,—that bearing-down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system. Its record of cures is the greatest in the world, and should be relied upon with confidence.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

A Weighty Reason.

Before a certain gentleman set out for Japan and India his relatives gave him errands. One wanted an Indian shawl, another a silver Buddha, a third a chryselephantine carving, and so on, till the list of commissions was appalling. He agreed, however, to fill them so far as possible.

But when he returned he had executed but one of the nineteen commissions that had been given him. He had brought back only the chryselephantine carving. This he gave to one smiling cousin amid the disappointed looks of the other relatives. Why, the disappointed ones asked, had he executed that one particular commission and disregarded the rest?

The traveler smiled. "It happened," he began quietly, "that each of you had written your commission on a sheet of paper. On the second day of the voyage out I took all these sheets of paper from my notebook, opened them and spread them on my lap as I reclined in my steamer chair.

"The air was very still at the time, but suddenly a brisk wind sprang up, and every sheet was blown away except that of Cousin Max. Max's sheet was weighted down with the gold coin he had given me to pay for his carving."

Meals Taken In Drinks.

Every one interested in the matter of sane living must wonder at the things the average person drinks. It's a question whether people seek to save time by drinking foods or are merely gratifying their taste. Half an hour passed at any well patronized soda fountain will show the great majority to be indulging in egg mixtures or others in which fruits, ice cream or other food is placed.

A cup of rich chocolate is a small meal. It's a wonder people live at all, considering the insanity displayed in eating and drinking. As for the craving for novelty, the average person will eat or drink anything he has never seen, tasted or heard of before. Expert and lightning mixers of drinks count the day lost whose low descending sun sees no new drink achieved. They add the name to their list, and every other person jumps at the chance to taste this new mystery. The good part of it is that so many live through it.—Philadelphia Record.

Rarely Experienced.

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager, "but he must be one who can answer all sorts of questions and not lose his head."

"That's me," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of eight children."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE WORD "ATLAS."

Strictly Speaking, It Is a Misnomer For a Map Book.

Strictly speaking, "atlas" is a misnomer for a map book, since it was not the world but the heavens that the "atlas" of mythology upheld. Mercator, the famous Dutch geographer, who made globes for Emperor Charles V. of Germany, was the first to use the name in this connection, choosing it as a convenient and in some sort an appropriate title, because Atlas, the demigod, figures with a world upon his shoulders as a frontispiece of some early works on geography.

Atlas, it was said, made war with other Titans upon Zeus and, being conquered, was condemned to bear heaven upon his head and hands. Later tradition represented him as a man changed by means of Medusa's head into a mountain, upon which rested heaven and all its stars.

In any case Atlas was always associated with a heavy burden strongly borne. Thus Shakespeare makes Warwick say to Gloucester:

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight.

It is not difficult to see how, by an association of ideas, this came to be chosen as the name for a book of maps, which upholds and exhibits to us the whole world.

AN IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL.

Burial of the Poet Campbell In Westminster Abbey.

Mr. S. C. Hall in his "Memories" describes the burial of the poet Campbell in Westminster abbey. Statesmen, poets and men of letters followed the venerable dean of St. Paul's, the poet Milman, as, reading the burial service, he led the solemn procession to poets' corner. It was not, however, the presence of these illustrious mourners that made the funeral one of the most impressive ever seen in that mausoleum of great men.

A long, reverential pause preceded the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." As they were slowly uttered a Polish officer advanced from among the mourners and dropped upon the coffin some earth taken from the grave of Kosciusko, the hero whose patriotism and death the poet had praised in verse. The effect was startling.

Then came the climax.

"I heard a voice from heaven," read the dean, and immediately a thunderclap shook the old abbey. He paused; the mourners were thrilled. As the awful sound died away the dean finished the sentence—"they rest from their labors."

HAILSTONES.

The Generally Accepted Theory of How They Are Formed.

Soft hail consists of minute snowballs and true hail, or hard pellets, of ice of alternate concentric layers of ice and snow varying in size from peas to dangerous stones of several pounds weight.

Ferrel's theory as to the method of their formation is generally accepted. Hail, he says, is owing to the presence of a tornado which need not actually reach the earth. The lower part of the rotating column is a region of cloud and rain; the upper part is snow. Raindrops suspended for a time in the snowy region are frozen, and if thrown beyond the influence of the incurrent they fall to the ground as soft hail. Should they be carried into the vortex, they ascend through the rainy region, are coated with moisture, mount to the colder region, where ice is formed, and finally fall to the earth.

This theory satisfactorily accounts for hailstorms occurring chiefly in summer, as it is only in hot weather that these powerful ascending currents exist.

A Clever Swindle.

The following story was told the other day by a lawyer in the course of a discussion as to the value of an indorsed check as a receipt:

"A client of mine had a bill of $30 against a customer who, he thought, was very fair pay. One day this man came into his place of business in a great hurry and asked my friend to cash a check for him. The check was for $30. Well, my client gave him the $30 and thought no more about it until a request to settle the little bill brought the response that the customer had an indorsed check to show as a receipt. And it meant a lawsuit to collect the bill."—New York Tribune.

Foxglove.

The foxglove is a hardy perennial that has a medicinal reputation. Digitalis is one of the most valued remedies in heart troubles and is obtained from the plant to which the common name, foxglove, is given. In olden times it was esteemed as an application to ulcers, etc., and Italian peasants have a proverb, "Foxglove heals all sores." Flowers of the foxglove were reputed to be favorites with elves and fairies.

A Parallel Case.

Miss Peachblow (at the church fair)—Oh, Mr. Dusnap, buy this sofa pillow. It has just been reduced from $4 to 75 cents.

Mr. Dusnap (ruefully)—Can't do it. I had $10 five minutes ago, but now I am reduced to 15 cents.—Judge.

Indication of Success.

"My lawyer is certain he has won my case," remarked the prospective heiress.

"Did he tell you so?"

"No, but he has proposed."—New York Times.

Debt and Happiness.

Blodgett—I should think it would be awful to be in debt the way you are.

Tilding—Oh, I don't know. I've known lots of people who owed money, and I've known some who had money owed to them, and the latter always seemed to be the more unhappy.—Boston Transcript.

A Paradox.

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" writes a correspondent to the editor of a leading daily paper. "I make bold to ask it because I know the deceased had many friends who'd be glad to hear of his death."—London Tit-Bits.

Born to It.

"Some scientist has made the discovery that every one is born left handed."

"Well, I can go even further than that. I maintain that every one is born with a predisposition to say 'I done it.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Always Fly Away.

Riches have wings all right, but they are, it would seem, trained only for an outward flight.—Judge.

Philosophy is that which enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 13.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xiv, 1-12. Memory Verses, 9-11—Golden Text, Rev. ii, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

Again we pass over many events between the lessons. After the stilling of the storm He cast the demons out of the man (Matt. viii, 28, says two) at Gadara and suffered them to enter the swine. Then, at the earnest request of the Gadarenes, He departed out of their coasts, thus granting their unbelieving request, while He denied the request of the healed man who wanted to abide with Him. He then healed the woman who had been twelve years sick and raised to life the ruler's daughter, who was just twelve years of age (Luke viii, 42, 43). He once more revisited Nazareth and taught in the synagogue, but they were offended at Him, and He left them, marveling at their unbelief (Mark vi, 1-6). After this He sent forth the twelve and at the time of our lesson was perhaps at Capernaum, or on His second circuit, teaching and preaching in the cities of Galilee.

Our lesson opens with the fame of Jesus and the perplexity of Herod (compare verse 1 and Luke ix, 7), though Herod was in the eyes of men the one to be envied and Jesus was the despised and rejected one. We need to be oft reminded that things and people highly esteemed among men may be abomination in the sight of God, and there is a "woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you" (Luke xvi, 15; vi, 26). Another helpful and necessary word is, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers, because of him who prospereth in his way, who bringeth wicked devices to pass" (Ps. xxxvii, 1, 7).

There are many evil things and evil people that possibly we are not called upon to meddle with, but the fact that John had Herod for a hearer left him no alternative but to be blind to Herod's sins for peace's sake or speak faithfully against them for Christ's sake. The former, as a servant of God, he could not do, but the latter he did and was imprisoned for it. John did not seek honor from men. He was great in the sight of the Lord and lived to please Him; hence he did right in the sight of the Lord at any cost. We will never help to make known the fame of Jesus if we compromise with the world or in any way wink at sin. We must be ever and always whole hearted for Him, wholly His, His own purchased people, to show forth His praises (I Pet. ii, 9). Our lives by purity and meekness and holiness and the joy of sins forgiven must proclaim, "Behold the Lamb of God!" The Spirit filling us, we will be a rebuke to those who conform to the world and live unto themselves.

Turning to the birthday party of Herod, what a sample we have of the world lying in the wicked one, a very Belshazzar's feast, the devil's own, and he knew what he was up to, for he was running this thing to accomplish his purpose. How well he enabled that poor sinful girl to dance that day! How he enabled her to captivate the sinful heart of Herod and to lead him in his excitement to make a rash promise which led to the death of John! What a devil possessed woman Herodias was that she could think of nothing to ask of the king so desirable as the death of the man she so hated because he had rebuked her sinful life! Yet other mothers have counseled their children to do wickedly (II Chron. xxii, 3; Gen. xxvii, 12, 13), and the same devil still lives and works.

How wretched a specimen of self indulgent humanity was this man who had placed himself under the control of this sinful woman for lust's sake, who feared her and feared people and had some fear of the hereafter, but had no true fear of God! We have come to a time when in church and state, in public and private life, the devil controlled Herods and Herodiases are without number, but the worst phase of the work of the adversary today is his control of the leaders in spiritual things who do not hesitate to teach that, however ungodly people may be, there will be salvation for them after they leave this world, there is no everlasting punishment, and even the devil himself is to be saved. The Lord keep us faithful to Himself and to His truth, even though it should mean prison or Patmos, suffering or death for His sake, and may the hearts of His true people be stirred to give the gospel more quickly to those who have not heard it yet, that His church may be completed and this ungodly age may end.

How awful the last scene in today's lesson! John has been months in his lonely prison, seemingly neglected even by our Lord, for we have no record that Jesus ever went to see him, even though the prophets had testified that Messiah would give liberty to captives and open the prison to them that are bound (Isa. lxi, 1). But now is heard the tramp of feet. Some one is coming to see him. Is it his Lord and Master? His cell door swings open. He is wanted, not for earth, but heaven. In a moment it is over, for the damsel awaits her gift, and angels and the spirits of the redeemed wait to welcome the faithful messenger to bliss eternal and indescribable.

His disciples buried his body and went and told Jesus. What else could they do? "As for God, His way is perfect." He is perfecting all that concerneth us, and He says, "Be still and know that I am God" (Ps. xviii, 30; cxxxviii, 8; xlvi, 10). He suffered no mistake to be made in the history of Joseph or David or John or of His beloved Son, and Rom. viii, 28, 32; II Cor. iv, 15-18, stand.

His Effort.

Strutter—What did you think of my impersonation of Hamlet? Foyer—As genuine a piece of realism as ever I saw. Strutter—You flatter me. You surely cannot be in earnest? Foyer—Never more earnest in all my life. The fact that you were trying to act shone forth in your every word and every movement.—Boston Transcript.

Matter of Finance.

"Time is money, they say," remarked the chronic loafer as he bit off a fresh chew of tobacco.

"Well, maybe it is," rejoined the village grocer, "but if it's all the same to you I wish you would spend a little more money here and a little less time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Secret.

Mr. Thompson—Jones told me a secret today. Mrs. Thompson (anxiously)—What was it? Mr. Thompson—The one I told you last week. Mrs. Thompson—Oh, dear me; that Mrs. Jones is such a tattler! I'll never tell her anything again.—Judge.

EFFECT OF A FIRE.

The Way Two Women Were Changed From Enemies to Friends.

"It is curious how a fire will make people forget the conventionalities," said an M street woman. "For two years I've lived where I live now, and I've never made the acquaintance of my next door neighbor. Indeed, what with the birds she keeps and my pet cat, we've gone beyond being mere strangers and have become almost open enemies.

"The night of the fire at the church near us I flew to the window at the first sound of the engines. I couldn't persuade my husband to put on his coat and go with me. So as fires have a perfectly irresistible fascination for me I dashed out alone. Almost the first person I saw was an intoxicated negro, and I simply reached out and took hold of a strange woman's arm. She was alone in the crowd, as I was, and we clung together for support for a half hour or so. We talked as if we'd known each other always, and it wasn't until I was going home that I really looked at the woman's face. It was my next door neighbor, and we both laughed when each recognized the other.

"We went off home like old cronies and had a cup of hot coffee together before we parted. I like her immensely, and I hope she likes me. We've been marketing together twice and once to the matinee. We're going to be chums, and if there hadn't been a fire in the neighborhood I suppose we'd have gone on forever detesting each other."—Washington Post.

ABILITY TO DRINK MILK.

It Is a Test of Perfect Digestion In Nearly All Cases.

Milk is known to be one of the few complete foods. It contains the bone, muscle and fat producing elements and sustains the heat of the body. The milk of different classes of animals (mammals) varies in composition to suit the different requirements, thus mare's milk is richer in sugar, but lacking in protein compared with cow's milk.

Another fact of interest connected with milk is found in the difficulty with which some persons digest plain milk. It is safe to say that should any organ, secretion or digestive juice fail to perform its free duty the milk consumed will not be properly digested. The reason for this is simple. Milk contains such a variety of compounds that all portions of the digestive system are called into activity for the digestion of these varied elements. The gastric juice attacks the cheesy matter; the pancreatic and intestinal juices digest the sugars and fats. This takes the milk through the stomach, the small intestines into the large intestine. The lower intestine digests wood fiber also. This alone of all the forms of food nutrients is not found in milk. Because of the facts above stated the ability to drink milk is a test of perfect digestion in nearly all cases.

An Eccentric Bishop.

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta had as housekeeper a venerable lady who remembered the duel between Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings on Aug. 17, 1780. On entering the cathedral on a Sunday morning, fully robed, lawn sleeves and all, and passing the pew where the old lady sat, he would pause and give her the "kiss of peace" before all the congregation, and this although he had met her at breakfast.

His sermons, too, were racy. Preaching against dishonesty, especially in horseflesh, as one of the great English failings in India, he went on, "Nor are we, servants of the altar, free from yielding to this temptation." Pointing to the occupant of the reading desk below him: "There is my dear and venerable brother, the archdeacon, down there. He is an instance of it. He once sold me a horse. It was unsound. 'I was a stranger, and he took me in.'"

How Eels Spawn.

Eels spawn like other fishes. For long, however, the most remarkable theories were held as to their birth. One of the old beliefs was that they sprang from mud. A rival theory held that young eels developed from fragments separated from their parents' bodies by the rubbing against rocks.

One old author not only declared that they came from May dew, but gave the following recipe for producing them: "Cut up two turfs covered with May dew and lay them one upon the other, the grassy sides inward, and then expose them to the heat of the sun. In a few hours there will spring from them an infinite quantity of eels."

Two Differently Translated Brethren

The development of names under the influence of foreign environment is shown in the experience of a lawyer who was endeavoring to locate the heirs of a German family named Kline, who had been over here scarcely more than a generation. Two brothers were supposed to be the sole descendants, and he finally found one in San Francisco under the name of Little and the other in Boston known as Mr. Small.—Boston Record.

The Watchful One.

"Now, Thomas," said a certain bishop after taking his servant to task one morning, "who is it that sees all we do and hears all we say and knows all we think and who regards even me in my bishop's robes as but a vile worm of the dust?"

And Thomas replied, "The missus, sir."—London Globe.

One secret act of self denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which some people indulge themselves.—Detroit News-Tribune.

A Unique Tennessee County.

"The county of Franklin, in my state," said a Tennessee man, "has the unique distinction of being the only county that ever undertook to secede from the state to which it belonged. A great many people have doubtless forgotten that the people of Tennessee voted twice on the proposition to secede from the Union. At the first election in February there was an enormous majority—about 100,000—against disunion. A few months later, when the attack on Fort Sumter stirred the passions of men, another vote was had, and the earlier verdict was reversed by about the same decisive figures.

"But in Franklin county, where state rights and secession claimed the allegiance of the entire population, there was such intense disgust over the result of the first election that, led by the Hon. Pete Turney, afterward supreme court judge and twice governor, the citizens held a mass meeting and solemnly passed an ordinance of secession from Tennessee. Of course, when the state reconsidered in June, Franklin county was mollified and renewed its allegiance."—Washington Post.

THE THEATER USHER.

An Incident That Raised Him In the Old Patron's Estimation.

"I have never been able to appreciate the insolent theater usher in the past," said the confirmed patron of the playhouses. "It is different now. I happened to be in a theater the other evening when a puff of smoke, which half the audience saw, made it 'touch and go' for a few seconds whether or not the always dreaded fire panic would follow. Enter at this point our old friend the callous usher. Down the aisle from the rear he strode with a disgusted look on his face.

"'Aw, sit down!' he said to the chairs. 'Aw, say, sit down! What's the use! There ain't any fire!'

"The bored flavor of the fellow's voice was the fear absorbent the audience needed. Had he yelled excitedly or moved his arms he might have precipitated a scramble. It was a hard faced usher's 'Aw, say, sit down!' that worked the wonder. Hereafter I shan't say things out loud when the pasteboard locator shows me into the wrong pair of seats and chases me, and my wife out again five minutes later, for I've found at last that the theater usher has his uses."—New York Globe.

SUNDAY SPORTS.

They Used to Be Fostered In England by Royalty.

Both Richard II. and Henry IV. had acts passed ordering Sunday sports, particularly the useful practice of archery. Queen Elizabeth issued licenses to conductors of such festivities, which contained directions to public officers to overlook such games and to do their best to make them a success.

One such document authorized "John Seconton, a poor man fallen into decay and having four small children, to have and use some plays or games at or upon several Sundays within the county of Middlesex and to remain in one place not above three several Sundays—that is to say, the shooting with the broad arrow, the leaping for men, the wrestling, the throwing of the sledge, the pitching of the bar."

James I. in his "Book of Sports" encouraged Sunday games "after evening service," but "the meaner sort" were forbidden to engage in bowling. Stopped later by parliament, this was republished by order of Charles I. and finally suppressed by the long parliament.

HARD WATER.

It Is Produced by the Absorption of Carbonate of Lime.

Rain water as it descends from the clouds is practically free from mineral impurities, but so soon as it reaches the earth and begins to percolate through strata it is charged with various mineral and earthy matters. If the strata be chalk or limestone, the water, through the medium of carbonic acid gas which it contains, takes up the lime in solution and forms carbonate of lime, and it is the presence of this mineral in an excessive quantity in the water which gives to it the peculiar property of "hardness."

The degree of hardness varies and is determined principally by the proportion of lime and the length of time the water is in contact with it.

This hardness is called temporary, because it can be reduced by boiling, as is seen by the crust in a kettle or boiler, when the water deposits the lime it contains. There is also a permanent hardness caused by the presence of sulphates, chlorides and nitrates of earthy metals.

Two Old Word Forms.

Jail and gaol are now ear and eye forms respectively of one and the same word. In earlier days each had its own distinct pronunciation, as is attested by the family name Gayler. Gaol, our oldest sound form, owes its survival to the influence of the French geole, though the anomaly of "g" sounded soft before "a" has been vigorously protested against. So far as modern French is concerned, the difference in sound between English "ga" and French "ge" is a fatal objection to gaol. Instead of following the French in regard to orthoepy our ancestors ought to have rejected the jail and kept the venerable gaol sound form. The struggle for existence between the two word shapes is of old standing.—Notes and Queries.

The Four o'Clock.

The four o'clock, ornamental plant, a native of Peru, is so called because it blooms from about 4 p. m. until the next morning. It is regarded as a symbol of punctuality. The notion was undoubtedly suggested by the remarkable regularity with which during sunny weather its daily opening occurs. When the sun is shining and the plant is in a favorable position to receive the light the time of opening will not vary ten minutes.

A Hard Foul.

An Englishman was once persuaded to see a game of baseball, and during the play, when he happened to look away for a moment, a foul tip caught him on the ear and knocked him senseless. On coming to himself he asked faintly, "What was it?" "A foul—only a foul." "Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "I thought it was a mule!"

His Wheel.

"That's a pretty noisy passenger you've got in there," remarked the man who was smoking on the front platform. "Is he crazy or only drunk?"

"Neither one," said the motorman. "He's just got a flat wheel in his head."—Chicago Tribune.

What is experience? A poor little hut constructed from the ruins of the palace of gold and marble called our illusions.

It Depends.

Miss Spright—Do you believe in putting an old head on young shoulders? De Gay—That depends upon whether you have reference to love or education.—Butte Inter Mountain.

The Same Girl.

Young Husband—When I used to kiss you, you slapped me. Young Wife—Well, you won't get slapped now unless you forget to kiss me.—Illustrated Bits.

Neglected.

Von Blumer—Who's taking care of the baby? Mrs. Von Blumer—No one. The new nurse is with him.—Smart Set.

Addendum.

Kwoter—He thinks he's still youthful. Well, you know the old saying, "There's no fool like an old fool." Newitt—Yes, and when an old fool dyes his whiskers there's nobody fooled but the old fool.—Philadelphia Press.

He who thinks for himself and rarely imitates is a free man.—Klopstock.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan, Anchor, Cunard, Dominion, Leyland, White Star LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

NOT "ROGERS" ONLY—BUT "1847 Rogers Bros."

is the Trade mark that appears on the old original brand of

Knives, Forks and Spoons.

There are many imitations—"1847" is identifying mark of the genuine, which are sold by leading dealers. Send to the makers for booklet No. 6 of beautiful new designs.

THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. Meriden, Conn.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Women Sold by Auction.

An auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually in Babylon. In every district they assembled on a certain day of every year all the virgins of marriageable age. The most remarkable was first put up, and the man who bid the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses. But, alas, it seems that there were in Babylon some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these also were disposed of, so provident were the Babylonians. When all the beautiful virgins were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up, and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least, and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks or that had any other imperfection. This custom prevailed about 500 years before Christ.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Spencer and Beecher.

Herbert Spencer visited America in 1882 and on that occasion a banquet was given in New York in his honor. Henry Ward Beecher was one of the after dinner speakers.

"I am asked," said Mr. Beecher, "how I reconcile Spencer with theology. I don't.

"A man who has a baldheaded deacon watching everything he does or a gold spectacled lawyer—not a fat one" (looking at Mr. Bristow), "but a long, lean, lank one" (looking at Mr. Evarts) —"can't afford to talk Spencerism from the pulpit.

"It is to be borne in mind that when a man is driving a team of fractious horses that are just all he can manage anyhow he is not in a state of mind to discuss questions with his wife by his side, who is undertaking to bring up delicate domestic matters."

It had been said that Mr. Spencer had no sense of humor, but he joined heartily in the merriment which Mr. Beecher's speech provoked.

Pitt's Fondness For Port.

The ruin of Pitt's health was attributed to his physicians, who made him take port in large quantities in his youth, so that he could not do without it later. Lord Grenville has seen him swallow a bottle of port in tumblerfuls before going to the house. His hands shook so much that when he helped himself to salt he was obliged to support the right hand with the left. Stothard, the painter, happened to be one evening at an inn on the Kent road when Pitt and Dundas put up there on their way to Walmer. Next morning the waiter said to Stothard: "How much wine do you suppose they drank last night? Seven bottles, sir!"—Rogers' "Table Talk."

The Way They Do In Iceland.

Icelanders never think of "locking up" at night, and yet only two cases of thieving have occurred in many years. One was a poor man with a broken arm, who stole several sheep to save his family from starving. The punishment meted out to him was that food was provided for his family, he was placed under medical care and work was given him when his arm had healed. The other case was of a foreigner who stole seventeen sheep. The law demanded that he restore the value of the thefts and then leave the country or be executed. Naturally he left.

Playing a Trick on McCullough.

Will McConnell and John McCullough were playing "Virginius," and McConnell was doing Icilius. When he had to go up to John and shake hands with him he put a hard boiled egg into his palm and left it there, and McCullough, being in the center of the stage and alone, could not get rid of it. He discharged Will as usual, that night, but he never stayed discharged, and he was taken on again when they found him on board the train on the way to the next stand.

How She Felt.

"I hope," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that you didn't feel that you were de trop when you called the other day and found Mrs. Beezum present."

"Oh, no," replied her hostess. "That was just the back of my waist that I kept feeling. One of the hooks was loose, and somehow I couldn't help bein' kind of nervous about it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 18. 1904. NO. 16.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.50, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.30, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.33 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.21, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, 11.05, and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the city of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies
Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

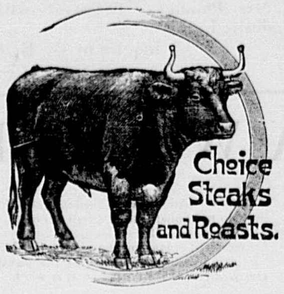
John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
—DEALERS IN—
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10 37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12.07; then 12 30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Beauty and The Man

By Keith Gordon

....Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure....

In the long talks that those two excellent friends—Baird Dunham and Barbara Somers—had from time to time about life, the world and the men and women therein he had more than once confided to her that never could he fall in love with a woman who was not a beauty.

"I can't exactly explain how I feel about it," he said one day as they sat together in an art gallery, where his worshiping eyes returned ever and again to a pictured face of rare beauty that looked down upon them from the warm red walls. "It isn't that I think they are the most fascinating. Wit and beauty are not too fond of each other's company. Besides, the most attractive woman I've ever known was ugly—so ugly that at first she made you gasp. After that—well, she was your criterion of charm. When you left her things became stale and lifeless. All the color and sympathy went from the scene. You simply hungered for her."

He paused and turned toward his companion with a waiting, expectant look, as if he wanted to be sure that she understood, and she answered the unspoken question of his glance with a slow smile that did not betray, by so much as a flicker, the warm, reproachful, woman wrath in her heart.

She had heard practically the same thing from him before, but today for the first time her patience gave way utterly. Apparently all sense of her womanhood had been sunk in their comradeship. Instead of rejoicing in this state of affairs, a feeling of injury, outrage, suddenly flared up in her heart.

Did he think that because her features were irregular and her complexion dull she was a girl who did not need to be reckoned with? Did he suppose she was the less a woman because she was plain? Had he no idea of the sting in the remarks he was forever making about feminine beauty?

These were the questions she asked herself hotly, but her voice—that low, vibrant voice that thrilled one with its rich difference from other voices—betrayed in its full evenness no trace of the resentment that surged within her.

"You are right," she agreed, with impersonal candor. "All women should be beautiful"—there was a slight pause, a hesitation just marked enough to give force to the conclusion of her sentence—"just as all men should be big and strong!"

Dunham glanced at her quickly. For one startled moment he half thought—But, no; Barbara was too good a fellow to give a man a fleck on the raw like that. It was a mere coincidence.

Dunham was but five feet six, and, though he was well knit and substantial, with a clean bred look that was in itself a recommendation, he was a trifle sensitive on the score of the six additional inches of height that he felt should have been his.

"A man's appearance isn't of much consequence," he observed, somewhat stiffly. "His field is action. It is what he is rather than how he looks."

There was more heat in his tone than he liked, but he wasn't able to suppress it. Somehow he didn't enjoy being made to feel that he was not at all like her ideal man, even though they were nothing but friends.

"Perhaps you are right," was the mild reply, and the conversation drifted to other and safer subjects. But there was a speculative look in Barbara's eyes for the rest of the afternoon, which would have told a careful observer that she was turning some plan over in her mind.

Her usual hour of rest before dinner she spent lying at full length on the divan in her room, with her hands clasped under her head and her eyes fixed on the open fire, thinking.

So Baird could never love any one but a beauty! She carefully refrained from asking herself why this should pique her particularly, since her plainness had never interfered with their friendship, and he spent far more time with her than with any of the pretty girls of their set. Still—

"Well, I don't care," she said aloud as, glancing at the clock, she arose and began to roll up the masses of her dark hair, sticking the great shell pins in here and there with reckless indifference. "I'm tired of hearing him talk that way. He deserves to be punished. Beauty may be the greatest thing, but it isn't greater than all other things put together.

"A few weeks of Amy will be good for him," she soliloquized as she went on with her dressing. Then, when she was ready for dinner, she sat down at her desk and wrote a letter to a former schoolmate—the beauty of her class—urging her to make her a long promised visit.

In the course of a week or two the invitation had been accepted, and Miss Averill arrived. That she was a beauty was a fact as self evident as that the sky is blue (when it is so). It was a fact that admitted of no difference of opinion.

Her skin was like a La France rose, her eyes deeply blue and her hair suggested mingled gold and copper. The curves of her gracious figure swirled and flowed in lines so graceful, so alluring that even the most sluggish beholder was kindled into admiration.

"She's a beauty, all right," Barbara decided as she kissed her in greeting and conducted her to her room, and, though she kept up her part of their animated talk about old times and old friends, her eyes feasted themselves upon Amy's loveliness. The latter's most ordinary movement was endowed with a grace that made Barbara half believe that beauty was the only thing after all. When other girls lifted their hands and removed their hatpins it was an action scarce worthy of notice, but when Amy's arms went up with a languid grace and her rather large but beautifully molded hands, with their long, tapering fingers, drew forth a glittering pin and removed her hat, Barbara felt vaguely that she was witnessing a rite—that she was seeing a poem.

But after a few days of her companionship the glamour was always bedimmed. The eyes were feasted, to be sure, but the mind and heart were starved. One wearied of her roselike, fluttering color and the amiable but unmeaning smile and even of the very perfect rows of teeth that the smile exposed.

"I am going to have a friend with me for a month," Barbara had told Baird Dunham in preparation; "a girl that I particularly want you to meet. She's a raving beauty and as sweet as she can be."

If she had spoken all of her thoughts perhaps she might have added, "So sweet that at the end of a month you will want to kill her or do something desperate and outrageous." But, with a commendable self restraint, she banished this unruly idea to the dark chamber of unspoken thoughts.

In the weeks that followed she effaced herself, pushing Amy into Dunham's society in every possible way, but doing it so gradually and skillfully that he scarcely realized how little he was seeing of his friend and comrade. If she saw less of him, however, she saw more of Jack Lester, whose companionship was a grateful balm, because he was not forever talking about beauty, however much he may have admired it.

At first Baird haunted the house like a spirit, while his plans for Miss Averill's entertainment fairly tumbled over each other in their eagerness. These plans, of course, always included Barbara, but with a masterly skill she withdrew from them more and more until almost before Baird realized what had happened he noticed that he and Miss Averill were usually alone. With Miss Averill's exquisite profile beside him, however, he was not in a mood to complain.

Then, about the middle of the fourth week, his soaring spirit suddenly touched earth. He was guilty of a brutal, heretical thought. Right in the middle of a long afternoon that they were to spend together he was seized by a great weariness. For the life of him he could think of nothing to say. He was bored!

He stared at the beautiful Miss Averill with a sort of stupefied wonder. It seemed incredible that the society of so exquisite a creature could be so uncommonly like muggy weather. It seemed an age since he had had a good, bracing talk with Barbara. Now that he thought of it, Barbara must be seeing a good deal of that Lester chap. Vaguely, as if he had happened upon them in a dream, he recalled having met them together several times lately.

"I don't believe you are thinking of me at all!" pouted Miss Averill. "I've spoken to you twice, and you haven't even heard me. It isn't nice of you."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Dunham, trying to call his roving thoughts together and insisting upon hearing the remark he had inadvertently missed.

"I asked if you don't think the Waldorf is lovely? I think it's just sweet."

"Yes," assented he recklessly. "That expresses it sweetly. It's just sweet." And he cast about in his mind for some excuse by which the hours that stretched before them might be shortened. He felt precisely as he had once in his childhood, when he had surreptitiously bought and eaten six charlotte russes.

Miss Averill confided to Barbara that night that she didn't like Mr. Dunham so well as she thought she did.

"He's so dull! Don't you think so?" she demanded.

"There have been times when he seemed so," Barbara confessed airily. Then she wondered if Baird's ears were aflame. Three days later the radiant Miss Averill's visit came to an end. Soon afterward Dunham dropped in to see Barbara, quite in his old manner.

"Ah, this is good!" he said gloatingly as he sank into the depths of his favorite chair. "There's so much talk to make up," he went on in genial enjoyment, "that I scarcely know where to begin."

Barbara turned her head to one side and surveyed him with half closed eyes.

"We might begin with feminine beauty," she suggested helpfully. "There's so much to be said about it."

A pause followed in which several new ideas entered Dunham's mind. Then he demanded, not without a conscious sense of guilt:

"Just what do you mean?"

He leaned forward and studied her face, and though she flushed under his keen scrutiny her eyes looked back at him—proud, unwavering and a bit defiant.

"I certainly admire beauty," he began softly. "But I take back what I have said about falling in love with one. You see, little girl, I'm so used to you that the beauties bore me."

"Really," she scoffed, "for a worshiper of the fair!"

But a pair of strong arms were about her and a rueful voice pleaded:

"Scold me some other time, dearest."

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

A Bargain.

"Did you hear what Whimpton's little boy said when they showed him the twins?"

"No. What was it?"

"He said: 'There! Mamma's been gettin' bargains again!'"

Units of Measure.

The editor was taught by his governess that three barleycorns measured one inch, and at the mature age of six years he determined to test the accuracy of this statement. He had no difficulty in finding the barleycorns, but somehow no three grains that he picked up in the chickens' yard agreed with the formula. He never attempted the more scientific test which is thus described: "The length of a pendulum oscillating in a second in vacuo at sea level in the latitude of London is 39.13929 inches, and from the knowledge of this fact the standard of the inch, foot and yard can easily be obtained should the official standards at any time be lost or mislaid." When in 1834 the "standard" measure was destroyed by fire at the house of parliament an attempt was made to restore it by the pendulum test, but pendulums, like barleycorns, were found not to agree.—London Chronicle.

Did He Get Off?

The famous Liddell, who, with Scott, compiled Liddell and Scott's lexicon, was dean of Christchurch college, Oxford. It was whispered in regard to the lexicon that Liddell provided the money and Scott the brains. A young undergraduate was haled before the dean for some misdemeanor. "I hear, Mr. ——, that you have a pretty wit for impromptu verse," said the dean. "If you will write one on the lexicon I will let you off." The young man thought a moment and then said:

"There's a Lexicon written by Liddell and Scott;
Some of it's good, and some of it's not.
The part that is good was written by Scott,
The part that was written by Liddell is rot."

—London News.

The Silk Spinning Oyster.

A mollusk that might take an important place in textile industries if it existed in sufficient numbers is found in warm seas, especially on the coast of Sicily. It is the pinna, a genus of wing shelled bivalves, of which one species attains a length of two feet. To attach itself to the rocks it spins a cable of strong filaments, called collectively the byssus. These threads are wonderfully strong, silken in texture and have been woven into various delicate fabrics. A pair of gloves from this material may be seen in the British museum, and fine mummy cloths made from it by the ancients are still preserved.

The Fate of the Stingy.

I sometimes wonder what will become of the stingy man in the hereafter. Certainly he can't get into heaven, and if the devil has left the first principles of a gentleman the stingy man will not get the entree in the other place. It is well to be thrifty and frugal, but when thriftiness runs to seed it becomes just plain, mangy, measly stinginess, and a man would much better get the smallpox.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Jilt In Italy.

In some countries a betrothal is considered only a degree less sacred than a marriage and therefore a breach of promise, especially on the girl's side, is regarded as very shocking. This is very much the case in Italy, where a girl who after betrothal has changed her mind is known for life as a civetta (owlet) and has rarely another chance of matrimony. The term "owlet" conveys no idea of reproach here, but in Italy it is significant, because owlets are there used for inspiring other birds.

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

By Louise Hubert Guyol

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

Allyn Hardin was a man who, though but thirty-seven, had traveled till he was well wearied with the world. Without family or ties, no one cared when he came nor where he went, so that whenever he did think of settling down it was with a very decided picture in his mind—a picture of a home that was home in the fullest sense of the word, where there reigned a wife whose life would be bound up in that home; where there romped little children who would welcome him with smiles and with drooping faces see him go. And it was this feeling, but dully realized, that made him look upon Miss Ellison with something of doubt, albeit much of admiration.

Life was joyous to Alice Ellison. Her blood ran high, and nothing had crossed her path that tended to make her feel aught but the joy of living. It was natural, therefore, that she should laugh and dance and sing. Sometimes, though, it palled on her, and she would sit within the silence of her room, wondering why she could not "fall in love, really and truly and deeply." And always at this wonder the picture of Allyn Hardin rose before her and her heart grew tender. And then something would crop up, like the weeds in the parable, choking out these tiny seeds of love. And that something was pitifully like the vision that had but just caused her a momentary gladness. But the clear blue eyes were so cold, the fine mouth to firmly set with determination, the chin so square, that she would rise impatiently, crying out:

"Ah, no, he would never be tender, nor sweet, nor—nor"—

For she, too, had her picture of what a home should be, and while she scarcely dared dwell on it, as he could do, it was there, in the clouds above her head—a home in which there was a woman whose life's one aim was to keep the tired lines from her husband's face, the worrying cares from his heart, to maintain forever the smiles on those little upturned faces at her knee. But the husband must be one with a heart warm enough to take and profit by the sympathy she held out to him in such good abundance, a man who could understand the hearts of those little children in the arms of that woman.

So, thinking much but understanding little of each other, they went their separate ways until one morning early, when a train drew out from the depot, Alice seated in the chair car, Allyn swinging on to the step of the last coach.

He was off on his vacation, and in the curlings of the smoke he saw not the face of Alice Ellison, but cool, green nooks by running streams. He heard the crunch of the dried leaves beneath his feet and felt the tugging of the trout upon his line.

He had bid Alice goodby two evenings before, expecting to leave the city then, and he recalled her look of good, frank friendship as she had put her hand in his. "What a pity there is not more to her," he mused. "She is so attractive, but she lacks weight."

The train was coming to a stop, and Allyn rose and went out on the platform. They were slowing into a picturesque little town with green trees in sight of the depot and big, sprawly southern homes, white and green in the sunlight.

Was that Alice?

Yes, there on the lower step of the coach ahead of him she stood, with an impatience barely hidden by her quiet manner, waiting for the train to stop. She was smiling, oh, so brightly, and the train had scarcely come to a standstill before she had sprung down and was running across the platform to meet—

Allyn Hardin could not believe his own eyes.

A little girl with brown legs flashing bare above low socks and face left bare by the bonnet that hung about her neck, reflecting the brightness he had seen on Alice's, came rushing down the platform too. With a shriek of joy she threw herself into Alice's open arms.

The whistle blew again. Alice was moving off with a young man and woman who had joined her.

"Miss Ellison! How do you do?"

Alice turned about quickly.

"Oh," she gasped, "I thought you were in Wisconsin!" She moved toward the train, not losing hold of the little hand that lay in hers.

"I could not get off. Wish I had known you were aboard"—the train was moving. "Goodby, goodby."

"Bon voyage," called Alice. Then, bending toward the child, "Wave byby to Mr. Hardin."

A sunburned little hand clawed the air, and Alice, raising her head, looked up at Allyn. They both laughed.

On the rest of that northbound trip all that Allyn saw was a little country railroad station, with its usual motley setting. Standing forth from it all were the same two figures, the Madonna and the child—one in gown of softly clinging blue, the other in ruffled white apron.

The two weeks' visit to her brother came to an end, and the train was fast drawing Alice Ellison away from the sweet peace of the country into the rush and whirl of that old life in the city. Leaning back in her chair, dreamily looking out of the window, she came to the conclusion that she was tired of herself.

She sighed and rose wearily. Swaying with the motion of the car, she made her way toward the Pullmans.

It was October; perhaps she might find some of her friends returning to the city. Pausing a moment on the threshold of the sleeper, she looked down the red plush aisle.

A few feet in front of her a man was seated, with his back turned toward her. He had light hair, "just like Mr. Hardin's," and standing on the seat beside him was a little child. The car lurched, and the little fellow swayed, only to be caught by a strong arm that threw him downward. Then the man's head darted down, and Alice smiled at the screams of childish laughter.

She watched them for a moment; then the child, peering over the man's shoulder, called out: "Pretty lady! Pretty lady!" And she, feeling too weary to more than smile at the little fellow, turned to go back to her uninteresting book.

The train was crossing the long bridge over Lake Pontchartrain, and Alice paused in the vestibule between the Pullman and the chair car. Standing at the window she looked out upon the vastness of the moonlit lake and sky and felt very tired and small and useless. She was not blue, nor was she morbid, but somehow her heart rebelled at going back to that old life in the city—so empty, so shallow, so—

"Alice! Miss Ellison"—

"Why—why—where did you come from?" Her voice trembled, but she did not care.

She held out both hands to Allyn Hardin, and as his own closed over hers a sudden picture flashed before her. She heard again those peals of childish laughter, saw again a man's head bend swiftly down, like a great boy's, beneath the tug of baby hands; saw a face, habitually cold, alight with something divinely warm as it had looked at her across the sunny head of little Alice from the narrow doorway of a fast receding train. Her heart gave a bound that frightened her, and, drawing her hands away, she turned and looked again upon the moonlit water.

"I was called home unexpectedly on business," Allyn was explaining, when he noted that she was not listening.

He stepped nearer to her side.

"Miss Ellison," he began. Then he saw how the moonlight was caught and shimmered in the tears that lay on her cheek and which she could not help any more than she could have told the reason why they fell.

"What's the matter, Alice?"

There was a long pause, and when she answered her voice was like a tired child's.

"Nothing; only I'm so tired."

She had turned and involuntarily stretched forth her hands again, but Allyn's hands slipped past hers, and he folded her in his arms.

"Oh, Alice," he murmured—"Alice, you don't know how I love you."

She raised her wet face to his, and as he bent low over her the weight slipped from her heart and the old life that had so tired her became a thing of the past.

College Men In Strange Places.

A dozen hurried street car men, with ten minutes in which to eat, got the lunch man somewhat rattled. No. 2269 thrust his carroty face over the counter and yelled for an egg sandwich.

"You're too slow, son," he said. "Be swift. Be a New Yorker."

"Don't hurry me," said the other, "or I'll go back to Philadelphia."

When all had been served and had stamped out to the street, the lunch man remarked to a silent observer:

"Did you notice the red fellow that jollied me? He's a scholar, a bright chap. Studied at Oxford, England."

"I think, then, he might do better than cry 'Fares, please!' and pull a bell rope."

"You'd think so," said the other. "And the same applies to me. Look at this." He produced the year book of a southern college and pointed to his name on the roll of graduates. "You will hardly believe it, but I'm a graduate in law of this university. I don't like the business I'm in now. Force of circumstances, you know."—New York Press.

Signs of Old Age.

"Do you know the surest indication of old age?" said a physician the other day. "The surest indications in man," he continued, "are a moist eye, a dry palm and a shrinking of the calf of the leg. All the indications are due to some action of the nerves consequent upon advancing years. In the matter of the eye the fifth section is interfered with, and it is this that causes a flow of water. The dryness of the palms is caused by an interference with the functions of the body, also due to the action of the nerves, and the shrinkage of the leg follows from similar causes.

"In old age, too, you notice some men become more corpulent than in the early portion of their lives. With drinking men the change is often produced by the quantity of saccharin which they consume with their drinks, and with those who do not drink it follows from other physiological changes. With women the dimness of the eye does not come so soon as it does in men."

Scents That Affect Breathing.

The perfumes of certain flowers affect the digestion or breathing or cause dizziness and even fainting fits. Vanilla is troublesome to many, so is the white flower of the Ligustrum japonicum and the pitosperum. The tuberose, jasmine and lilac are objectionable to some. The Datura arborescens makes people drowsy. This action of flowers is due to the scent and is distinct from the influence of pollen, which produces hay fever.

Ayer's

If your blood is thin and impure, you are miserable all the time. It is pure, rich blood that invigorates, strengthens, refreshes. You certainly know

Sarsaparilla

the medicine that brings good health to the home, the only medicine tested and tried for 60 years. A doctor's medicine.

"I owe my life, without doubt, to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world for nervousness. My cure is permanent, and I cannot thank you enough."
MRS. DELIA MCWELL, Newark, N. J.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Poor Health

Laxative doses of Ayer's Pills each night greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Their Use at Weddings the Survival of an Ancient Custom.

Authorities speak of the use of orange blossoms at weddings as due to the fact that the orange tree, bearing its ripe golden fruit and fragrant flowers at the same time, is a symbol of fruitfulness, and this, we may take it, is the main reason of the pleasing custom.

In Crete the bride and bridegroom are sprinkled with orange flower water, and in Sardinia oranges are attached to the horns of the oxen which draw the nuptial carriage. Dr. Brewer says that Saracen brides carried orange blossoms at weddings and suggests that our modern custom is a survival or revival of theirs.

The custom appears to have been introduced from France into England about 1820-30. According to Littre, "Women at their marriage wear a crown of orange buds and blossoms; hence the orange blossom is taken as a symbol of marriage."

In "Vanity Fair" Thackeray speaks of orange blossoms as "touching emblems of female purity imported by us from France." This happy thought, however, is merely a fancy of his, for orange blossoms, according to French scholars and writers, simply indicate that "mademoiselle" has attained the status of "madame."

IT WON HIS CASE.

The Incident That Brought About the "Stovepipe Verdict."

It was a characteristic of a certain Tennessee colonel that when once his oratory had begun to flow before the jury nothing could stop it till the fount was exhausted. On one occasion he had just finished tearing his opponent's argument to tatters when the courtroom stovepipe fell with a crash.

"There!" cried the colonel as the clouds of soot arose. "There is a simile furnished by nature herself! Just as that stovepipe has come unjointed and fallen useless to the ground so my adversary's argument has fallen with as loud a crash. One is not more hollow than the other, not more in need of polish.

"And, gentlemen of the jury, what do those clouds of soot and smoke resemble—those black masses smutting all they light upon—what do they resemble more than the malicious libels, the black scandals, which my adversary has poured into your ears and with which he has endeavored to blacken the character of my client?"

His case had seemed hopeless, but when he had finished the stovepipe comparison the jury was converted and returned what became famous in western Tennessee as the "stovepipe verdict" in favor of the colonel's client.

WATERSPOUTS.

What They Are and the Conditions That Generate Them.

A waterspout is a miniature tornado originating in a strong upward draft of air which occurs above the surface of a body of comparatively warm water. Its effect first becomes visible in a circular motion at the point in the clouds to which it ascends. This becomes a whirl, which condenses the vapor at its center, causing the portion of the cloud there to drop downward in the shape of a gigantic jelly bag. At the same time the continuing upward draft increases the rapidity of its original swirl and of the condensed vapor caught within it until the ascending and descending masses join to form the waterspout.

Necessarily by this process the air beneath the spout is rarefied, and thus where the phenomenon occurs at sea the water always seems to be sucked up into it, although this is not really the case to any considerable extent. For similar reasons where a waterspout or tornado passes over a building it does most of its damage by exhausting the air outside, causing what is within to expand and blow the structure to pieces.

Infantile Development.

It is wonderful enough that infants of a few weeks or months should make unmistakable manifestations of the simpler emotions of fear, affection and anger, but that an emotion so complex as jealousy should appear so early as at the age of ten months is especially remarkable and indicates a degree of development at this age which in the absence of observation might justly be deemed incredible. Darwin observed jealousy in an infant of fifteen and one-half months, but adds, "It would probably be exhibited by infants at an earlier age if they were tried in a fitting manner."

Truffles.

Whether plainly boiled, like the humble potato, served in a snow white napkin and eaten with shavings of cold butter, or inlaid in tiny blocks like miniature black dice into goose liver, turkey's breast or pigs' feet, or, again, shredded delicately over the creamy surface of supremes de volaille, the truffle, despite its costliness, is deservedly a favorite esculent throughout the civilized world.—London Telegraph.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1904

☞ Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., formerly pastor of the First church of Woburn, now a resident, with his wife, of Honolulu, has lately been appointed Corresponding Secretary and General Superintendant of all the work of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, in the interests of which, at the urgent request of the American Board, he resigned his pastorate here two or three years ago and entered on the task of Christianizing the Japanese of the Sandwich Islands. The Hawaiian Board is reported to be in such financial straits just now as to compel it to drop some of its salaried officers, among them the corresponding Secretary whose place Dr. Scudder has been selected to fill in addition to the office of General Superintendent. It may be that the roseate hues in which the Mission was painted and presented to him faded away, partially or wholly, on closer contact with it; but Dr. and Mrs Scudder are both imbued with the true missionary spirit, having had long experience in Japan before coming to Woburn, and can always be relied on for earnest and efficient work in the missionary field.

☞ The election of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department to succeed Chief Clarence Littlefield is to come up for action in the City Council next Monday evening, March 21, by assignment. From present indications it is perfectly safe to conclude that Chief Littlefield will be his own successor without opposition. A week ago there was some talk, outside of the Council, of a possible second candidate, but it has died out and it is now stated that the party who it was proposed to run will formally decline to be considered a candidate at next Monday's meeting of the Council. It is needless to remark here that Mr. Littlefield is as capable a Fire Chief as can be produced from any quarter. He does the very best of work in his office and at fires. His experience is valuable to the city, a point that should not be overlooked. He is popular with the men of the Department; and it is a good thing for the city that he is to be reelected.

☞ The Fifty-ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Association are to celebrate the anniversary of Fort Steadman by a reunion and banquet at the American House, Boston, with wives, daughters and sweethearts, on Friday next, March 25. A business meeting will be held at 11 A M, and dinner at 2 30 P. M. Veteran William T. Kendall is getting a good ready for the occasion and is sure to be on hand, if alive and well.

☞ The Foss Benton contest for delegate-at-large to the Republican National convention waxes hotter day by day. The storm centre for delegates to the State convention is in Boston where both sides are putting in great work and hope to win.

☞ Republican caucus for the selection of delegates to the Republican convention to select delegates to the National convention will held in this city on April 5 The State convention is to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on April 15.

☞ Mayor John P. Feeney was a prominent figure and speaker at the meeting of the Democratic State Committee in Boston last Wednesday. He represented the young men of his party and put up a big fight in their behalf.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—License Com.
Advertiser—Wanted.
C. W. Clark—Citation.
F. C. S. Bank—Notices.
E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Unitarian Church—Drama.
J. G Maguire—Del. Taxes.
W. F. Davis, Jr.—Lawyer.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Frank L. Stevens Co.—Ivers & Pond.

— "Our Jim" April 11. Don't miss it.

— Don't forget the Baptist church concert.

— "A Spoiled Darling" at Music Hall this evening.

— Days and nights were of equal length yesterday.

— Last Tuesday occurred snowstorm No. 48 this season.

— The Rumford school teachers went a-visiting last Tuesday.

— Grip and colds are still with us, it is our unpleasant duty to report.

— Clan MacKinnon are to give their grand annual concert on April 13.

— "A Spoiled Darling" is to be presented at Music Hall this evening.

—The groundhog knows more about weather than "Old Probs" himself.

— Towanda Club present "The Pirates of Panama" on March 23, 24. Prepare for it.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The Rebekahs reception of the minstrels last Wednesday evening was a most enjoyable affair.

— Seats for the Annual Towanda Show are now on sale or exchange at Whitcher's Drug Store.

— Latest reports from John Plummer say he is resting better. Let us hope he will get well again.

— Some ancient and valuable books have been secured for the Thompson Memorial Library at N. W.

— If progress is being made in the District Nurse enterprise not much rattling of the wheels is heard.

— Prof. Baxter will tell how to make old folks young by his new invention at the Unitarian vestry.

— In the polo series at Lynn last Saturday night the home team defeated the picked team. Tom Hardy did not play.

— One wonders when official action is to be taken on the petition of the L. & B R R Co. for a franchise over Arlington Road.

— Contracts have been let for building 12 of the Cummings Park houses—for 6 small ones to Corbett, and 6 large ones to Herrick.

..AS GOOD AS..

GOLD.

You can rely on the security offered by the companies which are represented

IN DELAND'S OFFICE.

Absolute reliability and ASSETS into the MILLIONS.

J. FOSTER DELAND,

FIRE INSURANCE and REAL ESTATE.

Room 5. National Bank Building.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Office will be closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after six o'clock.

— E Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— Thomas J. Begley, Dennis L Sullivan, and Ira W. Ford, the present incumbent, are candidates for Superintendent of Almshouse.

— Frank R Clark, sub-master in the High School, returned from the bedside of his sick father at Strong, Maine, early this week.

— The play "Our Jim," is to be given by the S. of V. and S. of V Club on March 23, 24. The sale of tickets has been remarkable.

— Commissioner Kelley of the B P. W. rode out last Monday, the first time in several weeks. He has been suffering with throat trouble.

— The concert to be given at the First Baptist church on Monday evening, March 28, should be kept in mind It will be a good one. See ad.

— The Woman's Club have out-Heroded Herod in preparing "A Spoiled Darling" for the stage. It is to be given tonight in Music Hall.

— No dynamite was necessary to clear our streets of ice and frozen snow as some folkes prophesied it would be. The ardent wooing of Old Sol did it.

— Mr. Charles E. Tripp took one of Nason's excursions to Washington last week. He is one of the most popular excursion conductors in the business.

— J Foster Deland's Real Estate Agency reports a distinctly visible movement in real estate transactions in this city. It is doing a good business.

— Please take, particular notice of the announcement of G. R Gage & Co., Merchant Tailors. They have the best line of goods in the Market.

— Mrs. Alvah Buckman and Mrs. E. G. Clough and daughter Agnes have returned to their Fairmount street home having spent the winter in Cambridge.

— The regular meeting of the L. T. L. will be held in the vestry of the Swedish Church, Saturday afternoon, March 19, at 2 o'clock.—C. M WARREN.

— Mrs. Joseph F. Winn was elected a member of the School Board at the Burlington Town Meeting last Monday. She is the right woman in the right place.

— Many prices have been offered Winslow Pierce for the land around Horn Pond for railroads and boulevard purposes, but he says he is not ready to sell just yet.

— Pratt's Food for horses is a really valuable article, and this is just the season of the year to use it. There is no humbug about the food. See W. J Buckman's ad.

— A crucial personal test of them enables us to assert that Crawford's peppermints beat the band. He makes them himself, and we declare on our honor that they are A1.

— Two weeks from day after tomorrow will be Easter Sunday when all the ladies in the land will appear out in new bonnets and hats, and Easter eggs will have their day.

— The paltry sum of 35 cents admits a person to the finest concert of the season. It is to be given at the First Baptist church at 8 o'clock, Monday evening, March 28.

— "Abraham Lincoln" by Rev. Dr. Cadman in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday evening was a splendid production. The attendance should have been larger, for it was fine.

— Mr. Thomas Wilson, the carriage-maker at 18 Union street, says business, which has been rather dull this winter, is picking up, and he has an idea that it will be good this season.

— Crystal Lodge, I. O. O F., are to celebrate their anniversary in Odd Fellows Hall on May 4, by giving a musical and literary entertainment. The Highland Orchestra have been engaged for it.

— The young men of the Bedford Unitarian church have engaged John J. Hern's Orchestra to furnish music for a return ball to the young ladies Leap Year one on Feb. 29, the same to be given on April 6.

— This community deeply sympathize with Rev. T. Berton Smith on the loss of his wife by death at her home, 19 Beach street, last Saturday, and with their daughter in the loss of a kind and loving mother.

— The Board of Directors of the M. E. Church gymnasium have voted to give Miss Whitaker the use of the gymnasium Monday afternoon and evening for the accommodation of the new ladies' and misses' classes.

— All those interested in having a May party for the benefit of the Floating Hospital are requested to meet in Lyceum Hall this week Saturday evening at 7 30 o'clock. Mr. Byrnes, teacher of dancing, will be present.

— It is reported that Daniel B. nad Harry V. Dimick and Julian Dow, Woburn young men, have gone into a manufacturing business in St. Louis It is also reported that Harry Dimick is engaged to a young lady of that city.

— In the challenge whist match for the Foster Trophy, the Towanda Club defeated the Waltham Canoe Club last Tuesday evening by a margin of three tricks. Towanda has now eight wins to its credit in this match; ten retains the cup. This season's matches have ended.

— Particular attention is directed to the professional card of Lawyer William Frederic Davis in this paper.

— Mrs. D. W. Bond is the best delineator of the Irish Biddy character in town. She brings down the house every time. She is Prof. Baxter's servant in the play "Dr. Baxter's Great Invention."

— Mr. Daniel H. Richards, who has charge of local weather conditions and records them, informs the JOURNAL that 77 inches of snow has fallen here from the first fall last November to the storm last Tuesday. That means 6 feet and 5 inches of snow.

— An address will be given by Mrs. James L. Fowle of Cesarea, Turkey, on the subject, "Mothers in Turkey," at the meeting of the Maternal Association, in the parlor of the First Congregational Church, Friday, March 25, at 3 P. M. All mothers invited.

— Any boy or girl wishing to see the war drama "Our Jim" can obtain a fifty cent seat for selling ten tickets This is a good opportunity for a bright boy or girl to see this play. Tickets may be obtained from M. H. Cotton at Buckman's shoe store, Main street.

— W. R. C. 161, are to entertain Post 161, G. A. R, with a supper, in which both Corps and Post, and the Post's wives, will participate. The supper is to be provided and served at 6 30 o'clock p. m on March 22, in honor of the 17th anniversary of the Corps.

— Miss Wood has a most pleasing voice, sweet and warm in quality. She sings with perfect intonation; has a good legato, phrases well, while her style is wholly without affectation, and thoroughly frank.—*Boston Herald* She can be heard at the Baptist concert March 28.

— John W. Johnson, Esq. and wife returned from a delightful winter sojourn in the West India Islands, Florida, and other Southern resorts, last Tuesday in prime health and excellent spirits. They were away about 10 weeks and enjoyed the outing wonderfully well.

— The ladies of the Unitarian church are to hold another Food Sale at Caldwell's on April 2. Everything to be homemade—all kinds of cake, pies, hot baked beans and brownbread, buns, doughnuts, an attractive Easter table, etc. Good place to buy a Sunday morning breakfast.

— Impressive services were held at the funeral of Mrs. T. Berton Smith last Tuesday. They were conducted by Rev. N. E. Richardson, Rev. George Chadbourne, Rev. G. S. Butters, and Rev. Dr. Frederick Woods. A quartet from Boston sung several pieces. There was a profusion of flowers.

— Smith's Agency has recently rented store 492 Main street to Miss E. E O'Brien of Cambridge; the Bowers house 5 Highland street to L J, Smith of Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.; Fowle house Green street to J. H. Grmer of Philadelphia; 58 Mishawum Road to G. E. Stoddard of Roxbury.

— MR. HOBBS: Permit me to disclaim whatever honor might accrue to me if the statement in your last week's issue, that my son, Rev. G. Jameson, was doing good evangelistic work in Dakota, were true. I have no son of that name, or one who is, ever was, or is ever likely to be a preacher.—JOHN JAMESON.

— The Rifle Team of Co. G, 5th Regt, had the largest attendance of the season at their assembly at the Armory. Everyone who has attended these dances speak highly of the music given by Strachan's famous Orchestra. The last dance of the series is to be next Thursday evening, March 24. and a very large attendance is expected.

— So far, this present month of March, has been uncommonly cold and windy. If our memory serves us truly, it has, however, been no colder or more windy than the month of March 1857, on the 29th day of which fairly winter weather prevailed and snow was plenty on the ground. That was the year Boston Harbor froze over.

— The weather was simply splendid yesterday. St. Patrick's Day has had nothing like it within the memory of man. There were great doings in Boston; three big celebrations—Evacuation Day, St. Patrick's Day, and the Centennial of the annexation of South Boston to the city. There were big parades, oratory, music, and other patriotic doings.

— The laughable farce, "An Unlucky Tip" and vocal and instrumental music will make up the programme at the Unitarian vestry, Tuesday evening, March 29. The characters are: Miss Florence Pendergast and Mr. William Stephenson of Somerville; Mr. Harry Stimson of Boston; and Miss Helen Cook. The play was given with great success in Somerville on March 11. See ad.

— If anyone entertains the least doubt that Mr. and Mrs J. E. Boutwell have exhibited a good many prize dogs at bench shows in Boston and elsewhere in the last few years, an examination of the trophies they have won, now on parade at Waldo Thompson's hardware store, will serve to remove it at once. It is really worth ones while to take a good look at the big array of prizes. The best dogs in Woburn have come out of the Boutwell kennels, and they always win wherever exhibited. Take a survey at the array of trophies.

— 8 A. M., March 18, wind S. E., snowing, temp moderate.

— Entries for the Boston Horse Show will close on March 26. Address for information Capt. Samuel D. Parker, Tremont Building, Boston.

— Mr. George Buchanan, Chairman of the Board of Health, will be 80 years old next Sunday, March 20, and there isn't a smarter man in this city than he.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 53 at 5.30 Wednesday morning was for a fire which did considerable damage to the leach house of the Cottle Leather Company on Conn street. The alarm from box 46 at 2 10 this morning was for a fire that destroyed a dwellinghouse on Washington street near Pine street, Montvale.

— Mrs. Chase, wife of Mr. Cyrus Chase, a locomotive enginer on the B. & M. Railroad, whose home is on Church avenue, this city, had a marked honor conferred on her last week, and deserved it. She was elected a delegate to the biennial convention of the G. I. Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to be held by the Order at Los Angeles, California, early next May, in conjunction with the Brotherhood. Mrs. Chase is a member of one of the two Massachusetts Division of the G. I. A., and was deemed just the right woman to send to the convention. A trip to Southern California in May cannot but be a delightful one.

— The photographs recently seen in artist Legg's window showing something of the difficulties met and overcome by the Lowell & Boston electric road after the last heavy snow storm, were from Mrs. Fred F. Walker's camera. Mrs. Walker, who received her first instructions in photography from Mr. Legg, has since done work which few amateurs can equal, and attributes her interest in the work, in no small degree, to the fact that her entire photographic outfit was a gift from her sister-in law, the late Mrs. Frank C. Marion. The views were taken at the top of the hill near the residence of Mr. Hugh Stewart in Burlington.

— Between 30 and 40 converts are to join the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, in full fellowship, next Sunday morning, on confession of faith. It will be made an occasion of more than ordinary note and is likely to attract numerous spectators from other churches. Rev. N. E. Richardson, the pastor, is a young man, only recently admitted to the ranks of the clerical profession; but he is an earnest worker, a devout Christian, and a most successful preacher and pastor. He relies on no extraneous agencies for increasing the membership of his church, believing that plain gospel doctrine and preaching are more effective than any other in the conversion of souls.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

A Warm Tribute.

MR. HOBBS: I learned from the JOURNAL of March 4, that, on February 26, Miss Susan Edgell passed the 92nd milestone on the long path of life in good health and spirits. I would have liked to have been one of those friends who called and congratulated her upon her birthday.

When but seven years old I was taken to the schoolhouse that stood near the entrance of the old graveyard in Woburn Centre and placed under her care. It was she who first taught me my A. B. C's. This was nearly seventy years ago; but I recall her looks as she appeared to me on that memorable day—my first attendance in any school. Her presence was a revelation to me, her tall, straight form and sparkling eyes I can see as plainly today as I saw them three score and ten years ago. Her patience with us youngsters was remarkable. It must have been so, else I could not, after all these long years, have such a vivid recollection of it.

I sincerely hope her life may be spared, and that she will pass her 100th birthday in as good health as she has now. If she is still here at that time I will make a pilgrimage to the old town and place a wreath of our Prairie Flowers upon her head.

WARREN TEEL.

31 Years as Treasurer of the I. O. O. F.

Orlando M. Brooks, Past Grand of Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F., has entered upon his 32d year as Treasurer of the Lodge.

Past Grand Brooks was made an Odd Fellow in Bethel Lodge, No. 12 of Arlington, on September 27, 1870, and became a member of Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, at its re-institution on October 16, 1871, when he was made its first Vice Grand.

After passing through the chairs he was elected Treasurer on July 1, 1873, and, with the exception of a period from July 1, to Dec. 31, 1881, he has served continuously in that capacity, covering a period of 31 years.

Past Grand Brooks is active in all Lodge work, and rarely misses a meeting. He is now in his 63rd year.—P.

Merchants Association.

A number of Woburn tradesmen held an adjourned meeting last Monday evening for the purpose of organizing an Association with a view of promoting public interests and increasing business. Winthrop Hammond presided, and Arthur W. Whitcher was chosen Secretary.

Speeches were made by Messrs. Winthrop Hammond, Thomas Moore, C. M. Strout, James F. McGrath, Hubbard Copeland, H. J. Charak, J. C. Finnegan, Arthur W. Whitcher, Mr. Fezette, and others; and Winthrop Hammond, J. F. McGrath, A. W. Whitcher, Thomas Moore, Willis Varney and F. A. Buckman, were chosen a committee to draft a constitution and bylaws. There cropped out a decided opposition to Trading Stamps.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

A novel competition is offered by the management of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the Park Theatre. The school children of Boston and suburban cities are given the opportunity to win a prize of $5 in gold for the list of the greatest number of words which can be made from the letters composing the title of this popular play. No one letter can be used more times than it appears in the words "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," but those which are repeated twice in the title may be repeated twice in the words included in the list. Words of foreign languages are strictly forbidden. In addition to the $5 which is offered for the first winner there will also be two seats each for the children sending in the second and third largest lists. The award will be made by Miss Mabel Taliaferre, who plays Lovey Mary in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Basket Ball.

The Woburn A. A. defeated the North End Unions of Boston Saturday night; score, 23 to 9, and Tuesday night they defeated the Dorchester A. A. team; score, 44 to 9. Woburn outclassed their opponents all through the game.

At the Armory Saturday night Co. G defeated Phenolds of the Lowell Textile School; score, 10 to 2.

The X. L. O. girls defeated the girls team of the Connors Commercial College last Saturday afternoon; score 15 to 2.

W. C. T. U.

Will the Loyal Temperance Legion take notice that the hour of meeting for Saturday, March 19, is three o'clock instead of two, as previously announced?

The W. C. T. U. Presidents of Middlesex county held their mid-year meeting in the M. E. church of this city on March 16. Mrs. Rolfe, the County President conducted the opening devotional exercises. After the roll-call, Mrs. Norton of Auburndale, who has been conducting the Loyal Temperance Legion work in Woburn and elsewhere, gave a report of her department; 20 Legions have been started, with a prospect of 5 more, soon.

The interests of the Frances E. Willard Settlement, a Home for poor girls in Boston, were next considered. Mrs. E. Trask Hill spoke of the work at Putnam Hall, Pembroke street, Boston, started through the generosity of the late Wm. R. Putnam of Woburn, and which bears his name. After the ladies had partaken of an excellent lunch furnished by our local W. C. T. U., further plans for work during the coming year were considered. Some new Superintendents were appointed. The President called attention to Scientific Temperance Instruction in the public schools, and the importance of coming into close sympathy with the teachers. A short season of prayer closed an interesting and profitable gathering.

A. M. B.

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. Their main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred-and-one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step, vigorous and successful in your pursuits. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c; regular bottles, 75c. At all druggists.

Vespers

At Unitarian church, Sunday, March 20, at 5 o'clock. "A Neighborhood Service." Members of Reading Parish uniting. Addresses by Rev. Henry D. Stevens of Reading and by Rev. Henry C. Parker. Music by Chorus Choir, Mr. Ralph Lyford, Organist, soloist, Mr. Charles Delmont, basso of Columbus ave. Universalist church quartet, Boston.

Organ Prelude.
Anthem. "The Homeland." Choir. — Arthur Sullivan
Solo. "Crossing the Bar." Mr. Delmont. — Dudley Buck
Anthem. "Thou Delight of My Soul. Choir. — Parker
Anthem. "God is Love." Choir. Solo by Mr. Delmont. — Shelley
Solo. "From the Depths." Mr. Delmont. — Campana
Organ Postlude.

Prof. Baxter's Great Invention.

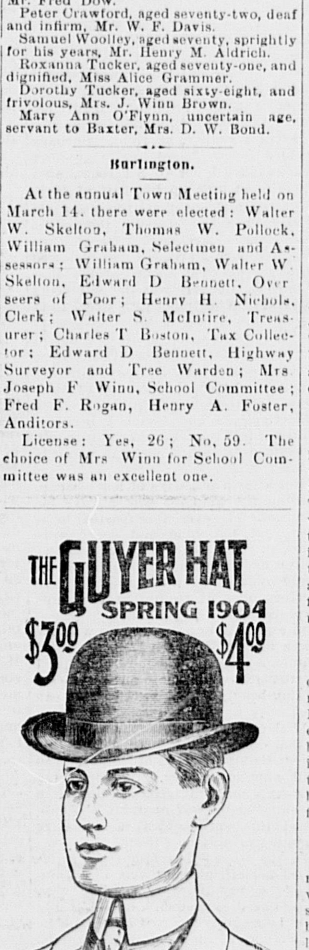
The following is the cast of the funniest play ever seen in Woburn. It is to be given in the Unitarian vestry.

Benjamen Franklin Baxter, Inventor, Mr. Fred Dow.
Peter Crawford, aged seventy-two, deaf and infirm, Mr. W. F. Davis.
Samuel Woolley, aged seventy, sprightly for his years, Mr. Henry M. Aldrich.
Roxanna Tucker, aged seventy-one, and dignified, Miss Alice Grammer.
Dorothy Tucker, aged sixty-eight, and frivolous, Mrs. J. Winn Brown.
Mary Ann O'Flynn, uncertain age, servant to Baxter, Mrs. D. W. Bond.

Burlington.

At the annual Town Meeting held on March 14, there were elected: Walter W. Skelton, Thomas W. Pollock, William Graham, Selectmen and Assessors; William Graham, Walter W. Skelton, Edward D Bennett, Overseers of Poor; Henry H. Nichols, Clerk; Walter S. McIntire, Treasurer; Charles T Boston, Tax Collector; Edward D Bennett, Highway Surveyor and Tree Warden; Mrs Joseph F Winn, School Committee; Fred F. Rogan, Henry A. Foster, Auditors.

License: Yes, 26; No, 59. The choice of Mrs Winn for School Committee was an excellent one.



NOW READY.

Hammond & Son,
Leading
Clothiers and Hatters,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.
JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AL-LAW
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass. Notary Public

WINFIELD R. LANG,
LAWYER,
847 Tremont Building, BOSTON.
Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.
Can be seen evenings at B. & M. ticket office. Tel. 179 Haymarket.

WANTED.

Party or parties who will take first mortgage of $2500 with good interest on $4000 worth of property in Vermont.
For further particulars apply at 361 Main street, Woburn.

Mommsen's "Roman History."

Some one has well said that but for the "Roman History" Mommsen would be a great man "taken on faith." That is probably true, but we have the "Roman History," perhaps the most remarkable piece of German literature written in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is a wonderful testimony to the power of humanity over humanity that the most human work which Mommsen wrote should be the most popular. The "Roman History" was the expression of the whole man, and if ever it should cease to have value as Roman history it will never cease to be of value as a spiritual document, as a picture of the hopes and ideals of Theodor Mommsen. By a happy chance when the book was brought into the world it appeared in the naked simplicity of its narrative without the swaddling clothes of footnotes and sources. The clear cut style showed forth to its best advantage. The world at large took its statements as faith. Scholars were at liberty to test them in other books of Mommsen himself or of other men.—Professor Jesse B. Carter in Atlantic.

The Sanitation of Ant Cities.

Insects are scrupulously clean in their personal toilet and often brush, comb and wash themselves, a service for which they are admirably provided with natural implements. This habit is transferred to communal affairs. The streets within the city bounds and the gates and external plaza and "country roads" leading into the foraging fields, as with agricultural ants, are kept free from filth and obstructions that might gather filth. The constant washings and combings of baby ants by the nurses would satisfy the most fastidious maternal taste. One may not say that sanitation is an exact emmetonian science, but it certainly is an art thoroughly practiced in every department of the formicary and brought to perfection as far as natural conditions will permit. Every insect citizen takes part in this service. All ants unite to keep their civic precincts clean.—H. C. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

A Beautiful Art.

Without disparagement of any of the other arts, to attain proficiency in which people make such long and valiant struggles, it may be truly said that the one art of smiling warms more hearts than all others together. Most children—in fact, all happy children—have an unconscious mastery of this beautiful art, but unfortunately they often lose it as they grow older. Children are the best judges of smiles in the world. "Her lips smile," said a child, speaking of a hard faced woman, "but she doesn't." A widening of the mouth in a vain endeavor to look pleasant is not a smile. It deceives nobody. A smile, to be worthy of the name, must come from the heart. It is the result of an honest willingness and readiness to be pleased with little as well as great things.

Antwerp Milk Woman.

There is no more picturesque figure in quaint old Antwerp than the milk women. For many years the milk of the city has been served to the houses by these women, whose customs and even costumes have remained unchanged. The milk women wear a simple dress, almost completely covered with a voluminous white apron. A quaint white headdress completes the uniform. Scores of these picturesque figures are to be seen throughout Antwerp in the morning hours. The milk is either carried in two large buckets, hung from a yoke running across the shoulders, or in little carts drawn by dogs.

Eating at Night.

Every living bird and beast strives its utmost to cram itself with food before retiring for the night, and this food is digested as the night progresses. The evening feed is the feed of the day with the brute creation, and yet doctors tell us to refrain from eating heartily at night and even advise us to retire to rest with a more or less empty stomach. Are we following nature when following this advice?—Country Gentleman.

How the Chinese Beat Time.

A Chinese child is considered a year old at its birth, and its age is reckoned not from its birthdays, but from its New Year's days. If it is fortunate enough to be born on Feb. 1, the day before the Chinese New Year's day, it is said to be two years old when it is two days old. It is one year old when born, and another year is added on its first New Year's day.

The Korean Wife.

In Korea the rooms of a wife or mother are the sanctuary of any man who breaks the law. Unless for treason or for one other crime he cannot be forced to leave those rooms, and so long as he remains under the protection of his wife's apartments he is secure from the officers of the law.

Bound to Be Comfortable.

An author who had been jailed for debt wrote to his wife: "Do me the favor to send me my Shakespeare, my nightgown and slippers, my pipe and all letters asking for autographs and containing stamps. I want to be comfortable and at peace with the world."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Slow Photographer.

Irate Female—Look here! Do you mean to tell me that I have got such an ugly looking nose as that? Photographer—But my apparatus cannot lie, madam. Irate Female—Then, for goodness' sake, go and get one that can.

Just Help Himself.

He—If I tried to kiss you would you call for help? She—Would you need it?—Smart Set.

Japanese [illegible]

In no country is William Morris' golden rule, "Have nothing about you but what you know to be useful and believe to be beautiful," so scrupulously followed as in Japan. The politeness of the Japanese—a sign of "equality"—the politeness of this hierarchical east, is in surprising contrast with the aggressive rudeness of our democratic communities. Gentleness and cordiality are the Japanese rule; no scenes of violence. The readiness with which Europeans fly into a passion stupefies the Japanese, appears to them to be a sign of innate coarseness. In his consideration for others a Japanese habitually refrains from making any show of his personal sorrows. Only her vanity has led Europe to fancy that the Japanese regard western civilization as superior to their own and that therefore they are "Europeanizing" themselves purposely. The western diplomatist who described modern Japan as a "bad translation" of Europe merely shared the delusion and conceit of foreigners generally.—F. Challaye in Revue de Paris.

A Drug Store that Cuts Prices.

Dr. Shoop's Remedies.

You have had a booklet left at your door this week.

Whitcher's Is the Place to Buy Them.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904
Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors.
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

FOR SALE
The Estate on Bennett Street
Extending through to Boston & Maine Railroad, owned by Mrs. Phinney. The estate will be sold in separate lots if desired.
Inquire of C. E. SMITH, Real Estate Agent, Main Street, Woburn.

A Woburn Physician
Said to his patient last Tuesday, take this Prescription to Robbins Drug Co. they do not substitute and will prepare it correctly and will be reasonable with the price. This statement designates the standing of our Prescription Department. Having the confidence of the physicians, it is fair to assume we have also the confidence of the public. For a glimpse of our Prescription Department see our window this week.
Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ The Original Cut Price Store.
Green Stamps. Public Telephone.

Ayer's Pills
Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

CITY OF WOBURN.

OFFICE OF
The License Commissioners
March 17, 1904.
The License Commissioners will be at their rooms Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, March 22d and 24th from 7 30 until 8 30 o'clock, to receive applications for the Sixth Class, Common Victualler and Innholder licenses.
RICHARD GARRITY, Sec.

CONCERT
—AT—
First Baptist Church
—ON—
Monday Eve'g, March 28, 1904
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.
—Artists.—
Miss Florence Wood, Soprano
Miss Ella Andrews, Reader and Club Swinging in Greek Costume.
Mr. Clarence Wilson, Baritone.
ALL OF BOSTON.
Highland Orchestra of Woburn.
Tickets 35 Cents.
☞ Tickets for sale at Whitcher's Drugstore

LEND-A-HAND
ENTERTAINMENT
FOR BENEFIT OF
Unitarian Parish
March 29th,
In UNITARIAN VESTRY
DRAMATIC
"An Unlucky Tip."
Vocal and Instrumental Music.
TICKETS, 25 Cents

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held in their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, April 1st, 1904,

at seven thirty (7 30) o'clock, in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.
CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., March 18th, 1904.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, April 2d, 1904, will draw interest from that date.
CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

To Let.
House No. 18 Court street, seven rooms, bath-room and furnace.
Office—Dow's Building, steam heat.
Apply to A. J FOSTER, 4 Church Ave.

WANTED!
Men or women local representatives for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prizes. Write J. N. TRAINER, 80 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Studio: First National Bank Building.
The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.
The National Graded Course Used.
The Virgil Practice Clavier System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Henry B. Williams.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday in Lent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Frederick Edwards of Malden will officiate.
Lenten Services Wednesdays at 4 P. M. Fridays at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. (Reception of members on profession of faith.) Subject: "I Have Kept the Faith."
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Baptismal Service for Adults. Reception of Probationers. Sermon: "Levi, the Custom's Officer."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "From Darkness to Light."
12 M., Sunday School.
4 30 P. M, Vesper Service. Address by the pastor. "Lead Us Not Into Temptation."
5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
Wednesday, at 4.20 P. M., Pastor's Class.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M, Prayer Meeting.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. H. C. DeLong of Medford.
Sunday School at 12 M.
5 P. M., Neighborhood Vesper Service in which the Christian Union church of Reading will join. Addresses by Revs H. D. Stevens and H. C. Parker

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 12, Mary Ann Smith, aged 71 years.

In this city, March 13, John A. Weldon, aged 83 years, 5 months, 8 days.

WANTED
IN WOBURN
Moderate cost house in good neighborhood, in exchange for first-class investment property.
GEO. ADAMS WOODS,
50 State St., Boston.

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

The Way They Point---

Everything points to a big busy season with us. Just as real as is the magnet's attraction is the attraction of our goods and prices. No one can fail to appreciate values they can test. The needle always points to the pole, and the people always point to us for business.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

JEWELERS,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches

Dalobe Farm CREAM

18c. Jar.

5c. allowed for empty jar when returned. This is the Best and also the Cheapest Cream on the market.

The Best Cough Reliever Wild Cherry and Tar

COUGH BREAKER.

25 Cents.

PREPARED BY

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co

On and after October 19, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica and Lowell at 5 45 a. m. hourly until 9 45 p. m.; also 11 p. m., for Burlington and Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 55 a. m., hourly till 9 55 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn and Boston or Lowell 6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10 30 p. m., also for Woburn 11.30 p. m.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 11 55 p. m.,

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly until 12.15 midnight connecting with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 00 a. m and 4.11 p. m.

Sunday—First car leaves Woburn 6 45 a. m., hourly until 10 45 p. m., Billerica 7 39 a. m., Lowell, 7. 55 a. m.

C. W. B. HARRISON, Supt.

Have You Tried Our Peppermints

They are made here.

CRAWFORD'S

No. 412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 151 5.

Prepare for Spring Cleaning

CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Used generally about the house, in place of soaps, &c will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the difficult work by putting the sink, toilets and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations.
Be sure you get the genuine.
Avoid inferior "JUST as GOOD" imitations.
Look for the above TRADE-MARK.
At all dealers—10c., 25c., 50., $1.00.

Good House To Let.

I offer to Rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is neat, nice, warm, handy and convenient. It is right every way.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
53 Bow St., Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Bradford Clark, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Jennie Clark of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of March, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Susan W. Dean, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and two codicils—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Susan D. Richardson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of April, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth C. Converse, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Albert F. Converse, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of April, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

O. B. SANBORN,

Furniture and Piano Moving, Jobbing of all kinds.

Out of town moving a specialty. Storage for furniture. All mail orders promptly attended to. Telephone connection, 105-7.

Residence, 117 Montvale Ave. WOBURN

Desk Room To Let

at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., March 15, 1904.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1902, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of each of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, April 23rd, 1904,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 3.

MARCUS BEEBE ET. AL.—About 23,088 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Munroe street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Munroe street; easterly by land of Cole and land of Larkin; southerly by land of Alfred A. Dow heirs and land of Crosby and Rogers; westerly by land of said Rogers and by land now or late of Western heirs.
Tax of 1902, $161 10

MARCUS BEEBE ET. AL.—About 31,560 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hart and land now or late of Dunnigan; easterly by land now or late of McDonald; southerly by land now or late of Soles; westerly by No. Warren street.
Tax of 1902, 28 64

GRANVILLE BOUTWELL.—About 5,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No 23 Flagg street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Jeremiah Murphy; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of Patrick Murray; westerly by Flagg street, so-called.
Tax of 1902, 11 64

BARTHOLOMEW MCDONOUGH, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3,720 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 13 and 15 Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Winn; easterly by land of Donovan; southerly by a private way; westerly by said Centre street.
Tax of 1902, 32 22

BRIDGET E. QUIGLEY.—About 45,344 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 18 and 20 Morse street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Ellis; easterly by land of Foster; southerly by land of Richardson and land of Olivar Bacon Heirs; westerly by land of Ellis.
Tax of 1902, 41 17

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 1,440 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Manns Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Manns Court; easterly by land of James Skinner; southerly by land of Michael Meagher; westerly by land of Michael Meagher.
Tax of 1902, 14 67

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 2,948 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Manns Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Manns Court; easterly by other land of Smith; southerly by land of heirs of Thomas Salmon; westerly by land of James Skinner.
Tax of 1902, 47 44

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 2,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Manns Court; easterly by Main street; southerly by land of Salmon; westerly by other land of Smith.
Tax of 1902, 85 92
Street Watering for 1902, 73

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 4,920 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Manns Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Edgell; easterly by land now or late of Holton; southerly by Manns Court; westerly by land now or late of Whitcher.
Tax of 1902, 59 07

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 1-16 of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of James Begley; easterly by land of Patrick Smith; southerly by land of John Connolly; westerly by Centre street.
Tax of 1902, 29 54

MARY P. WATERS.—About ¼ of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 32 Franklin street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Franklin street; easterly by land of Edward Simonds; southerly by land now or late of Green; westerly by Park street.
Tax of 1902, 56 38

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Village street, being lot No. 21 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by lot 22 on said plan; northwesterly by lot 19 and 20 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 10 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Village street, being lot No. 22, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by lot 23 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 11 on said plan; northwesterly by lot 21 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,925 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Village street, being lot No. 23 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by lots 12 and 13 on said plan; northwesterly by lot 22 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 7,154 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Maple Court, being lot No. 44, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Maple Court on said plan; southeasterly by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by lots 40 and 41 on said plan; northwesterly by lots 42 and 43 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 19, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 20 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 21 on said plan; southwesterly by lots 8 and 9 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 20 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by lot 21 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 19 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 38 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by lot 39 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 40 on said plan; southwesterly by Village street; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot 39 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 42 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 40 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 38 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 42, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 43 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 44 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 39 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 43 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Maple Court; southeasterly by lot 44 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 42 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings Avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 6,479 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings Avenue, being lot No. 45 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly bd lot 46 on said plan; southeasterly by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by Maple Court; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,579 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 46, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 47 on said plan; southeasterly by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by lot 45 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 7,159 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 47, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 48 on said plan; southeasterly by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by lot 46 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Winn street, being lot No. 12, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 23 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 13 on said plan; southwesterly by Winn street; northwesterly by lot 11 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Winn street, being lot No. 11, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 22 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 12 on said plan; southwesterly by Winn street; northwesterly by lot 10 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Winn street, being lot No. 10, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 21 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 11 on said plan; southwesterly by Winn street; northwesterly by lot 9 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Winn street, being lot No. 9, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 19 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 10 on said plan; southwesterly by Winn street; northwesterly by lot 8 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Winn street, being lot No. 8, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 19 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 9 on said plan; southwesterly by Winn street; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

WARD 4.

PEARL V. BISHOP.—About 11,272 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 142 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Svenson; easterly by land of Mahoney; southerly by Montvale avenue; westerly by land now or late of Robie.
Tax of 1902, 74 28

GEORGE A. BOUTWELL.—About ½ of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 24 Church street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Johnson; easterly by Church street; southerly by Church street; westerly by land of Caroline A. Johnson.
Tax of 1902, 36 70

JAMES BUEL HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 4,240 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 327-331 Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Wm. R. Putnam heirs; easterly by other land of Buel Heirs or Devisees; southerly by Buel Place; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1902, 238 07
Street Watering for 1902, 96

JAMES BUEL HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 8,880 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Buel Place bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Gooding and land of Heirs of Wm. Richardson; easterly by land of the City of Woburn; southerly by land of Allen; westerly by other land of said Buel heirs or Devisees.
Tax of 1902, 136 04

ANN COKELEY.—About 31,115 situated in said Woburn off Wood street, being lot 16 on Plan of Converse Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 17 on Ayers Plan of Converse Lots; easterly by West street shown on said plan; southerly by Packard street shown on said plan; westerly by lot 15 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 14 33

ANN COKELEY.—About 26,016 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 15, shown on Plan of Coverse Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 17 on said plan; easterly by lot 16 on said plan; southerly by Packard street on said plan; westerly by Chandler street shown on said plan,
Tax of 1902, 2 68

JOHN COKELEY.—About ¾ of an acre of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by land of Louis P. Parker; eastetly by by Chandler street; southerly by lot 32 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds. Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, and by land of City of Woburn; westerly by Wood street.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

JOHN C. FINNEGAN.—About 6660 squrae feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn No. 22 Union Street, bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by land of Connolly and by other land of Finnegan; easterly by land now or late of Cooper; southerly by Union street; westerly by land now or late of Sumner Flagg.
Tax of 1902, 39 38
Street Watering for 1902, 1 68

JOHN C. FINNEGAN:—About 3960 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said woburn on Broad street bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by Broad street; easterly by land of Cooper; southerly by land of Finnegan; westerly by land of Connolly.
Tax of 1902, 21 48

MARGARET J. FOSS.—About 6300 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn No. 83 Salem street bounded as follow. namely:—Northerly by Salem street; northeasterly by land of Dow; southeasterly by land of Dow; southwesterly by land of Dow.
Tax of 1902, 17 90
Street Watering for 1902 1 34

CURTIS GREENWOOD, Heirs or Devisees.—About 41800 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Greenwood avenue bounded as follows namely:—Northeasterly by said Greenwood avenue; southeasterly by other land late of the said Curtis Greenwood and by land of Weldon; southwesterly by land now or late of John Murray Marshall; northwesterly by land of the Scandanavian Evangelical Free Church and by Montvale ave.
Tax of 1902, 123 51
Street Watering for 1902 2 38

CURTIS GREENWOOD, Heirs and Devisees.—About 6400 square feet of land with the buildings thereon situated on High street bounded as follows namely:—Northeasterly by Greenwood avenue; southeasterly by High street; southwesterly by land of Weldon; northwesterly by other land now or formerly of said Greenwood.
Tax of 1902, 50 12

JOHN F. LOVELL.—About 11,685 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn No. 148 Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of A. C. Brown, 96 feet; southerly by said Salem street 100 feet; westerly by land now or late of F. P. Richardson 150 feet.
Tax of 1902, 34 91
Street Watering for 1902, 2 02

HIEL J. NELSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About ½ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 42, Beach street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of John Nelson; easterly by land of Curtis; southerly by Beach street; westerly by land of John Nelson.
Tax of 1902, 19 25

HIEL J. NELSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3½ acres of land situated in said Woburn on Beach street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of the City of Woburn; easterly by land now or late of Brooks, land of Curtis and other land of Nelson; southerly by Beach street; westerly by land of Mark C. Felch.
Tax of 1902, 17 90

ALVAH WISWALL, GEORGE H. NEWHALL AND GEORGE A. INGALLS, TRUSTEES FOR THE LEPINGWELL LAND COMPANY:—

About 8,662 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Middle street, being lots 43, 44, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 43

About 10,032 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Middle street, being lots 55, 56, shown on Plan of Land belonging to Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 15,402 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Middle street, being lots 58, 59, 60, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

About 10,044 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Mishawum Road, being lots 67, 68, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 9,668 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Mishawum Road, being lots 74, 75 and part of 73, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 61

About 8,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 4, 5, shown on Plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 72

About 8,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 7, 8, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 72

About 8,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 10, 11, shown on Plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 72

About 20,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 14,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being 20, 21, 22, shown on Plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 26

About 15,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 27, 28, 29, 30, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47
Tax of 1902, 1 35

About 20,000, square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 20,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 181, 182, 183, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 07

About 20,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 16,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 106, 107, 108, 109, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 43

About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 86, 87, 88, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 43,

About 28,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198 and 199, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 2 51

About 14,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 186, 187, 188 and part of 189, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 26

About 20,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Crosby street, being lot 177, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 43

About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Crosby street, being lots 226, 227, 228, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47
Tax of 1902, 1 07

About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Converse street, being lots 171, 172, 173, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 07

About 8,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Converse street, being lots 219, 220, shown plan of land belonging to Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 72

About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Converse street, being lot 160, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plan 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 35

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by David J. Lindsay to William A. Thurston, dated December 5, 1890, and recorded in the Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds in book 220, page 306, and by said William A. Thurston assigned to John A. Thurston by deed of assignment dated February 7, 1891, and recorded in said Registry in book 222, page 507, and for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of said John A. Thurston, deceased, on

Saturday, the thirtieth day of April, A. D. 1904,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, the premises described in said mortgage, to wit:—Two certain parcels of land situated in Wilmington, in said County, on the southwesterly side of Thurston Avenue, being lots numbered five and six on a plan of house lots surveyed for William A. Thurston by James A. Bancroft, surveyor, May 19, 1890, and recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans number six, plan number eight; said lot numbered five containing 8800 square feet of land, and said lot numbered six containing 9375 square feet of land.

Also, one other parcel of land situated in said Wilmington and located southeasterly from and adjoining to said lot numbered six, and bounded, beginning at the most southerly corner of said lot numbered six at a stake; thence northeasterly by said lot numbered six and Thurston Avenue, one hundred and sixty feet to a stake in the line of said Avenue; thence southeasterly one hundred and thirty six feet to a stake; thence southwesterly about one hundred and sixty feet to land of persons unknown; thence northwesterly by said last mentioned land one hundred and thirty six feet to the point of beginning; said last named lot containing about one half and acre; together with rights of ways over said Thurston Avenue to and from said lots.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes thereon.

Terms: $100 cash down at time and place of sale; balance in ten days on delivery of deed.

MINNIE I. ASPINWALL, Administratrix of the estate of John A. Thurston, deceased, the present holder of said mortgage.

CHESTER W. CLARK, Attorney,
62 Equitable Building, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by John M. Portal of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, to Emily F. Chapin, of Lincoln, in said County, dated March 1, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2881, Page 434, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on

MONDAY, April 11, 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon at the office of John W. Johnson, 349 Main street, Woburn, Room No. 1, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain tract of land containing about two acres and one half with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Charles street; westerly by land formerly of Henry Wendall, by land of Clara S. and Maria E. Carter and by land formerly of Walter Wyman; northerly by land of Morrill Wyman; easterly by land of said Morrill Wyman and by the Woburn Cemetery.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and two hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, March 18, 1904.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Caroline S. Thompson, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Edward E. Thompson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of April, A. D., 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

PIANOS.

NEW UPRIGHT with stool and cover $250

$15 down and $6 per month. Case of beautiful imported mahogany, over-strung scale, repeating action and excellent quality of tone, fully warranted for five years, delivered at your home within one hundred miles of Boston. This piano is not an Ivers & Pond, of course, but is built for us by a reliable New York manufacturer. We will mail pictures and full description of this piano if inconvenient to call. Used pianos that we fully warrant, **$75, $100, $125** and upward on easy payment terms, **$3, $4, $5** and upward monthly. List describing our bargains in second-hand pianos mailed free if inconvenient to call.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.,
114 Boylston Street, Boston.

Piano For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale a SQUARE PIANO at a satisfactory price. It is a good one.

Mrs. A. E. CUMMINGS,
22 Cleveland Ave., Woburn, Mass.

MABEL TALIAFERRO as Lovy Mary in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," at the Park Theatre, Boston.

Hub Crumbs

better breadcrumbs

10c

Makes everything fried much better and wholesome.
Saves work and time in the midst of cooking; as handy as the salt box.
Keeps fresh and sweet indefinitely.
It swells in milk or water to four times its dry bulk; use only half or a third as much as of other crumbs.
Makes delicious pudding, stuffing, griddle-cakes, etc.

Ask your grocer for MISS HOWARD'S COOK BOOK

WINCHESTER.

Samuel W. Twombly is a Cemetery Commissioner, and don't you forget it! But it was a narrow squeak.

I hear of no special complaints over the result of the late Town Meeting. It seems to have been a case of "the survival of the fittest."

A correspondent of the *Star* "goes agin" celebrating next 4th of July in this town. He says the town can't afford to have one. So mote it be.

Heavens! Is the "Twombly Lot" controversy never, never to be settled? We have had it ad nauseam, bored, and rubbed in; can't a stop be put to it?

The esteemed fellowcitizen, Mr. Henry F. Johnson, also got there. His election to the important office of Town Auditor was a great personal triumph; also, a notable victory for ability, integrity, and a capacity to talk out in meeting.

Thomas Shaughenssy got his head caught in a scouring machine at Beggs & Cobb's factory last Saturday and received injuries of which he died Tuesday. He leaved a wife and seven children. It was a new machine and was on trial. It took twenty minutes to get him out of its hold.

Preparing for Spring.

Now is the time for all housekeepers to take preliminary steps in that important task—spring cleaning. Use Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL generally throughout the house, especially in the cellar, about the sinks, the bath room, toilets and for clearing the entire drainage system of all greasy, decomposing accumulations. SULPHO-NAPTHOL is a great spring remedy for these places, for it kills all disease germs, foul, poisonous odors, etc., thus placing the house in a perfectly healthy condition. Then when spring comes there will be no active germs to bread disease and the work will be rendered much easier. SULPHO NAPTHOL is the most valuable agent the housekeeper has to maintain clean, healthy homes. It is far superior to soaps—it is in fact the ideal cleaner.

INDIA SUPERSTITIONS.

A Typical Story Illustrating the Belief In Animal Ghosts.

India is full of animal ghosts, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, if the natives may be believed. Here is a typical story:

"By the beard of my father, sahib, I speak straight words," said an old Mohammedan mahout. "One evening we were hunting wild elephants in the jungle for our lord, the maharaja of Gidhaur. I saw a large tusker alone by a pool. His color was grayish white, and my heart beat fast, for I thought Allah had been gracious to me and had placed in my hands that greatest of all prizes, a lord white elephant. Cautiously I urged my own tame elephant toward him, hoping that while they made friends I could bind him fast to a tree by the rope. My beast trumpeted in terror and trembled violently, but I goaded him on, and then when I put my hand on the white elephant I felt nothing but air. It was a ghost elephant, one of those elephants which come back after death to walk the earth because in this life they went forth and murdered men. I went from the spot as if Shaitan himself were at my heels, and soon afterward I made a pilgrimage to Mecca to avert the curse. But my elephant fell sick and died."

He Knew the Distance.

Asked how far off he thought heaven was, the old colored brother replied "Hit ain't no furder dan I kin fly ef I got faith enough ter git de wings en de devil don't set fire ter 'em on de way!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

"The Dog Will Have His Day."

In "Hamlet," act 4, scene 1, we read:

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.

The latter line has become a popular saying, but we are naturally inclined to ask what it means. Why should a dog have a day all to himself any more than any other four footed creature? Is not the passage a piece of silly slang, and ought it not to be suppressed, like any other cant phrase that is born in the streets? To harmonize the verse with sense and Shakespeare a friend has suggested that the last word ought to be changed to bay. We should then read, "The cat will mew, the dog will have his bay." I have no doubt that Shakespeare wrote it so and that the word day is a misprint and nonsense. The analogy between the cat's mewing and dog's baying is self evident and intelligible.—Kansas City Independent.

Bismarck's Wonderful Eyes.

No one ever came into the presence of the chancellor without a deep sense of the mind power reflected from those large gray blue orbs. Their flashing brilliancy and the piercing penetration of the glances shot from them were never to be forgotten. They seemed incapable of expressing affection, and their steel-like hardness only inspired awe for the towering intellect, the irresistible will, the defiant courage, the fiery energy of their owner. To watch the lightning changes of expression mirrored in them, reflecting the strong emotions evoked by humbled pride, wounded ambition and thwarted selfishness, and, above all, by the loss of his absolute sway, was indeed an enviable privilege.—Henry Villard in Century.

Proving the Convexity of the Earth.

An experiment was made a hundred years ago or so on the Bridgewater canal, in England, to prove the convexity of the earth. At intervals of five miles in a straight stretch of the canal three posts were driven until their tops were precisely six feet above the surface of the water. Then careful measurements and observations were made from either end, with the result that the top of the center post was found to be some distance above a line drawn from top to top of the first and last posts.

The experiments were repeated a number of times, always with the same result. This proves for ordinary persons that the earth is convex, but scientists reached the same conclusions by more scientific ways.

A Sure Thing.

A witty individual one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went to first one and then to another until he had reached the number of fifty. And this is how he won the bet: He whispered, half audibly, to each:

"I say, have you heard that Smith has failed?"

"What Smith?" queried the whole fifty, one after another, and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.
—London Tit-Bits.

An Eye to Business.

"So you are going to send his letters back, are you?" asked the blond.

"Yes," replied the brunette, with tears in her eyes. "But not until I have copied them all. They will make a splendid book, and I have a lovely title for them already, 'The Letters of a Lazy Lover.'"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

An authority on horses says the gray will live the longest and that roans come next in order. Blacks seldom live to be over twenty, and creams rarely exceed fifteen.

HOME SAVINGS BANK

(Incorporated 1869)

75 TREMONT STREET BOSTON

OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above

$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.

Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.

GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

PRATTS FOOD

FOR HORSES.

Price per Package 75c.

The most particular people send all their order to us.

That means something, don't it.

W. J. Buckman

CENTRAL GROCERY,

No. 433 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 104-7.

Winslow, Rand & Waton's celebrated

High Life Coffee

AND

Winslow Chop Tea

FOR SALE AT

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

We give Green Stamps.

Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Heating Engineer

—AND—

Contractor.

No. 8 Middle St. Woburn

Telephone 103—2.

..Are.. You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.

Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE

Successor to E. A. Brooks,

Undertaker

— AND —

Funeral Supplies

Boarding and Livery Stable.

12 Park St., Woburn.

Telephone 54 - 3.

J. E. Herrick, Jr

BUILDER.

Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Office: 439 Main St., Woburn

SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.

Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.

Two Modern Flats.

Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, has been made into two flats with all modern improvements. Rent ow.

Write to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.

Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office 349 Main St., Woburn.

Get Your Printing Done

At This Office

Plot For The Story

By M. J. Phillips

..Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

It was an ideal June morning. A chorus of bird songs aroused Cartright at sunup, and, yawning, he walked to the window. From some prehistoric ancestor, who killed his food with a stone ax while the grass was still wet, Cartright had inherited a passion for tramping through the dew. He dressed quickly and started out for a brisk walk.

Cartright was a literary free lance who was slowly winning his way. He had awakened that morning with a feeling known to all who disfigure good white paper with pen or typewriter—the desire to write and joy in the power to write. A certain great magazine editor in a kindly letter had asked Cartright for a story. His request was the magic password that admitted one, clad in purple and fine linen, to the society of the truly elect of the literary world.

But inspiration refused to come at Cartright's bidding. With an instinctive grasp of the magazine's style he had sketched the principal characters of his story. There must be two—a man and a woman. The former must be fine and sincere and honorable, a gentleman in every respect, who had made a place in the world by his own efforts. The girl must be sweet and true, with softly curling hair and wide, frank, innocent blue eyes. The characters must be ideal companions, warm friends, but not lovers. Cruel circumstances and their own ideals of honor must send them through the world apart, even though their very souls, as if alone in the wilderness, cried each unto the other.

He could get no further. Plan as he would, Cartright could find no reason to separate the children of his brain. The characters became almost as real to him as living personages. A regret grew up within him at the necessity of parting them, but to preserve the value of the story separation was inevitable.

He had been mistaken in his feeling that morning that the plot was about to disclose itself, for after breakfast it still eluded him. He could not think effectively in his study. The free, wind swept porch and his easy chair and pipe were not the solaces and aids to thought he usually found them. In despair he seized a fishing rod and started for the river, a half mile away.

There, sprawled on a grassy bank, the noon sunshine filtering through the trees and dappling the velvety carpet about him, he set himself anew to his task. Situation after situation, plot on plot, passed through his brain, each to be rejected in turn as impracticable. At the end of an hour the obstinate characters were still together and happy in their companionship.

A log bridge for the accommodation of the rare pedestrians and the rarer vehicles crossed the stream a few yards from where he lay. Squirrels chattered in the trees, birds flitted overhead. Only a faint hum from the bustling little city reached him. It was an ideal spot.

A splash in the water and a little cry awakened Cartright from the reverie in which he had fallen. A girl was standing on the bridge. Her sailor hat had blown into the river and was floating lazily toward him. The fishing rod was brought into requisition, and a moment later, bowing, he was presenting the dripping hat to its owner.

She was the girl of his story personified. He had imagined his heroine with wavy hair curled softly about her temples, just as this young lady's did. She was very young, and in her wide blue eyes were the fearlessness of a child and the soul of a woman. Her lips were scarlet, and in the creamy cheeks the color came and went. In slight details perhaps she was different. Yet so quickly did his brain child merge with the charming personality before him that on the instant they became one. To Cartright thereafter she was the "girl of the story."

A single glance and she knew him for a gentleman. Soon they were seated side by side talking like old friends.

He discovered that her name was Ruth Broadhurst and that she was visiting at Banker Lawton's. Miss Broadhurst knew of John Cartright—had read some of his stories. The young man's character and achievements had been highly spoken of by the Lawtons, and although the irregularity of their meeting at first troubled her the lack of a formal introduction soon ceased to make itself felt.

That will ever be a golden afternoon in Cartright's memory. At times he read aloud from the book of poems with which Miss Broadhurst had planned to while away an hour alone by the river. More often they chatted of many things—plays, books, mutual acquaintances, themselves. And then long silences would fall—silence more eloquent than words—in which each seemed to read the other's unspoken thought. It was wonderful to the girl, this perfect sympathy and companionship with a man whom she had not seen until a few hours before. Two little clouds occasionally darkened Cartright's sunshine. He was plighted to another, and on Miss Broadhurst's slender, pink tipped third finger a splendid diamond flashed. He banished these thoughts whenever they came. "This one afternoon shall be ours," he said to himself.

Quite naturally he fell to talking of his story and the plot that would not come. "The man is an athlete, a splendid fellow in every way. Him I have modeled after Philip Lotridge, a friend of mine at college. He has won his way up from the ranks, has my hero and he is worthy of any woman living, even the one my imagination has created for him. He has been abroad, and I've fitted him up with some of the experiences I had myself while reporting on a New York paper. But he is doomed to lose her. The Turks say, you know, 'He that has many horses hath no wives.' I've endowed him with money and graces of body and mind but I cannot give him the girl he loves.

"And she, Miss Broadhurst, if I can picture her as I see her, should make me famous. I thought one so sweet and charming could not exist until I saw you, and you are her counterpart."

It was no idle compliment, no silly attempt at flirtation. Swiftly the girl searched Cartright's mind and found him sincere. "Thank you, Mr. Cartright," she said simply, yet she colored with pleasure.

"It may seem queer," he continued, "but there is a feeling, too strong to be overcome, that I must part them. I would give all I have could they but marry, yet they cannot. It is what I call my literary conscience. Often I know that my stories would sell better were I to change in some cases even a single paragraph, but I never do it."

His companion nodded. "I know the feeling. When I was a little girl my mother gave me the task of sweeping the parlor. I did not like it, and at first I did it hurriedly, leaving unswept the places I thought would not be discovered. When mother came to inspect the room her tone of mingled reproof and surprise filled me with shame when she said, 'And my Ruth did not sweep behind the door!' That was all, yet whenever I am tempted to shirk or do anything which is not right I think 'I must sweep behind the door.'"

Her naive simplicity delighted Cartright, and he led her to talk of her home town, her friends and her daily occupations. Yet there was never a word of the ring nor the man who had placed it upon her finger, and Cartright respected the fine delicacy of her nature.

Everything must come to an end, and this incomparable day was drawing to a close. With a start of surprise the girl noted the slanting sun. "I had no idea it was so late," she said. "How the time has flown."

Cartright helped her to her feet, every nerve thrilling at the touch of her little hand.

He held it between his own, and bent impetuously toward her. "Need we say goodby?" he said. "May I not call tonight?"

She raised her eyes to his. They were both glad and troubled at his words, yet within their depths was an appeal he could not mistake—an appeal to his chivalry. "It must be goodby," she said, and then, "I am to be married in September."

He dropped her hand. "And so am I," he replied gloomily. "I suppose after the 12th of September I must not even think of you any more."

"Wednesday, the 12th? Why, that is my wedding day."

"And mine."

Miss Broadhurst smiled as she turned away. "Mr. Cartright, there is the plot for your story."

"Need it be written?" he asked passionately, pleadingly. "That story is so sad; the saddest I have ever known."

The sweet lips were tremulous, but the eyes were brave and steady now. "It must be written," she said softly. "Your heroine was true and sweet. Help her to 'sweep behind the door,' to remain true to herself and her promise. And, oh, believe me, though they parted, those two in the story, she always remembered him, and," breathlessly, "was sorry, perhaps, that—that they were not to be together, nor even see each other again."

"And he—the man in the story—was more than sorry. He would have said much, yet honor forbade. She gave him a rose which he always kept. And this is the end of the story."

The girl unpinned a rose at her breast. She kissed it and handed it to Cartright, and went her way unseeingly, for her eyes were filled with tears. She turned once and looked back. He stood upon the spot where they had parted. The rose he held to his lips.

Art Criticism.

Through his half closed hand the man with the eyeglasses and the high forehead was studying a picture at the art store.

"I wonder what the title of this painting is," he said. "It is a magnificent work of—oh, yes; here is the name, written rather indistinctly at the bottom—'Following the Hero.' It represents, you perceive, a lot of cattle—Texas cattle, I should judge from their appearance. At their head is a splendid specimen of the breed, evidently the victor in many a hard fought battle on his native plains. Observe the grand sweep of his horns as he holds his head erect and marches along in the pride of his great strength. See the merely secondary and subordinate position allotted to what may be called the human element in the composition, the insignificant figure of the man in the background, presumably a hireling. The cattle pay no attention to him. They are 'Following the Hero,' the majestic leader in front of him, whose proud"—

"But, Mr. Guyfus," interposed one of the young women, "here is the name of the picture in the catalogue—'No. 227, Following the Herd.'"

"Er—so it is. Let us look at this charming bit of still life a little farther along."—Chicago Tribune.

Sudden Translation.

Unsophisticated Cook—If you please, mum, the butcher says I shall get 5 per cent on all the orders I give him. What does that mean? Mistress—It means, Mary, that we shall have a new butcher.—Chicago Journal.

A Soul For Poetry.

"Do you think a man ought to devote a certain amount of time each day to reading poetry?"

"Of course," answered the business man. "There's no excuse for not doing it. The modern advertisements are full of it."—Washington Star.

Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., tells how she was permanently cured of inflammation of the ovaries, and escaped the surgeon's knife, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The universal indications of the approach of woman's great enemy, inflammation and disease of the ovaries, are a dull throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with occasional shooting pains. On examination it may be found that the region of pain will show some swelling. This is the first stage of inflammation of the ovaries.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has brought into my life.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it **inflammation of the ovaries,** and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now.

"You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."—Miss Alice Bailey, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

Another woman saved from a surgical operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read what she says:—

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I cannot thank you enough for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. If it had not been for your medicine, I think I would have died.

"I will tell you how I suffered. I could hardly walk, was unable to sleep or eat. Menstruation was irregular. At last I had to stay in my bed, and flowed so badly that they sent for a doctor, who said I had **inflammation of the ovaries,** and must go through an operation, as no medicine could help me, but I could not do that.

"I received a little book of yours, and after reading it, I concluded to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and I am now a well woman. I shall praise your medicine as long as I live, and also recommend the same to anyone suffering as I was."—Mrs. Minnie Ottoson, Otho, Iowa.

All sick women would be wise if they would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be well.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PATRIOTISM OF ANTS.

The Insects Always Willing to Die For Their Commune.

Many times and in many ways the devotion of ants to their commune has been tested. The rule is well nigh invariable of instant and absolute self abnegation and surrender of personal ease and appetite, life and limb to the public welfare. The posting of sentinels at gateways is customary, and they are apt to know first the approach of danger. With heads and quivering antennæ protruded from the opening, these city watchmen not only dispatch within news of threatening peril, but rush out with utter abandon to face the foe. With ants patriotism is not "second nature;" it is instinctive, inborn, seemingly as strong in the callow antling as in the veteran brave.

It must be confessed, however, that it is rigidly exclusive. Racial catholicity is not an emmetorian virtue. Ants are without that elastic hospitality which embraces and assimilates all foreigners. Even the slave makers hold their domestic auxiliaries strictly distinct.

It may be due to overmastering patriotism that one fails to discover individual benevolence in ants. Friendships and personal affection in the limited and specialized sense familiar among domestic animals are as yet unknown. And thus it is with other social insects.—H. C. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

SALTS IN THE SEA.

The Four Varieties That Are Washed Out of the Earth.

Why should the sea be salt when the lakes and rivers are fresh? This is a question that comparatively few people stop to think about. They recognize the fact, but do not take the trouble to reason about it.

There are four salts in sea water—sodium chloride (common salt), magnesium, potassium and calcium. These are minerals and are washed out of the rocks of the earth by the streams and carried to the sea in a state of solution.

The water of the sea is being constantly evaporated, and it comes to the land as rain, snow, hail or sleet. But this evaporation leaves the salt in the sea, and as the streams are all the time carrying more salt there the quantity is constantly increasing, but so gradually that it is not noticed in the water.

It has been estimated that if all the salt were obtained out of the waters of the sea there would be enough to cover the continent of North America to a depth of half a mile.

In some parts of the world the salt used by the people is all obtained from sea water, but not where there are salt mines or salt springs, for the quality of that obtained from them is much superior to that yielded by sea water.

Roasting Cats as a Sacrifice.

The cat, says Mr. Mill in his "History of the Crusades," was a very important personage in the religious festivals of the times which he describes. At Aix, in Provence, on the festival of Corpus Christi, the finest tomcat in the canton, wrapped like a child in swaddling clothes, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration. Every knee was bent, and every hand strewed flowers or poured incense, and grimalkin was treated in all respects as the god of the day.

But on the festival of St. John, June 24, poor Tom's fate was reversed. A number of cats were put into a wicker basket and thrown alive into the midst of a large fire kindled in the public square by the bishop and his clergy. Hymns and anthems were sung, and processions were made by the priests and people in honor of the sacrifice.

Sources of Genius.

The proportion of distinguished men and women contributed from among the families of the clergy can only be described as enormous. In mere number the clergy can seldom have equaled the butchers or bakers in their parishes, yet out of 1,030 cases of genius only two butchers and four bakers are definitely ascertained to have produced eminent children as against 139 parsons. The eminent children of the clergy outnumbered those of lawyers, doctors and army officers put together. On the other hand, such is the eccentricity of genius that the clerical profession produces more idiots than any other class. — From Havelock Ellis' "Study of British Genius."

Flowers and Twilight.

As twilight approaches a garden filled with brilliant flowers the red flowers will first lose their gorgeous color as the light diminishes, and then the grass and leaves will appear grayish. The last flowers to part with their distinctive color, white flowers being left out of the account, will be the blue or violet ones. This fact is useful to such insects as, in order to avoid their enemies, visit wild flowers in the twilight.

No Mischief.

"Willie, are you and Ben in any mischief out there?"

"Oh, no," replied the boy. "We're all right. We're jest playin' ball with some eggs the grocer left to see how many times we can catch one before it breaks."—Chicago Post.

Dangerous.

"Some scientists," began Mr. Gay significantly, "consider kissing dangerous. Do you?"

"Well," replied Miss Smart, "I think it would be for you. My big brother is within call."—Exchange.

Failure is to be untrue to the best you know, and the best you know is to stay where you are and do what you can as well as you can.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Lofty Literature.

An editor, in reply to a young writer who wished to know which magazine would give him the highest position quickest, advised "a powder magazine, especially if you contribute a fiery article."—Exchange.

The Young Fool.

There may be no fool like the old fool, but he is given a close rub by the young man who tries to keep step with companions who have three or four times as much spending money as he. —Hartford Post.

Kilkenny castle is one of the oldest inhabited houses in the world, many of the rooms being much as they were 800 years ago.

They Do, Indeed.

She—You don't hear the men use the word "obey" in the wedding ceremony. He—No; that's so. But they usually have to, all right.—Yonkers Statesman.

The characteristics of the blusterer are a killing tongue and a quiet sword.

SAILORS AND DRINK.

Odd Devices For Obtaining Intoxicants on Board Ship.

Sailors have more originality, more resourcefulness and more ingenuity in securing things to get drunk with than any other class of human beings. They are never at a loss to find some substitute for whisky and brandy when such conventional intoxicants are not to be had. The shellac carried upon men-of-war for varnishing purposes is such a common beverage among thirsty jack tars that it has to be kept under lock and key and used under guard. Jalap is put in the alcohol of liquid compasses to keep the thirsty from draining them. Cologne is quite a treat in a pinch, and the story is told of a surgeon on one of our old warships who, being a good deal of a naturalist, was at a loss to account for the decay of some snakes, lizards and other specimens he had preserved in jars of alcohol until investigation showed that water had been substituted for the liquid in the jars and the alcohol consumed by some stealthy sailors. I recall the case of a vessel where the ship's cook reported the steady depletion of his stock of yeast, and the master-at-arms as steadily reported cases of mysterious intoxication in the crew, the ship being far from land at the time. Again investigation was resorted to, resulting in the discovery that the jackies had been pilfering the yeast, which they subjected to a treatment yielding them a satisfactory intoxicating liquor.—San Francisco Town Talk.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The Diegueno Myth Concerning the Creation of the Earth.

The Diegueno (mission Indian) has no surmise concerning the creation of the earth. To him it is a primeval fact. Earth and sky existed in the beginning of things, but not as now, illumined by sun, moon and stars, informed with purpose and active with life. In the beginning all was shapeless, dark, inert, a chaos full of untried potencies. The sky power, brooding mystery, rested upon the receptive earth. Out of chaos came a voice, a song, ending in a long drawn sigh, signifying accomplishment, rest at the end of achievement; again, voice, song and sigh, and with each act of the first cause, an effect. The earth mother, Sin-yo-hauch, the mysterious name, brought forth to the sky power a god, Tu-chai-pa, the best, the firstborn, and then Yo-ko-mat-is, the lesser, the brother. Then did Tu-chai-pa, with the assistance of his brother, create man to inhabit the earth, and the sun, moon and stars to give light, first of all uprearing from its primal prostrate state the sky to be the arch of the heavens as we see it now above our heads.

The spirituality of this conception of creation, together with certain points of resemblance to the Hebrew story of Genesis, dignifies the Diegueno account and places it in a class by itself among Indian myths.—Southern Workmen.

Weights Started on the Farm.

By an English law enacted in 1266 it was provided that a silver penny, called a sterling, should equal in weight thirty-two wheat grains, well dried and taken from the center of the ear. From this it seems evident that the grain of wheat was the prototype of the standard grain. The weight now known as the grain is of course copied from governmental standards.

In 1826 certain weights and measures were legalized in England, and in 1827 copies of these were furnished our government, among them being the troy pound, equivalent to 5,760 grains.

The origin of the signs commonly used for the scruple, dram and ounce does not seem to be known. It is not unlikely that they are entirely arbitrary.—St. Louis Republic.

Reading the Lines at the Wrist.

The rascette, or magic bracelet, is, according to authorities on palmistry, to be found at the base of the hand and forms the line or lines which mark the junction of hand and wrist. One such line, if unbroken, deep and strongly marked, is supposed to foretell a happy life and to indicate calmness of disposition. If the line is chained—that is, crossed and recrossed by numerous small lines—the indication is of a life of labor. Two such lines indicate happiness and long life, while three form the magic bracelet, adding great riches to the other blessings. The addition of the third line to the other two is rare.

Why the Apple Is Healthful.

The acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits whose lives are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles. Some such experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and like dishes.

Not Pretty Then.

"Hateful thing, she is!" exclaimed Miss Pretty angrily. "I'm glad I'm not as mean as she is. I'm as much above her as"—

"Tut, tut!" interrupted her fiance. "Remember that rosebud mouth of yours ceases to be a rosebud when it begins to blow."—Philadelphia Press.

Paper of One Kind.

Glanders—It is said that paper can be used effectively in keeping a person warm. Gazley—That is very true. I remember a thirty day promissory note of mine once kept me in a perspiration for a month.

Experience teacheth that resolution is a sole help in need.—Shakespeare.

Her Dear Friend.

Bride (exchanging bridal costume for traveling dress)—Did I appear nervous at all during the ceremony, Clara? Bridesmaid (envious)—A little at first, dear, but not after George had said "I will!"

Doesn't Know What She Says.

Stella—Is she a friend of yours? Bella—How can I tell? We haven't one mutual acquaintance.—Illustrated Bits.

A Recipe From the Forest.

When the oak leaf is the size of a squirrel's foot take a stick like a crow's bill and make holes as big as a coon's ear and as wide apart as fox tracks; then plant your corn that it may ripen before the chestnut splits and the woodchuck begins his winter's sleep.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Century.

Economical Stroke.

"I'm afraid I'll have to buy my house," said Subbubs.

"Why so?"

"I can't afford to rent it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 20.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xiv, 13-23. Memory Verses, 20, 21—Golden Text, John vi, 35—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1904, by American Press Association.]

The miracle of today's lesson is also recorded by Mark and Luke and John and is the only miracle, apart from His resurrection, which is recorded by the four evangelists. Most helpful heart words for us are found in verses 16, 18, concerning the multitude, representing all multitudes, "Give ye them to eat," and concerning the material on hand to be used, "Bring them hither to me." We who have received the Lord Jesus, the True Bread, are expected to tell others of Him that they also may receive Him, but the hungry multitudes are so great, and it is so much easier to our self indulgent, indolent natures to let them alone or send them away, and we have so little time or strength or money to do anything with, that in our eyes the case is altogether hopeless. But if we will only surrender our little all to Him who can make much out of little and great things out of nothing He is the same miracle worker still. The apostles told Jesus all that they had done and taught. The disciples of John also told Jesus after they had buried the body of John (Matt. xiv, 12; Mark iv, 30). It is an excellent habit to tell Him everything (Phil. iv, 6, 7).

Jesus and His disciples had no leisure so much as to eat, there were so many coming and going, so He took them apart into a desert place to rest, but the multitude followed Him, and He received them and spake unto them of the kingdom of God and healed them that had need of healing, for He was moved with compassion toward them (Mark vi, 31-34; Luke ix, 11). He had no pity for Himself, but He was full of pity for these sheep without a shepherd even though, or because, He knew their motives in following Him (John vi, 2). How unlike we are to our Master! When the kingdom comes, both body and soul shall be perfectly healed, for His great atonement covers our whole being, but for the body just like His we must wait till the resurrection of the just at His coming (Phil. iii, 20, 21; I John iii, 2, 3).

Not all the glorious things of the kingdom, of which Jesus had been speaking, nor the mighty works which they had seen Him do could make even the twelve forget that they were weary, hungry men in mortal bodies, and so, as the evening was coming on, they ventured to suggest to our Lord that He should send the multitude away that they might buy themselves victuals. It must have been to their very great surprise that the Lord said, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat" (verses 15, 16). Then we have the strangest possible Philip and Andrew brotherhood, an unbelieving pair, after whom it is to be hoped that the so called brotherhood of today does not pattern. Our Lord knew just what He would do; He always does, and if we had anointed ears we would often hear Him say, "Now shalt thou see what I will do" (John vi, 6; Ex. vi, 1).

When in our daily life He allows us to come into a strait place, a difficulty, a perplexity, it is simply to prove us as He proved Philip, to see whether we will attempt to work our way out, as Philip did, or turn to Him with confidence in His ability, as Philip might have done. Andrew speaks of that which is in sight, five loaves and two small fishes, but adds, "What are they among so many?" Both of them seem to have utterly forgotten who Jesus was and what they had seen Him do. How very like them we are apt to be, for, no matter how many times we have been delivered, when a new trial comes we are apt to act and talk like the ten spies rather than like Caleb and Joshua. We all need to profit by Zech. iv, 6, 7, 10, and learn to fear no mountain and not to despise little things.

Having received from the lad his little all and the multitude being seated on the green grass by fifties in a company, He looked up to heaven and gave thanks and blessed and brake the loaves and by the disciples passed them to the multitude, and all did eat and were filled, and twelve baskets of fragments were gathered. It does not seem so wonderful when we remember who it was that did it, even the same one who fed a hundred men with twenty loaves in the days of Elisha (II Kings iv, 42-44) and fed millions with manna in the wilderness for forty years. Why can we not trust Him now? When we place ourselves as unreservedly in His hands as the lad did the loaves and fishes then shall we see what He will do.

He could have fed them with manna from heaven, but His ordinary way is to use human instrumentality. We each have the opportunity which the lad had to place our all in Jesus' hands, reserving nothing, but who is willing thus to consecrate himself to the Lord? (I Chron. xxix, 5). There is no end, there is no limit, to the use and the blessing which He may make of us when we are fully surrendered to Him. He gave Himself to be broken and poured forth for us. Why should we hesitate to place ourselves in His hands most unreservedly that we may be blessed and broken and passed round by Him for the life of others? The next miracle in this chapter is a picture of the church in this age, toiling in rowing, the wind contrary, and Jesus absent; but He sees and cares, and He will come again in the morning watch, and then immediately we shall be at our destination, forever with the Lord (John vi, 21). Meanwhile He is saying, "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid." And we may walk on the sea of every unrest if we will see Jesus only.

"Robbing Peter to Pay Paul."

"Robbing Peter to pay Paul" was first used when Westminster abbey was called St. Peter's cathedral. Money being needed to settle the accounts of St. Paul's cathedral, it was taken by those in authority from St. Peter's, quite to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Over 200 years afterward the saying was again used in regard to the same churches at the death of the Earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that so great a statesman should be buried in St. Paul's, while parliament insisted that one so noble in every way would be more properly placed amid the dust of kings in Westminster abbey, and that not to bury him there would be for the second time "robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul." The abbey carried the day.

Charity.

It is simply wonderful the charity we would give and the sympathy we feel for suffering ones at a distance, but remain heedless of the wants of those who are our neighbors.—Concord Patriot.

ANCIENT ENGLISH INNS.

Some Have Been In Existence For Nearly a Thousand Years.

Round and about London and its ever extending suburbs there may still be seen inns and taverns of great age and interesting associations.

The Angel inn, Highgate Hill, dates back to the time of the reformation. Originally it was called the Salutation inn. It is built entirely of wood.

Another famous inn is the Bald Faced Stag at Edgware. Nobody knows when it was originally built, and it would seem as though each successive proprietor has endeavored to place his mark on its architectural aspect, for many parts of it have evidently at different times been rebuilt. In the stables, it is alleged, Dick Turpin had his horse's shoes turned, so as to make his pursuers imagine he had gone in an opposite direction.

Among the very oldest of suburban London inns are the Plough, at Kingsbury Green, and the King James and Tinker inn, at Enfield. The first is said to be 850 years old, and the latter was reputed to have been first built as an inn and under another name 992 years ago.

Its present name is derived from an encounter which King James I. is said to have had with a tinker at the door of the inn. The tinker's conversation so pleased the king that he made the mender of kettles "a knight, with five hundred a year."—London Mail.

THE SURGEON'S PROBE.

See That He Sterilizes It Before He Uses It.

It frequently happens that the doctor has occasion to probe a wound or a sore.

Notice him when he does it. He opens his case of instruments. He takes out a long, slender silver or hard rubber rod which is from six to ten inches long, with a smooth, round end. Some of them are as small as a darning needle. Others are as large as a pencil.

Watch the doctor closely when he takes this probe and attempts to use it. If he does not take the precaution to clean it, stop him. Don't allow him to touch your sore with it. He has been using it on some one else and may poison you if you allow him to use it.

Call his attention to the fact that he boils an instrument when he operates on any one, and he should also boil his probe before he uses it on you either for a sore or wound. Make him do it. Tell him you will furnish him with hot water, and he can dip it in it and clean it carefully before he uses it.

Otherwise he will use it on you and slip it back in his surgical case and use it on the next person. In this way he scatters infectious dirt.—Medical Talk.

ORIGIN OF ORATORIOS.

They Were First Introduced In the Sixteenth Century.

St. Philip de Weri, a Florentine priest, born 1515, first introduced dramatic services in his oratory. In order to draw the young or careless to church he and others who followed his lead had hymns, psalms and spiritual songs or cantatas sung either in chorus or by a single favorite voice as special attractions.

These pieces were divided into two parts. Sacred stories or events from Scripture written in verse and by way of dialogue were set to music, and the first part was performed before the sermon, which the people were induced to stay and hear that they might not miss the performance of the second part.

The subjects in early times were the "Good Samaritan" and the "Prodigal Son," which by the excellence of the composition, the band of instruments and the performance brought the music of oratory into great repute.

Afterward any such rendering of sacred musical drama obtained the general appellation of "oratorio." The first oratorio in England was performed in London in Lincoln's Inn theater in Portugal street in 1732.

How Rocks Grow.

Rocks do not grow in the sense that a plant grows. They may increase by accretion, and they may undergo chemical change. The old sea bed, being lifted up, becomes sandstone and limestone. The volcanic ash and lava strewn over the plains become tufa, hard enough for building stone. The pebbly shore of a river becomes conglomerate. The simple mineral does grow, however, when it takes a crystal form. The sparkling prism of quartz increases from an atom to a crystal as large as a forearm by a process of addition and assimilation, wonderfully slow, but beautifully regular, exactly as crystals of ice form on the window pane.

The Fragrant Lemon.

Lemon trees of California are a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The lemon is the emblem of productiveness. At all seasons of the year can be found on the lemon tree the blossom, the tiny formed lemon and lemons in all stages of growth to the full grown fruit. It is a perpetual bearer. The blossom, the leaf, the wood, the fruit and all parts of the tree are delightfully fragrant.—Country Life In America.

A Lover of the Mountains.

"Do you like mountain scenery?"

"I might as well."

"'Might as well?' I fear I don't get your meaning."

"I might as well like it, for I can't change it."—Houston Post.

Improved?

Miss Summit—How that young Monroe girl has improved! Miss Palisade—Hasn't she? Why, I can remember when she was such a modest little thing.—Town Topics.

When the Plague Raged.

Sir Walter Besant in one of his books says of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Journal of the Plague:" "De Foe was born in the year 1661. His father lived in Cripplegate, where, as we know, he had a shop. The child, therefore, was four years of age in the plague year. A child of four observes a great deal and may remember a great deal. De Foe says: 'When any one bought a joint of meat he would not take it out of the butcher's hand, but took it off the hooks himself. On the other hand, the butcher would not touch the money, but put it into a pot full of vinegar which he kept for the purpose.' This must surely have been seen by the child and remembered. It happened in his father's shop before his eyes."

What Confirmed the Suspicion.

Mary (angrily)—I think you are the biggest fool in town, John. John (mildly)—Well, Mary, mother used to tell me that when I was a boy, but I never thought she was right about it until I married you.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,

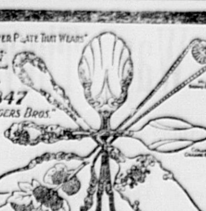
Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.



Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Remember "1847," as there are imitation "Rogers." For Catalogue No. 6 address the makers

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Theater Audiences.

A theater audience is fickle and not infrequently cruel, but it must be won. Augustin Daly had several ways of testing it. One was to station men in his employ at convenient points where they could hear the comments and judge whether the play was making an impression. But a test upon which he depended more was to listen himself at the moment when the curtain went down upon an act. If he saw people turning to one another eagerly and making quick comments he knew that they were being moved, whether for praise or blame. But if the talk began slowly after the curtain fell he was perfectly sure that the play had excited no interest—a worse fate than blame.

It is a favorite way of players to pick out some one person in the audience—one with a sympathetic countenance—and to play to him or her, and to judge by success from the expression seen there. The trouble is that the people in the front rows are often the regulars, who feel little emotion and show less, and who may be still unmoved when the rest of the audience is in ecstasy. If they could know the distress and the woe they cause—well, then they would not be the regulars.—New York Mail.

The Strutting Woodcock.

One evening in November, many years ago, a country friend brought a live cock woodcock to my house in Byron, Ill. A spent shot had made his capture possible; in fact, one could not see that he was hurt in any way after a sharp, scrutinizing search under a powerful light on the kitchen table. All at once the beautiful creature slipped from my hand, and, assuming the air, mien and ways of a turkey gobbler in the mating season, proceeded to strut about on the table in the circle of powerful light. It was one of the strangest, wildest, most beautiful sights the writer ever beheld. After a solid hour's performance the little audience decided that no taxidermical touch should ever desecrate that beautiful feathered form, and the bird was gently slipped into the pocket of an old hunting coat, carried a mile out of town into the country and turned loose in the edge of a hundred acre cornfield, into which he quickly scuttled.—Forest and Stream.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Sheridan gave almost no promise in childhood of his future brilliancy. His mother pronounced "Richard Brinsley" to be "the dullest and most hopeless of her sons," and he was sent home from Dr. Whyte's academy with the reputation of being an impenetrable dunce, who wrote "think" for "thing." But he must have been able to think a thing or two even in those days, for at twenty-six he had written the "School For Scandal," of which Leigh Hunt observed, "It is a very concentration and crystallization of all that is sparkling, clear and compact in the materials of pure comedy." It should, however, be mentioned that a more judicious of the youthful Sheridan's preceptors, Samuel Parr, one of the masters at Harrow, detected the latent spark of his pupil's genius and aided it by judicious cultivation.

A "Friday" Ship.

A true story is told of a skeptical Massachusetts captain who, way back in the early years of the republic, determined to exhibit the fallacy of the Friday superstition. He contracted on a certain Friday for the building of a ship, and it was arranged that the keel of this vessel was laid on Friday, that she was launched on a Friday, named Friday, commenced loading on a Friday and hauled into the stream on the same day of the week. To add to the possibilities of disaster, a negro cook named Friday was engaged, and, thus fully freighted with the sinister name, the Friday sailed on a Friday, bound to a port in the West Indies. From that day to this no tidings of the ill conditioned craft have been received.

Feast of Fools.

The best authorities agree that the origin of the ancient custom of celebrating a feast of fools is unknown. Some identify it with the Roman feast of fools on March 31. But why did the Romans institute the feast of fools? In India March 31 is "the hull festival," when all manner of pranks are played upon the heedless. But, again, where did the Hindoos get it? The French call the April fool "un poisson d'Avril" (April fish). To the Scotch he is a "gawk" (a cuckoo).

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIV. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1904. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 17.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect Oct. 12, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.00, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.23, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return at** 5.48 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.
For Nashua ,Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.08, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 . p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

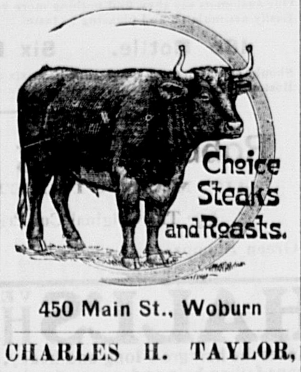
John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 180 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
369 Main Street.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 1, 1904, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6 37 and every 15 minutes until 10 37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8 37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. 12.37 A. M.

On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6 52 A. M. and every half hour until 1 22; then every 15 minutes 8 52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8 07 A. M.; every half hour to 2 37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M; every half hour to 12.07; then 12 30 P. M.

Cars to Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL

By JOHN BRIDGES

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Henderson rolled uneasily in his sleep. Macdonald, his bunk mate, jabbed his knee into Henderson's back. "For heaven's sake, lie still," he cried. "You're getting all the blankets off, and it's colder'n ice."

Henderson woke up. "I'm sorry, old man," he said. "But you can have a good sleep tomorrow morning. I'm going away today, and shall probably not be back again tonight. Did I say anything in my sleep?"

"I should say you did," replied Macdonald. "You were talking half the night—a whole lot of rubbish about blue eyes and black eyes and hair and things."

"Did I mention any one's name?"

"Not while I was listening. I pulled the blanket up over my head and refused to be let into your secret."

The two men tumbled out of their bunk. They went to the door of their cabin. The first rays of the sun came swiftly over the Sangre de Cristo, and the whole range was outlined in crimson.

The snow capped peaks rose cold toward the sky, and above the blue was unflecked by cloud. Across the valley there had been but little snow—only here and there were little patches which the wind had brought down from the mountain side and scattered against the windward of the sagebrush. Rabbits scurried across the plain in search of what little food might be found. As they ran they showed white tails—like great chrysanthemums drifting across the levels.

Macdonald got into his corduroy and pulled on his heavy hunting boots. He reached for his rifle, a little 22-long, and started out. "Tomorrow being Sunday," he said, "I propose to construct a rabbit pie for dinner like mother used to make, and I guess I can land a few jacks before breakfast. Poor little devils!" he continued. "I'm going to give them a chance for their lives anyway. I hate a man who will shoot rabbits with a shotgun. With a rifle like this it takes some skill, and there is at least a fighting chance for the beasties. I'll be back in an hour. You don't mind getting breakfast alone, do you?"

Henderson made no reply, but ground some coffee and stirred up the fire. Macdonald swung off down the hill and across the plain toward the sagebrush. Henderson watched him till he was a mile away; then he went out into the open air and took great long breaths of it. Going into the little stable, he fed his pony, a little buckskin brute, which till Henderson took her in hand had been known as the ugliest pony in the San Luis. She whinnied delightedly as Henderson opened the stable door. He fed her a double portion of grain and brought water for her from the spring. He gave her, too, an extra quantity of hay. "Better eat it all, old lady," he said. "You've got a long day before you."

He went back to the cabin, cooked some eggs and bacon, made coffee and drank three cups of it, hot and strong and without sugar or milk. Then he packed a can of food in a saddlebag and carefully tied it to the saddle which hung beside the door. He filled his revolver and his belt with cartridges and put his rifle alongside the saddle. From under his bunk he drew a small tin box, unlocked it and took out a package of letters. He did not open the package, but threw it, still tied with a bit of leathern thong, into the fire. For two or three minutes he stood and watched the letters burning; then he sat down at the table and wrote rapidly:

> Dear Old Mac—You will find the bacon cut and the eggs ready for scrambling. The coffee is all made and is pretty good this morning. I have taken some of your cartridges. I found I didn't have quite enough of my own, and I may not have a chance to get any more. I am going away now. I shall not be back. I hope the rabbit pie will turn out to be a good one. Yours, HENDERSON.

He folded the letter and placed it under Macdonald's cup. Then he took the saddle to the stable, cinched it tightly on the pony, took his rifle, mounted and rode away up the trail which led directly into the mountains.

An hour later Macdonald returned with five rabbits swinging at his side. He was whistling. In one hand was his game and in the other he carried his rifle. When he reached the door of the cabin he kicked it to attract Henderson's attention. "Open the door, will you, old man?" he called.

There was no answer. Macdonald put down his rifle and entered. "Probably he's out at the stable," he thought. Then he saw the letter.

Macdonald sat down and stared blankly before him. "Won't be back!" he exclaimed. "Won't be back! What does all this mean?"

He went to the door and looked up and down the trail from the stable. There were no marks of a horse's feet showing on the frozen earth. Returning to the cabin he cooked his eggs and bacon, ate hurriedly, and again slinging his rifle over his arm he walked rapidly in the direction of Alamosa.

Henderson rode all day. At night he had come to the very crest of the mountain where the trail descended to the camp on the other side. It was near 6 o'clock. A moon was rising somewhere in the east, and Henderson watched it eagerly. He took from his saddlebag a can of meat and opened it, eating ravenously. The pony watched him. She whinnied, and called his attention to the fact that she had had nothing to eat since morning.

Henderson rose from the snow and put her bridle rein back over the saddle and led her to the trail which led back toward his cabin. "Go home, old girl," he said, "but don't tell them where you left me. This is as good a place as any in which to die. Go home."

The pony started down the trail. Henderson took a cartridge from his belt and fitted it into his rifle. "I wonder," he said, "if they kill quickly?"

He placed the butt of the gun against a jagged rock—the muzzle over his heart. Then he turned and looked out over the east to the moon, which was big and round and beautiful.

While he stood watching a soft india rubber like nose was pushed over his shoulder, and the ugliest pony in all the San Luis said as plainly as a horse can say things that she was hungry and wanted to go home. Henderson dropped the rifle into the snow. "We'll give them one more chance, old lady," he said.

Then he climbed wearily into the saddle and rode down toward the valley.

When he reached Alamosa he took the pony to the stable and fed her royally.

Afterward he went to the postoffice. There was a letter there for him. This is what it said:

> My Dear—I am so sorry—so dreadfully sorry—about it all. Mr. Macdonald has written Frances how you would not tell me about your failures and all that sort of thing. Why didn't you? Why couldn't you have told me that you wanted me to help you fight out? I would, dear—oh, I would! And why didn't you ask me whether I cared—cared more than anything in the whole world? Why didn't you, dear?
>
> Surely to ask me to love you wouldn't be asking so very much. I am waiting, dear. Will you come? KATHERINE.

Henderson came out of the postoffice and found in front of the hotel a group of men. They were mounted and evidently ready to ride away. Macdonald was with them. "We'll go first up the trail toward Sunnyside," he said.

Henderson walked over to the group. "Were you looking for me, old man?" he asked. "If you were you're just in time to go with me to the station. The train leaves at midnight."

Then he handed the letter to Macdonald.

When the little narrow gauge train pulled out that night Henderson occupied one of the berths of the Denver sleeper. Three days later he was in New York. Katherine was waiting for him.

The next spring Macdonald found the rifle at the foot of the jagged rock on the crest of the mountain.

Where the System Was Weak.

"So you've been fighting, have you?" said Johnny's father, more in sorrow than in anger. "Well, did you beat him?"

"No," said his son.

The old man surveyed his son in silent grief.

"It's wicked to fight," he said absently, "but it's a sight wickeder to get beat. I was never beat when I was a boy, as I've often told you. When I was a boy I allus aimed to get in the first blow."

"That's what I did," said Johnny.

"Well, you must have been too easy with it. My system used to be to hit him one hard under the chin, and it would be all over. That system never failed."

"But suppose," said Johnny, "that when you got in that blow you knocked him on to a pile of bricks, and he finished up the contest with half a brick in each hand? What's the next move in the system that never failed when you were a boy?"

"My boy," said the old man after a moment's consideration, "I am surprised that you should expect your old dad to give you advice that would tend to cultivate a quarrelsome disposition in you. Go out and play."

Wars and Their Causes.

There was a good deal of truth in the saying that England drifted into the Crimean war without knowing exactly why it did so. Not less accurate was Lord Palmerston's familiar declaration concerning the Sleswick-Holstein troubles. Only three men in Europe, he said, ever knew what those war making troubles were. Two of the men died before the war broke out, and the third forgot what was the point in dispute. A slighting reference by Frederick the Great to Mme. Pompadour was one of the exciting causes of the Seven Years' war. An overturned glass of water was one of the contributing elements to another. The omission of a simple "etc." was the peg upon which an earlier one was hung. The theft of a lady's petticoat brought Moors and Spaniards to bloodshed. The smashing of a mandarin's teapot was the basis of a war between the imperial forces of China and hill tribes which lasted for generations.

An Anecdote of Pope.

There is an old anecdote of Alexander Pope concerning one of the old watermen who was employed for many years in rowing Pope on the Thames. Pope was in the habit of having his sedan chair lifted into the punt. If the weather was fine, he let down the glasses; if cold, he pulled them up. He would sometimes say to the waterman:

"John, I am going to repeat some verses. Take care and remember them the next time I go out."

When that time came, Pope would say:

"John, where are the verses I told you of?"

"I have forgotten them, sir."

"John, you are a blockhead. I must write them down for you."

John says that no one thought of saying, when speaking of him, "Mr. Pope," but that he was always called "Mr. Alexander."

Why People Stammer.

Stammering depends on a want of harmony between the action of the muscles (chiefly abdominal) which expel air through the larynx and that of the muscles which guard the orifice by which it escapes with that of those which modulate the sound to the form of speech. Over either of the groups of muscles by itself a stammerer may have as much power as other people, but he cannot harmoniously arrange their conjoint action. Nervousness is a frequent cause of stammering. It is possible that the defect in some instances may result from malformation of the parts about the back of the mouth. The fact that stammering people are able to sing their words better than to speak them has been usually explained on the supposition that in singing the glottis is kept open so that there is less liability to spasmodic action.

A Bit of Good Advice In Time.

An Antoinette Sterling story relates to "The Lost Chord," which she made famous. The song did not appeal to her when the manuscript was sent to her by Sullivan. But Sir Joseph Barnby spent an evening at her house at that time, and in a casual way she remarked: "By the way, Arthur Sullivan has sent me a manuscript of a new song, which he has asked me to sing. You might look at it. Personally, I don't think much of it and am going to return it." Barnby tried it over there and then, and before he had gone half through it he stopped and said: "'Going to return it,' did you say? It is wonderful—an inspiration. Certainly, tell him you will sing it. It is bound to 'make' both you and him." Mme. Sterling always thanked the fates for bringing Barnby to her house that night.—London Chronicle.

The Wickedest Bit of Sea.

Nine out of ten travelers would tell inquirers that the roughest piece of water is that cruel stretch in the English channel, and nine out of ten travelers would say what was not true. As a matter of fact "the wickedest bit of sea" is not in the Dover strait or in yachting, for example, from St. Jean de Luix up to Pauillac or across the Mediterranean "race" from Cadiz to Tangier, nor is it in rounding Cape Horn, where there is what sailors call a "true" sea. The "wickedest sea" is encountered in rounding the Cape of Good Hope for the eastern ports of Cape Colony.—Shipping World.

The Mails In Sweden.

In certain parts of Sweden, where the most absolute confidence is reposed in the honesty of the people, a very informal postal system is in vogue. As the mail steamer reaches a landing place a man goes ashore with the letters, which he places in an unlocked box on the pier. Then the passerby who expects a letter opens the box, turns over the letters and selects his own without being questioned by any one.

The Wrong Notion.

"I would like to get a ribbon for my typewriter," said the man to the young woman with the yellow, home destroying hair behind the notion counter of a department store.

"Woman or machine?" asked the clerk.

"Machine."

"Stationery counter to your left."—Cleveland Leader.

Trustful.

"A woman will not esteem a man whom she cannot trust," said the moralist.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekin, "and I am delighted to note that Henrietta always trusts me to put the cat out and fix the furnace fire and lock the basement door and do a lot of things." —Washington Star.

Perhaps It Was.

"I wonder what time Mary's young man left last night," said mamma.

"It must 'a' been exactly 1 o'clock, ma," said the younger brother.

"The idea! How do you know?"

"Why, just as he was leavin' I heard him ask Mary some question, and she said, 'Just one, only one.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Marna's Mistake

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"You old poke! Take that for being so horribly late!" a girl's voice said as Trevor went along an overgrown patch to reach his uncle's house. With the words came a handful of rose petals, crumpled, damp and deliciously fragrant. It had rained all day, clearing just before sundown. The rain had kept him prisoner at the inn, three miles away. He had meant to reach Briarlaw early in the morning instead of thus upon the edge of dusk. The rain had sent the creek all out of its banks. Thus he was coming to his journey's end afoot rather than behind his prancing blacks. The footbridge defied the flood. That for carriages was swinging perilously in the rushing water. He could not rest until he had seen his uncle. Something had to be settled out of hand—something vital to his whole future.

He looked about him. The dusking greenery betrayed no human presence, but the mocking voice went on: "You're a fine fellow! Upon my word if you had kept me waiting five minutes longer I should have marched straight back and said to my pastors and masters, 'Please, sirs, I'm good now; quite ready to marry Mr. John Trevor'"—

"Oh, I say! Hold on. You—you must be Miss Lee—Marna—of whom I've heard, and I'm John Trevor," that gentleman interrupted, his face scarlet. The shrubbery at the right trembled violently, then out of it burst the very prettiest girl he had ever seen, who said, her eyes blazing: "And you have come here to marry me! Well, I can tell you now I had rather die than be your wife!"

"Let's shake hands," John said jovially. "It appears we're in exactly the same boat. I have got to see my Uncle John and be off, because the dearest girl in the world will be whisked away to Europe, clean out of reach, unless I can manage to marry her all in a wink."

"Oh, how jolly!" Marna cried, giving him both her hands. "If you'll only run away I can wait and have a church wedding, with bridesmaids and flower girls and everything. It would be horrible to miss them, but there seemed nothing else to do, so Billy Martin and I have everything all ready. Come! We won't wait for him any longer. I dare say he is water bound, but he ought to have swum the creek, considering. Don't you think so?"

"Undoubtedly. I am sure he don't deserve you, letting such a little thing hinder him," Trevor said, still holding her hands. "You mistook me for him, so we must look a little bit alike. But I disown the likeness. You would not have had to wait for me, not if the stars had fallen."

"Ahem! Suppose that other girl heard you now?" Marna said wickedly, her lids lowered, a naive smile lurking about her lips. John pressed her hand and drew it upon his arm, saying only: "Keep close to me. The path is narrow, and I mustn't let you get wet." But Marna appeared to feel sufficiently answered. She smiled more winsomely than ever at him and said as they came out in the clear lawn, "Cousin John—we are cousins, you know; your uncle is my stepfather as well as guardian—will you do something for my asking and not misunderstand?"

"Certainly," Trevor said, smiling himself. Marna was silent for three breaths, then said hurriedly: "Don't say anything about anything until morning. Poor Papa Trevor doesn't sleep well at the best of times. He has been worrying all day about your delayed arrival, and if you let him know the upsetting of his most cherished plans he won't get a wink tonight and will be crosser than two bears tomorrow."

"Does he know about Billy Martin?" Trevor demanded. Marna looked at him, amazed.

"Oh, dear, no!" she said. "If he had known, why, I shouldn't have been out there waiting. Papa Trevor has a habit of having his own way"—

"It's a family trait," Trevor interrupted, stealing an arm about Marna and kissing her cheek. She brushed away the caress as though it were some slight annoying insect and went on: "He couldn't have known, because, you see, I did not really know myself until yesterday, after your telegram came. Then—well, it was any port in a storm with me. I don't really, truly care about Billy, but I do love my own way as well as though my name were Trevor"—

"I see. But was Billy Hobson's choice?" Trevor interrupted wickedly. Marna frowned at him, saying: "The idea! Now you are horrid. I have a dozen beaux, but it happened Billy was the only one right on the spot. And you'll admit there wasn't much time for planning when Papa Trevor shouted out to me: 'Marna, telephone for the rector and the wedding cake day after tomorrow. Is there anything else needed? John gets here in the morning, and you had better go to packing your trunks. I mean he shall take you abroad. There you'll have a chance of getting fairly acquainted with each other.'"

"H'm! That was a close call. Did you pack?" Trevor asked, his eyes twinkling. Marna tossed her head the least bit as she answered: "Of course. Packed everything, just as if I knew I was going to die. Mamma would have trouble enough over my going without having that on her hands. Besides there are such loads of pretty things. Papa Trevor has been a real fairy godfather ever since he took a notion to marry us off this way. I knew if he didn't see them he wouldn't remember them. Mamma was safe to send the trunks after me. But if he did see them he'd most likely make a bonfire of them, and that would be too bad for anything."

"Quite too bad. You make me feel utterly conscience stricken. I didn't dream his heart was so set on this plan," Trevor said. After a minute he burst out hotly: "But he has only himself to blame. He wouldn't let us meet. This used to be my home, and he has kept me in exile all the seven years since he married your mother. He has brought me up to regard myself as his son and heir, and now unless I marry whom he chooses I am to lose everything."

"You seem to think it would have been a case of 'I came, saw, conquered,'" Marna said, her eyes dancing. Trevor turned suddenly upon her. "If you could put up with a Billy Martin for the sake of your own way, I don't think you would be quite flint to me," he said, almost angrily. He truly loved his uncle. He was, moreover, proud of his name and the consequence attaching to the big Trevor fortune. It hurt to have this adorable Marna flout him when he was thus at grips with hard fate. She was adorable; so adorable, in spite of fealty to the other girl, it gave a sharper edge to his perception of loss.

"Indeed, you are right. I might have chosen you if it had been made a matter of choice," Marna said pensively, her head a little aside. They were nearing the open hall door, through which there shot suddenly a broad stream of white light. It fell full upon them, throwing them up strongly against the background of leafy darkness. Somebody upon the piazza shouted with joy at sight of them. Under cover of the shouting Marna said, by this time plaintive, "If only it was not for that other girl, but I always play fair."

"So you've outwitted me, you young villain!" John Trevor, Sr., said, wringing his nephew's hand. "I never meant you to see that pretty baggage there until I was ready to give her to you for good and all. You know your way about. Trot along. You'll find your room exactly as you left it when you went away a boy."

"Let me be still a boy for this one night, Uncle Jack," Trevor pleaded, keeping hold of a tremendous elderly hand. Papa Trevor wagged his head, saying: "Aye, aye, lad! But remember you must wake up, ready to play a man's part."

* * * * * * *

Trevor slept badly and woke late to find the world full of sunshine and singing birds, to hear his uncle shouting impatiently at the men mowing the lawn and across the blurred noises, high and clear, the silver tinkle of Marna's laughter. He went downstairs like one in a dream. There was a hideous black cloud over all the morning brightness. As he came out on the steps a messenger on a bicycle halted there and handed him a yellow envelope, saying apologetically: "Shure, sor-r, we thried to git ye this bit the night, but the divil was in the wather; besides, the b'ye that writ it out sid the news would kape."

Mechanically Trevor opened it and read:

> I sail today. Marry Paul in London. He did not deceive me. His fortune does not depend on anybody's whim. No longer yours, MARY.

Just then Marna danced up to him her hands full of dewy roses. He caught both her wrists and said huskily: "Marna, you mistook me for Billy Martin. Can't you do it again long enough to marry me?"

For a minute Marna did not answer. She looked down, her breast heaving, her cheeks rivaling the richest among her roses, and said at last, shyly lifting her eyes: "You are not quite accurate, Cousin John. The fact is, Billy was my mistake."

Of course they were married, as Papa Trevor had ordained. They lived happy ever after, but they did not go abroad until they themselves chose.

Why the Captain Wore Whiskers.

Captain Gibbons had a habit of wearing chin whiskers. I had always thought this was due to the fact that they were more becoming, but I learned the reason to be otherwise. It seems that his chin and throat were scarred and these scars are thus explained:

On one of the ships which he commanded there was a mutiny of the crew one morning on the high seas, which he promptly started to quell. The sailors were too many for him. However, as he was unarmed, and they soon had him down on the deck, bound and gagged with a long knife across his mouth. It was this knife that produced the wounds whose scars the captain carried the remainder of his life concealed beneath his beard. While thus bound and gagged a lady passenger came to him and, cutting the bonds, handed him a loaded revolver. With this weapon he soon had his crew at his feet, and the ringleaders were placed in irons.—Lewiston Journal.

Calendars of the Aztecs.

Calendars are probably the oldest form of literature in the world. The cards which appear by the millions in all civilized countries nowadays have their counterpart among the most ancient known races. The Aztecs, for example, were well supplied with calendars, and several of them have been preserved to this day. They were published in stone and set up in public places.

Ayer's

For hard colds, bronchitis, asthma, and coughs of all kinds, you cannot take anything better than Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral

Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor if this is not so. He uses it. He understands why it soothes and heals.

"I had a terrible cough for weeks. Then I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and only one bottle completely cured me."
MRS. J. B. DANFORTH, St. Joseph, Mich.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Coughs, Colds

You will hasten recovery by taking one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

MOUNTAINS IN JAPAN.

They Rival In Panorama the Scenery of Switzerland.

On every side of us, from our feet to the golden distance far away, the world stretched mountains, peak upon peak as thick as junks in a Chinese harbor and range beyond range inexhaustible. No sounds of mortal life came up inside the rock, while the river, gentian blue, wound silent in transparent pools below. The panorama in Japan on a splendid summer day is impossible to describe to an English reader who has not been in the east, for such a one will read between the lines the local color in which he was bred instead of the wholly different atmosphere that heightens the charm of the picture there, the brilliant luminous air which invests our eye with telescopic power and brings the whole landscape to our feet, while a soft suspicion of silky haze seems to float a halo round each foliage hidden hill. Switzerland, too, is a mountain world, but small compared with this, the entire content from Innsbruck to Geneva only one-fourth the length of this single island of Japan, a thousand miles of continuous romance. And the quality of the sunshine is what separates by a very wide gulf a summer's day in these latitudes from one in more northerly Europe.—Ernest Foxwell in Cornhill.

TOBACCO LEAVES.

The First Europeans Who Saw Them Used For Smoking.

The first Europeans who saw tobacco smoked were two men whom Columbus dispatched on an embassy immediately after the discovery of the island of Cuba. The names of these envoys, worthy of memory by the smoker, were Roderigo de Jerez and Luis de Torres, the latter a Christianized Jew of special proficiency in Arabic and Hebrew. Six days were allowed to these two worthies in which to accomplish their mission, but after penetrating inland for some twelve leagues and stopping at a village of a thousand inhabitants they rejoined Columbus on Nov. 6, 1492, and recounted the several wonders which had fallen under their notice.

It was on their way back to the Spanish caravels, accompanied by three natives, that they first saw smoking practiced. Several of the aborigines were making use of dried tobacco leaves, which they formed into a long roll, lighted and put in their mouths, swallowing and puffing out the smoke. These primitive and gigantic cigars the natives called tabacos, a name since transferred from its original application to the plant itself.

A MONKEY'S JOKE.

It Gave Him a Good Dinner, While It Startled the Cook.

I remember in a description of India or Ceylon some forty years ago a story of an Englishman who had a monkey. Looking out of his window one day, he saw his cook getting a fowl ready for boiling, while the monkey lay on the ground shamming death, and a party of crows stood at a little distance divided between the desire for the kitchen offal and the fear of the possibly shamming monkey. One crow more adventurous than the rest came within the magic distance and was instantly in the clutch of the monkey. At the same moment the cook, having finished trussing the fowl, put it into the pot and went away.

The monkey plucked his crow as he had just seen the cook pluck the fowl, took the fowl out of the pot, put the crow in and retired with his exchange. When the cook came back and saw the fowl left preparing for his master's luncheon turned black he was, as may be supposed, struck black with terror at this manifest intervention of the evil one.—London Spectator.

Shorthand Pioneer.

That the ancients were thoroughly conversant with shorthand is an undisputed fact. It subsequently became a lost art until revived or rediscovered toward the end of the sixteenth century. At this time there lived William Lawrence, who died in 1621 and was buried in the cloister of Westminster abbey. There the visitor may read his epitaph, which includes the following lines:

Shorthand he wrote; his flower in prime did fade,
And hasty death short hand of him hath made.

Tennyson and Browning.

As the world knows, Robert Browning and Tennyson were always the best of friends, and there was never a shade of rivalry on either side. A mutual friend once asked Browning whether he did not think that Tennyson's ballad of "The Revenge" owed its inspiration to his own ballad of "Herve Riel." "No," he answered; "Tennyson's inspiration is all his own."

Soft and Softer.

"How beautifully soft it is!" he murmured, laying his hand on her glorious white arm.

"How less beautiful, but, oh, so much softer!" she tenderly replied, laying her jeweled hand on the top of his venerable head.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1904

☞ At the last counting 146 delegates to the Republican National convention had been elected, 126 of whom—all but 20—were instructed to vote for the nomination of President Theodore Roosevelt, first, last, and all the time, and against the trusts, mergers, and other illegal combines to rob the common people. The 20 uninstructed are probably for Roosevelt, too.

☞ If the merchants of this city are as sincere in their opposition to trading stamps as they pretend to be, and are anxious to get shut of them, why don't they do it? why don't each one of them throw out the stamps, and get back to legitimate business methods? It is an easy enough matter to stop the stamp nuisance if the merchants will go at it the right way.

☞ The present Legislature have not yet astonished the country with the amount, or quality, of the business they have transacted. It may be that they will "get a move on" later in the season. And, yet, their "slow coach" progress has one consolation about it, when idle they are doing no mischief

☞ Representative Herbert S. Riley of this District will please accept our thanks for a copy of the "Manual of the General Court, 1904," which is a Pub Doc. that no well regulated newspaper office would think of keeping house without.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. C. Colman—Hay.
City—Reg. of Voters.
J. W. Johnson—To Let.
E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Miss Dannatt—Millinery.
Unitarian Church—Food Sale.

— Unitarian Food Sale April 2.

— "An Unlucky Tip", March 29.

— Unitarian Food Sale at Caldwell's April 2.

— "Our Jim" at Lyceum Hall, April 11.

— First Parish Fair is to be held on April 20, 21.

— A week from next Sunday will be Easter Sunday.

— Read additions to the "Unlucky Tip" ad in this paper.

— Miss Dannatt, the milliner, went to New York last Monday.

— The annual First Parish Fair is to be held on April 20, 21.

— J. Foster Deland represents a fine string of insurance companies.

— Pastor Norton's wife is visiting friends in Rockford, Ill., this week.

— "Professor Baxter's Great Invention is the funniest thing out of jail.

— Thomas Wiggin is to be Manager of the N. W. Baseball team this season.

— Those new three-dollar "Guyer" hats in Hammond's window are beauties.

— The Boston Cooperage Co. will begin the manufacture of barrels about April 1.

— One week from next Sunday is Easter. A week from today is Good Friday.

— The Woburn Fife and Drum are to conduct a dance in K. of C. Hall on April 13.

— Walter Knapp and family are to move from Church avenue to 81 Pleasant street.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— On April 6 an old fashioned barn party is to be given in the St. Charles Auditorium.

— Merchandizing is dull in this city. "The darkest hour of the night is just before daybreak."

— J. Foster Deland is Agent for the "Svea" Fire Insurance Company of Gothenburg, Sweden.

— Why not cast a glance at what the Registrars of Voters have to say in another column?

— Charles Porter of this city was Interlocutor in a Minstrel Show given at Lexington last week.

— Mrs. H. B. Clewley and Mr. P. W. Linscott are cast for "Cinders" at Music Hall on April 14.

— "Prof. Baxter's Great Invention," a sidesplitting comedy, is to be given in Music Hall on April 14.

— The ordinance of baptism will be observed at the First Baptist Church Sunday evening, March 27.

— Mr. Thomas J. Begley was elected Superintendent of the Almshouse last Monday evening.

— Mr. Charles E. Tripp, excursionist, has returned from a successful tour to and around Washington.

— Let no one forget the grand concert at First Baptist church next Monday evening, nor fail to attend it.

— The annual concerts of Clan MacKinnon are always looked forward to with emotions of pleasure. April 13.

— Mrs A. P. Barrett is again Treasurer of W. R. C. 84, a position long faithfully filled by her before going away last spring.

— There will be a meeting of the business men of Woburn at the Band Room, Buckman Block, this (Friday) evening at 9 o'clock.

— Miss Ada Carter, who is teaching school in New Hampshire, will pass the Easter vacation with her family at 6 Bennett street.

— No one should fail to take in "An Unlucky Tip," a play chockful of merriment, at the Unitarian vestry on Tuesday evening, March 29.

— Marcus H. Cotton has tickets enough to "Our Jim" to furnish the whole town. People had better snatch them up in a hurry and get good seats.

— The earthquake which rattled things here at, or near, 1 o'clock last Monday morning was felt by many of our people. Some of them were scared.

— An assembly is to be given by the High School Athletic Association in Music Hall on April 15. John J. Hern's Orchestra will furnish the music.

..AS GOOD AS..

GOLD.

You can rely on the security offered by the companies which are represented

IN DELAND'S OFFICE.

Absolute reliability and ASSETS into the MILLIONS.

J. FOSTER DELAND,

FIRE INSURANCE and REAL ESTATE.

Room 5. National Bank Building.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Office will be closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after six o'clock.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street, has added Fire Insurance to his business, strong companies represented.

— The appearance of bluebirds in this city was reported last week. As to how much the imagination had to do with the report the deponent was silent.

— The JOURNAL heartily congratulates Mr. Clarence Littlefield on his unanimous reelection to the office of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department.

— The announcement of Miss Dannatt, the popular milliner, in this issue of the JOURNAL cannot but interest the ladies of Woburn and vicinity. She leads.

— Mrs. Mary L. Allen is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Wetherell in this city. Since going to New Hampshire her health has improved.

— E. Prior offers for rent the fine John Johnson homestead on Arlington Road. It is one of the best, and best located residences in the city. Rent reasonable.

— The Lowell team will try to give the North Woburn A. A's. a twister tomorrow evening. The North Woburns were beaten by the Lowells last Saturday evening at Lowell.

— If they only hold together, pull together, and pull hard, the new Merchants Association can do Woburn a heap of good by way of increasing her business, population, wealth, etc.

— The South End Social Club are working hard for the Minstrel Show which is to be given Easter Monday night at the Auditorium Montvale Ave. They cannot be beat in the Minstrel line.

— We have failed to find out whether the Lowell & Boston cars are ever to resume trips, or not. There seems to be "a hen on," that may hatch out a change of ownership of the road.

— There was only one night from early November, 1903, to March 19, 1904, that everything outdoors in this city did not freeze up good and solid That was a cold weather record hard to beat.

— Capt. John P. Crane is expected to return from his winter home in North Carolina early in April. Word comes that he has enjoyed the winter and spring months in his Southern retreat excellently.

— Last Tuesday noon one of B. Mahoney's men accidently broke the glass in the shop door, but it did not take Mr. Mahoney long to put in another, which shows he is quick in more than barbering.

— A good place for a public playground is the big meadow at the South End instead of a hose house, because it is needed very much. There is one in North Woburn; why not have one at the South End?

— The Zeno A. C. the Woburn Highland Juniors of last year have ordered new Baseball uniforms at Wright & Ditson's. They expect to play the Zeno A. C. of Jamaica Plain at Woburn April 19

— We are pleased to announce that William Fred Davis, Jr., Esq., has opened a Law office in National Bank Block, where we hope and trust, he will do a good business. He is a deserving young man.

— Easter is a week from Sunday and every man will want a new cravat. When you are going by Hammond's store it will pay you to drop in and see the lot of new things they have been getting from New York.

— We have received from Mr. Abijah Thompson some 1860 campaign and other old time literature which we have in mind to present to JOURNAL readers soon. Mr. Thompson has a rich mine of such reading.

— Mrs Charles Lyford of Milford has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Julia A. Garland, 18 Everett street, this week Her husband is remembered as a prominent Y. M. C. A. worker here several years ago.

— The merchants interested in organizing a business Association held an adjourned meeting last Monday evening, but, as the committee on organization were not ready to report, it was adjourned to this evening, March 25.

— The concluding chapter of the story of the naval battle between the English "Boxer" and American "Enterprise," by Hon. A. S. Wood, will be given in the JOURNAL next week. It involves a history of the old cannon at North Woburn.

— John J. Hern's Orchestra have been engaged to furnish music for the 10th anniversary celebration of the Towanda Club on March 31. The committees in charge are preparing for a fine entertainment, for which no expense will be spared.

— Mrs. Wright, Chairman of the Publicity Committee, is most excellent authority for the statement that the Unitarian Food Sale at Caldwell's on April 2, will surpass, excel, and vastly overtop, in variety and quality of goods, anything ever before experienced in this city.

— Crovo's maple sugar is the real thing, of the genuine 1904 Vermont vintage, and just as toothsome as it is possible for anything to be. It is not imitation sugar, made of New Orleans molasses, kept over from last year; on the contrary, it is honest "sap sugar" of the best Vermont variety.

— Rumor says that Cecil Duncan, who has been a clerk at F. P. Brooks's drugstore for several years past, is soon to open and conduct a drugstore of his own in the south section of this city.

— It is reported that Rev. Dr Norton, pastor of First church, is to accompany his brother, Professor Norton, on a European trip during the coming summer. If so, he will be away 3 or 4 months.

— Next Monday evening, March 28, a concert is to be given in the First Baptist church which will be well worth attending. The proceeds are for the benefit of the church. Talent of recognized ability are to give it.

— The funeral of Mrs. Robert B. Wyman, who died suddenly at her home in North Woburn early last Friday morning, March 18, 1904, was held at Trinity Episcopal church last Sunday. She had been in poor health some time previous to her death. Her memory was honored at the funeral.

— Mr. Augustus W. Mugford, 75 years old, whose wife recently passed away, died at his boardinghouse on Prospect street last Friday, and the funeral was held in the First Congregational church on Sunday. He was an Odd Fellow, and members of the fraternity took good care of him in his last days.

— "An Unlucky Tip," a button bursting farce, is to be given in the Unitarian vestry on March 29. Boston and other foreign dramatic talent, with our own Helen Cook in a leading role, are to produce the play. Miss Cook is a reader and playactor of rare merit and one of the brightest women on the amateur stage.

— Miss Andrews is a graduate of the Boston School of Expression and her rendition of selections chosen last evening proved her to be a cultivated elocutionist, being the possessor of a remarkably sweet and flexible voice and considerable dramatic power.—*Exchange.* She will be heard at the Baptist concert March 29

— Advance slips are now on sale for the War Drama "Our Jim" to be presented by S of V. and Club April 11. These slips may be obtained for 25c of any of the members or of M. H. Cotton. Twenty-five cents will be allowed on slips when exchanged for reserved seats. Sale of reserved seats at F. P. Brooks drug store on or after April 7 at 7 30 A. M.

— The Wednesday and Friday evenings Lenten meetings at St. Charles church which will close with the advent of Easter, are, and have been, largely attended. The religious services are conducted by Rev. James J. Keegan, Pastor, and Assistant Pastors Walsh and Doherty, and have been particularly appropriate to the season of Lent.

— The funeral of Mr. John K. Plummer, late of the Water Department, and special policeman, who died at the Massachusetts General Hospital from blood poisoning a few days ago, was held at St. Charles church last Sunday, the religious services being conducted by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, Assistant Pastor. The attendance was large.

— The earthquake which occurred at 1.04 a. m., Monday, March 21, and rattled things over New England at a great rate, was the topic of conversation all that day in this city. Naturally no two individuals agreed as to the details of the shock; but that was immaterial; it was an earthquake fast enough, and one of no mean proportions.

— We sometimes wonder what they do with so much clothing at Hammond's store. Yesterday they were unpacking several big cases of new Spring Overcoats. It looked to me as though they have an idea that all of us men folks can raise the price of a new coat this Spring, and that we all propose to wear a Hammond & Son label on our hanger.

— Mrs H Josephine Hayward, President of the Woburn Woman's Club, delivered an address before the Littleton Woman's Club, last week, the audience being augmented by 50 members of the Ayer Woman's Club. Mrs Hayward received a warm reception from the ladies of both Clubs, and promised to respond to a call for a second address at no distant day.

— The leechhouse of the Cottle Leather Co was burned on March 16, the loss being about $14,000 S B. Goddard & Son carried the insurance and on Tuesday last settled with the Company, to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. In 6 days from the date of the fire the proprietors received a check covering fully their loss. The Goddards know how to do insurance business, and are fair and prompt.

— Mrs. Fowle, wife of Rev. James L Fowle, for many years a devoted, hard working, and successful missionary in Ceserea, Turkey, a native of Woburn and member of the old and respectable Fowle family, will lecture on "Mothers in Turkey" before the Maternal Association of the First Congregational church at 3 o'clock this afternoon, March 25, in the parlor of said church.

— Daniel Kerrigan quit the Central stable for good and all last Monday evening at the close of a continuous service of 10 years, in which he had done good and faithful work for his employer. The JOURNAL has reason to think well of "Dan," for he has kept the block as warm as toast all winter. He has accepted a position as manager of R A White's stables on Park street.

— In thankful response to a cordial invitation by Pastor Parker, Hugh de Payens Commandery of Melrose, of which many Woburn gentlemen are members, and Mt. Horeb Lodge, A F. and A. M. of this city, will attend divine services at the Woburn Unitarian church on the afternoon of Easter Sunday.

— Mr. John Brauer, the veteran tanner and expert morroco and patent leather maker, had one of his hands badly lacerated in some machinery while at work at Kendall's factory last week. Luckily no bones were broken and, in a short time, if nothing happens, the hand will be fit and ready for duty again. It is now doing well.

— It is said that Osborn Gillette, the jeweler, would like to clutch by the collar C. O. Hunter who lately bought Mr. Gillett's Woburn stock and carried it away, with some of the store fixtures, last week. Not having interviewed Mr. Gillette this reporter is unable to give the particulars of the case. Mr. Gillette had a similar experience with a purchaser some time ago.

— John J. Hern's Orchestra have been engaged to play at the meeting and banquet of the Wholesale and Retail Marble Dealers Association at the American House, Boston, on March 29. They play to-night for Miss Langley's closing dancing school.

— Ald. Frank Maguire met with an accident last Tuesday afternoon; while crossing the street in front of the Lyceum Hall he slipped and fell into a pool of mud and water. He had a cool bath. He looked like an Endman in a Minstrel show when he got up.

— Clan McKinnon, 45, O S. C., have engaged the following talent for their concert, April 13:—Adah Campbell Hussey, contralto; Margaret Withers, soprano; Frederick Kendall, baritone; Marie A. Zelenski, violinist; William Smith, piper; Miss Sutcliffee, Highland dancer.

— Miss Caroline May Andruss, who is teaching a school at Richmond, Mass., with marked success, is spending her fortnight's spring vacation at home here. She reopens her school on April 4. Miss Andruss graduated from the Woburn High School last June, and is well fitted for the pedagogic profession.

— Maude Littlefield, the violinist, has been engaged by the May Party committee to furnish music for the fancy dancing—Maypole, and other—at the party on May 6. She is, also, to furnish music for Miss Langley's final assembly on April 6. Possibly, she may employ a choice female orchestra for both functions. Maude's violin is in great demand.

— The cider manufactured for mince pies, and cider vinegar for Sunday morning pork and-beans, by Mr. George W. Copp, the stalwart Republican leader of the West Side, and former Treasurer of the Republican Ward and City Committee, are superior to anything of the kind produced by anyone else in Middlesex county.

— Mr. George Buchanan, the veteran Boston fruit dealer and respected Woburn citizen and official, passed his 80th birthday anniversary quietly at home, 10 Bennett street, last Sunday, March 20. Neighbors and friends called on him during the day, and he was the grateful recipient of many appropriate favors. Mr. Buchanan's numerous friends wish him many more years of pleasant life.

— The Rumford Historical Association, by the hands of a committee chosen for the purpose, have issued a neat booklet containing a picture of the Rumford House at North Woburn in which the Count was born, afterwards named Benjamin Thompson, and in subsequent years made a German nobleman; a list of officers of the Association; an account of its incorporation; and a list of members. It is a good thing to have and keep.

— The manufacture of electrical supplies by Smith & Wallace at Montvale is one of the prosperous industries of this city. The firm employ about 100 hands, including expert electricians, 3 accountants and 2 typewriters, and turn out daily a large amount of supplies, for which they find a ready market. The payroll of the Company is a big item in the business, the benefits of which are profitably felt by our merchants, tradesmen and shopkeepers.

— A grand testimonial concert will be given to Miss Nellie W. Banwell, the talented child reader, at Music Hall, Wednesday evening, April 20 She will be assisted by Miss Louise Larthard, violinist one of Lovett's Boston Stars, pupils of Boston School of Oratory and Dramatic Art (of which Miss Stella M. Haynes is Principal), and other Boston talent. An interesting programme is being prepared. Don't forget the date. Tickets at Whitcher's.

— Walter French, a member of the Boston police force, son of policeman Austin G. French and wife of this city, visited his parents here last Tuesday. He has about recovered from a dangerous illness from blood poisoning, the result of an accident, of which nothing was thought at the time, but which became so serious that he went to a hospital, where, at one period of his stay, it was doubted if he ever recovered But he pulled through and is now all right

— When it comes to minstrel shows the St Charles C T A S always get there away ahead of all competetors, so far as quality and size of audience are concerned They skim and capture the cream every pass they make at it in the way of a minstrel show; in other words, to employ a somewhat hackneyed expression, they beat the band, and that is precisely what they did on St. Patrick's Day evening It was a great show—a record breaker—and the boys who were in it raked home dead loads of wealth.

— A runaway city team on Church avenue last Saturday morning came within an ace of putting an end to Mr. James H Callahan's hopes of visiting Ireland next summer, and perhaps to his earthly existence. Two trains met at Mr. Callahan's crossing and while attending to the gates the horse came rushing on, with great fury and speed, making directly for the spot on which Mr Callahan stood, and had he not moved sprver than a cat he certainly would have been hit, run over, and crushed, and the Green Isle would have looked for him in vain next June.

MISS

M. J. Dannatt's

SPECIAL

Easter Opening

March 31, April 1, 2, 1904

Pattern Hats, Toquets and Bonnets

Ready to wear, and Tailored Hats, Fancy Veilings and Novelties.

A carefully selected stock.

— Gov. Bates has reappointed Dr. Harry G. Blake Medical Examiner.

— "Svea" Fire Insurance Company of Gothenburg, Sweden, J. Foster Deland, Agent.

— The Social Three gave a most delightful party last Wednesday evening in Burbank Post Hall. Graham's Orchestra played for the dancing.

— One of the social events of the season will be the Musicale at Mrs Alfred Dow's, Arlington Road, under the auspices of the Unitarian Alliance Branch. It will be given Easter Monday evening, for which talent of the highest order has been secured.

— Miss M. J. Dannatt, the favorite milliner of Woburn ladies, announces the opening of her present season under the most favorable circumstances, having, to aid her in the large business she carries on, a corps of competent salespeople and proficient employees in her workrooms, thus enabling her to execute still better work, if possible, at shorter notice, than heretofore. Her salesroom presents a brilliant picture, decorated, as it is, with all the latest styles and rarest novelties in millinery goods, just from Paris and New York, and the numerous beautiful attractions must prove irresistable to ladies of taste and refinement. Miss Dannatt's is the centre of millinery trade for miles around.

— The annual meeting of the Rumford Historical Association, of which Hon. Edward F. Johnson, Judge of the Fourth District Court, is President, is to be held at the Rumford House, North Woburn at 8 o'clock tomorrow, Saturday evening, March 26, 1904, for the election of officers and other business The meeting is to be for members only. Hon. Levi S. Gould of Melrose will deliver an address on "Old Middlesex," and 5 new members are to be admitted to the Association, namely: Prof. Elisha Thompson of Swampscott, Honorary member; Frank F. Stanley and Edward G. Frothingham, both of Boston; Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, Woburn; and William Stretton, Woburn.

— W. R C. 161 celebrated the 17th anniversary of their organization last Tuesday evening, the management of it being in the hands of the Executive Committee, of which Mrs. Susan A. Wood is Chairman. Nearly 200 people were present, the Guests of Honor being Mrs. Fannie M Jones, P. D I; Mrs Woodside of Corps 84; and Mr. Jones. The hall and banquet boards were beautifully and patriotically decorated, and a better banquet it would be hard to provide. It was highly enjoyed by the happy party around the tables. There were speeches by Capt. E F. Wyer, Major H. C Hall, Mrs. Jones and others, which were enthusiastically received. A pleasing entertainment of music and reading was given. Mrs Harriet S. Patten is President of the Corps, which was instituted at the same time that Corps 84 came into existence. She conducted the celebration in an admirable manner. A delightful evening was spent by all present.

These warm days make one think of new Spring clothes. About the first thought is of a light weight Overcoat. We have been busy the past week receiving and unpacking some beauties just out of the maker's hands.
Prices $8, $10, $12, $15, $20, $22. Sizes cut in three ways —"regular," "stout," "slim." Several lots for boys, too.

Hammond & Son,

Leading Clothiers and Hatters,

Lyceum Hall Building,

403 Main St., WOBURN.

"The Pirates of Panama."

This rattling extravaganza, or medley of melody and things, or, as it was styled in the programme, "a phantasmagorical hodgpodge," was presented in a pleasing manner by about 75 members under the auspices of Towanda Club in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday and Thursday evenings, March 23, 24 The Hall was well filled on both presentations, and Towanda must have made considerable money from it. Everybody was delighted.

In bestowing credit on the talented people engaged in creating the piece it puzzles the reporter whether to give the most of it to the authors of the exquisitely humorous librette, or to the composers of the equally rollicking music that liked to have been the death, from excessive and uncontrolable laughter, of many of the spectators. To produce either required a literary and musical skill closely bordering on genius, and one could hardly have believed that such rare and eminent talent could by any possibility exist in our little rural city. And to remain so long undiscovered, too! True, some of the solos were weak and wobbled quite distressingly at times, so much so that fears of breakdowns were shudderingly felt by a few timid souls; but the choruses! they were simply immense. In their composition was developed the real genius of the artists who produced them—genius that demanded for its play a theme of much higher order than "The Pirates of Panama."

Professional training and frequent rehearsals had amply prepared the small army of performers for the excellent work they executed, not one of whom could be justly criticised on any score visible to the audience. Each actor was perfectly adapted to the part assigned him, or vice versa, as one may be pleased to regard it, and nowhere in the long and superabundant programme could a flaw in the acting be discovered by the most practiced eye. The appearance of the company on the stage was inspiring. The stage manager, director, and assistants, performed their respective duties in a highly commendable manner, and were entitled to much credit for the remarkably smooth running of the piece from the drop of the hat.

The music was the real feature of the show, of course. It was new, original, fine, from top to bottom, and received no end of applause from the people whose ears were charmed by it. The Overture was simply out of sight, while the orchestral productions it would have been no easy matter to equal either in creation or execution The performance, which has never had anything to approach it in Woburn, was divided into three acts, which contained, in the aggregate, more than 21 numbers, and to select the one, or the group, that pleased the audience the most would be too much of a task for the reporter to attempt.

But the reporter begs leave to remark, in this connection, that a popular vote would, no doubt, have handed the palm of victory to Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum for his literary and oratorical gem, "Martin Cephalonia Dooley of Tammany," the composition of which was a work of high art, as critics and reviewers name such meritorious productions. A profound sense of duty compels the reporter to violate, in this single instance, the resolution with which he began to write this piece, that was, to forbear mentioning the name of any performer, however strongly tempted he might be to do so.

"Pirates of Panama" was, it should be mentioned, the fourth annual entertainment given by Towanda Club, which, as everybody knows, is the leading social combine in this city, and its success eclipsed all former shows engineered by it, as well as the sanguine expectations of its most optimistic champions. The whole town heartily cooperated with the managers to produce that pleasing and profitable result; at least, such seemed to be the case, for the stay-at-homes on Wednesday and Thursday evenings were, like the visits of angels, few, and far between.

Obituary.

MR. CHASE COLE passed away at his home, 57 Pleasant street, this city, between 1 and 2 o'clock, Monday afternoon, March 21, 1904. He had been in poor health for several months, from which, owing to his age, he failed to recover, but grew more feeble until released from his sufferings by death.

Mr. Cole had lived a quiet life since coming here to reside more than 20 years ago, but had made many friends, and was respected for his integrity and upright life by everyone who knew him. He will be missed from the ranks of the old people of the city.

He was born in Hill, N. H., Oct. 13, 1817. He attended Gilmanton Academy, and taught in his native State before he attained his majority, then went to Boston where he entered the employ of Gilbert, the pianoforte maker, with whom he remained nine years, leaving to accept a position on the police force, on which he served 3 years, and was then appointed Truant Officer of the Department in 1856. He served in that office more than 30 years, being its Chief for the most of the period.

In 1880 Mr. Cole married Miss Lucy Cragin, daughter of the late Deacon Francis K. Cragin of Woburn, and on the death of Mrs. Cragin, in 1881, came here to reside. He resigned as Chief Truant Officer of Boston in 1887.

The funeral services were performed by Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, at the late home of the deceased, 57 Pleasant street, last Wednesday afternoon, at which many friends were present. Mr. Lester M. Bartlett, tenor, of Boston, sang, with marked and pleasing effect, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," "Face to face," and "Sleep on, Beloved." Many beautiful flowers adorned the casket and room, and testified to the high esteem in which Mr. Cole was held.

"A Spoiled Darling."

The sparkling comedy was performed by members of the Woman's Club, under the auspices of that popular and highly cultivated organization, in Music Hall last Friday evening before an audience which for brilliancy and numerical dimensions has never yet been surpassed at that popular playhouse. The Hall's capacity to hold people was put to the severest test, and it was said that not a few were forced to return to their respective homes deprived of the pleasure of witnessing that charming drama.

The performance was an immense success from every point of view regarded. The acting was superb; professionals, stars of the first magnitude, could not have overmatched it. The cast embraced the following popular ladies, any one of whom would adorn the public stage: Miss Helen B. Cook, Mrs. E. S. Eaton, Miss E. Sybil Fox, Mrs. R. Josephine Hayward, Miss Alice J. Whitcomb, Miss Susie H. DeLoriea, Miss Agnes E. Cottle, Miss Elva A. Caldwell, Mrs. Ada Crosby Kendall, the accomplished Recording Secretary of the Club.

Nothing could possibly delight the JOURNAL'S scribe more than to treat each of these actors and their splendid acting in a deserving manner; but the Autocrat of the Composing Room calls a halt, and the reader must, perforce, be content with the above little story of the brilliant and phenomally successful affair.

EASTER SACHET

The odor is the daintiest, most lasting ever sold in Woburn. It is

THE SACHET YOU HAVE LOOKED FOR

the past year.

Sold only at Whitcher's

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in Woburn. Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

LATEST STYLES, 1904

Spring and Summer Weights. Great Variety of Fabrics. For Gentlemens Wear.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

If You Need a Spring Tonic Try

Grabow Malt

Our customers say they find nothing more valuable for toning up the system. Easily assimilated and pleasing to taste.

18c Bottle. Six Bottles $1.00

Should you prefer any other Malt Extracts you will find them all here and at Boston Prices.

Robbins Drug Company.

417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ The Original Cut Price Store.

Green Stamps. Public Telephone.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Makes the hair grow long and heavy, and keeps it soft and glossy. Stops falling hair and cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair. Sold for fifty years.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN — LOCATED 1640 — INCORPORATED 1642 — A CITY 1888

The Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, MUNICIPAL BUILDING, Common Street, on the evening of

SATURDAY, April 2, 1904

AT 7 O'CLOCK, P. M.

for the purpose of REGISTERING all persons legally qualified to vote, and for CORRECTING THE LIST OF VOTERS.

☞ All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

THOS. E. MATHEWS,
FRED. F. LOWELL,
CHAS. H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN.
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, March 21, 1904.

Home-Made Food SALE.

The Ladies of the Unitarian Church will hold a Home-made Food Sale in

CALDWELL'S STORE,

Cor. Park and Main Sts.

Saturday Afternoon April 2.

An Attractive Easter Table will be one of the features of the sale.

WANTED IN WOBURN

Moderate cost house in good neighborhood, in exchange for first-class investment property.

GEO. ADAMS WOODS,
50 State St., Boston.

To Let.

The owners have authorized me to let the homestead of the late John Johnson on Arlington Road, with or without the stable, for a very moderate sum at a monthly or yearly rental. Any one desiring an extra good house, in a good locality, with modern conveniences, should see me before renting elsewhere. This is the best chance in Woburn to get a firstclass place at a low rent.

E. PRIOR, 349 Main St., Woburn.

HAY! HAY!!

For sale, good quality for Horses and Cows. Examine at 71 Wyman St.

EDMUND C. COLMAN.

— E Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Martha Washington Lodge, L. O. L., are to hold a ribbon party next Thursday evening, March 31.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,

Instructor in Pianoforte,

Studio: First National Bank Building.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.

The Virgil Practice Clavier System.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,

Violin Instruction,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

4 Fairmount St.,

WOBURN. - MASS.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Impulse in Religion."
Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Palm Sunday.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. A. P. Greenleaf of Everett will officiate.
Lenten Services Wednesdays at 4 P. M. Fridays at 7.30 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Meaning of the Cross."
12 M., Sunday School.
4.30 P. M., Vesper Service. A Service for Palm Sunday with appropriate music.
5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E.
Holy Week, Services Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. N. E. Richardson. Subject: "The King and the Kingdom."
12 M. Sunday School.
3.30 P. M., Junior Epworth League.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7 P. M., Service. Sermon: "Cornelius the Soldier."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Henry B. Williams. Subject: "The Positive Note in Christian Experience."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The New Heart." At the close of the Evening Service there will be Baptism.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, March 23, by Rev. Daniel March, Harry W. DeLoriea and Marguerite Wandless, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 18, Bessie, wife of Robert B. Wyman, aged 42 years, 9 months, 4 days.
In this city, March 18, Augustus W. Mugford, aged 74 years, 3 months, 8 days.
In this city, March 20, William Hall, aged 68 years.
In this city, March 20, Chase Cole, aged 86 years, 5 months, 8 days.
In Boston, at Mass. Gen. Hospital, March 18, John K. Plummer, aged 48 years, 8 months, 2 days.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held in their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, April 1st, 1904,

at seven thirty (7.30) o'clock, in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., March 18th, 1904.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, April 2d, 1904, will draw interest from that date.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

Get Your Printing Done

At This Office

BARGAINS!

— IN —

UNDERWEAR,
WRAPPERS,
DRESS SKIRTS,
SHIRT WAISTS.

Special Prices to reduce stock.

Copeland & Bowser.

The Way They Point---

Everything points to a big busy season with us. Just as real as is the magnet's attraction is the attraction of our goods and prices. No one can fail to appreciate values they can test. The needle always points to the pole, and the people always point to us for business.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
JEWELERS,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
A Jewelry Store since 1871.
Fine Repairing in all its branches

Dalobe Farm CREAM

18c. Jar.

5c. allowed for empty jar when returned. This is the Best and also the Cheapest Cream on the market.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Have You Tried Our
Peppermints
They are made here.
CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St. WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN. Canoseat Chairs Reseated. Telephone 151 5.

Prepare for Spring Cleaning
CABOT'S Sulpho-Napthol TRADE MARK

Used generally about the house, in place of soaps, &c ... Be sure you get the genuine. Beware of inferior "JUST as GOOD" imitations. Look for the above TRADE-MARK. At all dealers—10c, 25c, 50c, $1.00.

Good House To Let.

I offer to Rent No. 9 Wyer's Court. It contains 8 good rooms; is warm, handy and convenient. It is in every respect desirable.

Apply to Mrs. A. J. PLUMER,
50 Bow St., Woburn.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 Main Street, Woburn.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.
JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 Tremont Street, Boston.
Tel. Main 3909-3.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass. Notary Public

WINFIELD R. LANG,
LAWYER,
847 Tremont Building, BOSTON.
Residence, 7 Winn St., Woburn.
Sunday evenings at B. & M. ticket office. Tel. 179 Haymarket.

The Best Cough Reliever
Wild Cherry and Tar
COUGH BREAKER.
25 Cents.
PREPARED BY
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Susan W. Dean, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and two codicils—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Susan D. Richardson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of April, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth C. Converse, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Albert F. Converse, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of April, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Caroline S. Thompson, late of Woburn in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Edward E. Thompson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of April, A. D., 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of L. Katherine Fox, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Everett P. Fox, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twelfth day of April A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., March 15, 1904.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1902, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said parcels sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of each of said parcels if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, April 23rd, 1904,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 3.

MARCUS BEEBE ET. AL.—About 23,088 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Munroe street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Munroe street; easterly by land of Cole and land of Larkin; southerly by land of Alfred A. Dow heirs and land of Crosby and Rogers; westerly by land of said Rogers and by land now or late of Western heirs.
Tax of 1902, $161 10

MARCUS BEEBE ET. AL.—About 31,560 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hart and land now or late of Dunnigan; easterly by land now or late of McDonald; southerly by land now or late of Soles; westerly by No. Warren street.
Tax of 1902, 28 64

GRANVILLE BOUTWELL.—About 5,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No 23 Flagg street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Jeremiah Murphy; easterly by land of City of Woburn; southerly by land of Patrick Murray; westerly by Flagg street, so-called.
Tax of 1902, 11 64

BARTHOLOMEW MCDONOUGH, HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3,720 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 13 and 15 Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Winn; easterly by land of Donovan; southerly by a private way; westerly by said Centre street.
Tax of 1902, 32 22

BRIDGET E. QUIGLEY.—About 45,344 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 18 and 20 Morse street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Ellis; easterly by land of Foster; southerly by land of Richardson and land of Oliver Bacon Heirs; westerly by land of Ellis.
Tax of 1902, 41 17

CHARLES E SMITH.—About 1,440 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Manns Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Manns Court; easterly by land of James Skinner; southerly by land of Michael Meagher; westerly by land of Michael Meagher.
Tax of 1902, 14 67

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 2,948 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Manns Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Manns Court; easterly by other land of Smith; southerly by land of heirs of Thomas Salmon; westerly by land of James Skinner.
Tax of 1902, 47 44

CHARLES E. SMITH—About 2,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Manns Court; easterly by Main street; southerly by land of Salmon; westerly by other land of Smith.
Tax of 1902, 85 92
Street Watering for 1902, 73

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 4,920 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Manns Court, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Edgell; easterly by land now or late of Holton; southerly by Manns Court; westerly by land now or late of Whitcher.
Tax of 1902, 59 07

CHARLES E. SMITH.—About 1-16 of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Centre street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of James Begley; easterly by land of Patrick Smith; southerly by land of John Connolly; westerly by Centre street.
Tax of 1902, 29 54

MARY P. WATERS.—About ½ of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn No. 32 Franklin street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Franklin street; easterly by land of Edward Simonds; southerly by land now or late of Green; westerly by Park street.
Tax of 1902, 56 38

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Village street, being lot No. 21 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by lot 22 on said plan; northwesterly by lot 19 and 20 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 10 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Village street, being lot No. 22, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by lot 23 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 11 on said plan; northwesterly by lot 21 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,925 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Village street, being lot No. 23 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by lots 12 and 13 on said plan; northwesterly by lot 22 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 7,154 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Maple Court, being lot No. 44, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Maple Court on said plan; southeasterly by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by lots 40 and 41 on said plan; northwesterly by lots 42 and 43 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 19, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 20 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 21 on said plan; southwesterly by lots 8 and 9 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 20 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Village street; southeasterly by lot 21 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 19 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 38 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by lot 39 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 40 on said plan; southwesterly by Village street; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 69

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot 39 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 42 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 40 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 38 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 42, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 43 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 44 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 39 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 43 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by Maple Court; southeasterly by lot 44 on said plan; southwesterly by lot 42 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings Avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 6,479 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings Avenue, being lot No. 45 shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly bd lot 46 on said plan; southeasterly by Boston any Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by Maple Court; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,579 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 46, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 47 on said plan; southeasterly by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by lot 45 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 7,159 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Cummings avenue, being lot No. 47, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 48 on said plan; southeasterly by Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation; southwesterly by lot 46 on said plan; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Winn street, being lot No. 12, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 23 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 13 on said plan; southwesterly by Winn street; northwesterly by lot 11 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Winn street, being lot No. 11, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 22 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 12 on said plan; southwesterly by Winn street; northwesterly by lot 10 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Winn street, being lot No. 10, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 21 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 11 on said plan; southwesterly by Winn street; northwesterly by lot 9 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Winn street, being lot No. 9, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 19 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 10 on said plan; southwesterly by Winn street; northwesterly by lot 8 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

MARY E. NAVEN.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Winn street, being lot No. 8, shown on plan of land belonging to Sarah S. Cummings, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by lot 19 on said plan; southeasterly by lot 9 on said plan; southwesterly by Winn street; northwesterly by Cummings avenue.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

WARD 4.

PEARL V. BISHOP.—About 11,272 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 142 Montvale avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Svenson; easterly by land of Mahoney; southerly by Montvale avenue; westerly by land now or late of Robie.
Tax of 1902, 74 28

GEORGE A. BOUTWELL.—About ¼ of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 24 Church street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Johnson; easterly by Church street; southerly by Church street; westerly by land of Caroline A. Johnson.
Tax of 1902, 36 70

JAMES BUEL HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 4,240 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 327-331 Main street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Wm. R. Putnam heirs; easterly by other land of Buel Heirs or Devisees; southerly by Buel Place; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1902, 238 07
Street Watering for 1902, 96

JAMES BUEL HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 8,880 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Buel Place bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Gooding and land of Heirs of Wm. Richardson; easterly by land of the City of Woburn; southerly by land of Allen; westerly by other land of said Buel heirs or Devisees.
Tax of 1902, 136 04

ANN COKELEY.—About 31,115 situated in said Woburn off Wood street, being lot 16 on Plan of Converse Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 17 on Ayers Plan of Converse Lots; easterly by West street shown on said plan; southerly by Packard street shown on said plan; westerly by lot 15 on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 14 33

ANN COKELEY.—About 26,016 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 15, shown on Plan of Coverse Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 17 on said plan; easterly by lot 16 on said plan; southerly by Packard street; westerly by Chandler street shown on said plan.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

JOHN COKELEY.—About ¾ of an acre of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by land of Louis P. Parker; eastetly by Chandler street; southerly by lot 32 on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds. Book of Plans 5, Plan 46, and by land of City of Woburn; westerly by Wood street.
Tax of 1902, 3 58

JOHN C. FINNEGAN.—About 6660 squrae feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn No. 22 Union Street, bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by land of Connolly and by other land of Finnegan; easterly by land now or late of Cooper; southerly by Union street; westerly by land now or late of Sumner Flagg.
Tax of 1902, 39 38
Street Watering for 1902, 1 68

JOHN C. FINNEGAN:—About 3960 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said woburn on Broad street bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by Broad street; easterly by land of Cooper; southerly by land of Finnegan; westerly by land of Connolly.
Tax of 1902, 21 48

MARGARET J. FOSS.—About 6300 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn No. 83 Salem street bounded as follow, namely:—Northerly by Salem street; northeasterly by land of Dow; southeasterly by land of Dow; southwesterly by land of Dow.
Tax of 1902, 17 90
Street Watering for 1902 1 34

CURTIS GREENWOOD, Heirs or Devisees.—About 41800 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Greenwood avenue bounded as follows namely:—Northeasterly by said Greenwood avenue; southeasterly by other land late of the said Curtis Greenwood and by land of Weldon; southwesterly by land now or late of John Murray Marshall; northwesterly by land of the Scandanavian Evangelical Free Church and by Montvale ave.
Tax of 1902, 123 51
Street Watering for 1902 2 38

CURTIS GREENWOOD, Heirs and Devisees.—About 6400 square feet of land with the buildings thereon situated on High street bounded as follows namely:—Northeasterly by Greenwood avenue; southeasterly by High street; southwesterly by land of Weldon; northwesterly by other land now or formerly of said Greenwood.
Tax of 1902, 50 12

JOHN F. LOVELL.—About 11,685 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn No. 148 Salem street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of A. C. Brown, 96 feet; southerly by said Salem street 100 feet; westerly by land now or late of F. P. Richardson 150 feet.
Tax of 1902, 34 91
Street Watering for 1902, 2 02

HIEL J. NELSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 42, Beach street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of John Nelson; easterly by land of Curtis; southerly by Beach street; westerly by land of John Nelson.
Tax of 1902, 19 25

HIEL J. NELSON HEIRS OR DEVISEES.—About 3¼ acres of land situated in said Woburn on Beach street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of the City of Woburn; easterly by land now or late of Brooks, land of Curtis and other land of Nelson; southerly by Beach street; westerly by land of Mark C. Felch.
Tax of 1902, 17 90

ALVAH WISWALL, GEORGE H. NEWHALL AND GEORGE A. INGALLS, TRUSTEES FOR THE LEPINGWELL LAND COMPANY:—

About 8,662 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Middle street, being lots 43, 44, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 43

About 10,032 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Middle street, being lots 55, 56, shown on Plan of Land belonging to Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 15,402 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Middle street, being lots 58, 59, 60, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 2 68

About 10,044 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Mishawum Road, being lots 67, 68, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 9,668 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Mishawum Road, being lots 74, 75 and part of 73, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 61

About 8,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 4, 5, shown on Plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 72

About 8,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 7, 8, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 72

About 8,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 10, 11, shown on Plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 72

About 20,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 14,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being 20, 21, 22, shown on Plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 26

About 15,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 27, 28, 29, 30, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 35

About 20,000, square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 20,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 181, 182, 183, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 07

About 20,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 16,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 106, 107, 108, 109, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 43

About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Atwood Avenue, being lots 86, 87, 88, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 43,

About 28,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198 and 199, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 2 51

About 14,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 186, 187, 188 and part of 189, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 26

About 20,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Atwood avenue, being lots 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 79

About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Crosby street, being lot 177, shown on Plan of Land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 43

About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Crosby street, being lots 226, 227, 228, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47
Tax of 1902, 1 07

About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Converse street, being lots 171, 172, 173, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 1 07

About 8,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Converse street, being lots 219, 220, shown plan of land belonging to Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 72

About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Converse street, being lot 160, shown on plan of land belonging to the Lepingwell Land Company, recorded with Middlasex South District Deeds, Book of Plan 84, Plan 47.
Tax of 1902, 35

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by David J. Lindsay to William A. Thurston, dated December 9, 1890, and recorded in the Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds in book 220, page 306, and by said William A. Thurston assigned to John A. Thurston by deed of assignment dated February 7, 1891, and recorded in said Registry in book 222, page 507, and for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of said John A. Thurston, deceased, on

Saturday, the thirtieth day of April, A. D. 1904,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, the premises described in said mortgage, to wit:—Two certain parcels of land situated in Wilmington, in said County, on the southwesterly side of Thurston Avenue, being lots numbered five and six on a plan of house lots surveyed for William A. Thurston by James A. Bancroft, surveyor, May 19, 1890, and recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans number six, plan number eight; said lot numbered five containing 8800 square feet of land, and said lot numbered six containing 9375 square feet of land.

Also, one other parcel of land situated in said Wilmington and located southeasterly from and adjoining to said lot numbered six, and bounded, beginning at the most southerly corner of said lot numbered six at a stake; thence northeasterly by said lot numbered six and Thurston Avenue, one hundred and sixty feet to a stake in the line of said Avenue; thence southeasterly one hundred and thirty six feet to a stake; thence southwesterly about one hundred and sixty feet to land of persons unknown; thence northwesterly by said last mentioned land one hundred and thirty six feet to the point of beginning; said last named lot containing about one half an acre; together with rights of ways over said Thurston Avenue to and from said lots.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes thereon.

Terms: $100 cash down at time and place of sale; balance in ten days on delivery of deed.

MINNIE I. ASPINWALL, Administratrix of the estate of John A. Thurston, deceased, the present holder of said mortgage.

CHESTER W. CLARK, Attorney,
62 Equitable Building, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by John M. Portal of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, to Emily F. Chapin, of Lincoln, in said County, dated March 1, 1901, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2881, Page 434, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on

MONDAY, April 11, 1904,

at three o'clock in the afternoon at the office of John W. Johnson, 349 Main street, Woburn, Room No 1, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain tract of land containing about two acres and one half with the buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Southerly by Charles street; westerly by land formerly of Henry Wendall, by land of Clara S. and Maria E. Carter and by land formerly of Walter Wyman; northerly by land of Morrill Wyman; easterly by land of said Morrill Wyman and by the Woburn Cemetery.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and two hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, March 18, 1904.

CONCERT

— AT —

First Baptist Church

— ON —

Monday Eve'g, March 28, 1904

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

— Artists. —

Miss Florence Wood, Soprano.
Miss Ella Andrews, Reader and Club Swinging in Greek Costume.
Mr. Clarence Wilson, Baritone.
ALL OF BOSTON.
Highland Orchestra of Woburn.

Tickets 35 Cents.

Tickets for sale at Whitcher's Drugstore.

LEND-A-HAND
ENTERTAINMENT
FOR BENEFIT OF
Unitarian Parish
March 29th,
In UNITARIAN VESTRY
DRAMATIC
"An Unlucky Tip."

Miss Mae Dickinson of Carthage, N. Y., will sing. Solos by Harold Childs. Cornet Solos by Miss Grace Callahan.

TICKETS, 25 Cents

Piano For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale a SQUARE PIANO at a satisfactory price. It is a good one.

Mrs. A. E. CUMMINGS,
22 Cleveland Ave., Woburn, Mass

WANTED.

Party or parties who will take first mortgage o $2500 with good interest on $4000 worth of property in Vermont.

For further particulars apply at 361 Main street, Woburn.

[For the JOURNAL.]

Brilliant Naval Victory.

An item in a local paper states that the old cannon that has been so long in use at No. Woburn is about to be returned to its former position on the lawn of the Count Rumford homestead, by the Rumford Historical Association. Perhaps it would be interesting to the public to learn something of the history of this famous relic, that was once a part of the armament of the British Brig Boxer, that was captured by the United States Brig Enterprise in a brilliant naval battle, fought off Portland Harbor Sept. 5, 1813.

The Boxer was commanded by Capt. Samuel Blyth, and mounted 18 guns. The Enterprise was commanded by Lieut. William Burrows and mounted 16 guns, the guns of both being of the same calibre. The battle was fought in the afternoon, a quarter past three, and ended at forty-five minutes past three, when the enemy ceased firing, and cried for quarters, the number killed on the Boxer could not be ascertained; sixty-four prisoners were taken, including seventeen wounded. The Enterprise had two killed, and twelve wounded, among the latter was Lieut. Burrows who expired at midnight following the action. The commanders of both ships died of their wounds, and were buried in Portland, with military and civic honors on Wednesday following the battle.

Of the Brig Enterprise, it was not her first encounter with foreign Ships of War. In 1801, she was rated a schooner, and is the same vessel with which Lieut. Sterrett, in August, 1801, captured, "without the loss of a man," the Tripolitan Ship of War Tripoli of fourteen guns, and eighty-five men, fifty of whom were killed and wounded.

The action between the Boxer and Enterprise was considered one of the most important of the War, so much so, that a picture of the battle scene was painted by Walter F. Lansil, from which many engraved copies were taken, some of which are now in existence.

Many years ago the patriotic citizens of North Woburn, awoke to the fact that they had no means of properly celebrating the holidays and other public demonstrations and money was raised by subscription to purchase a piece of ordinance for their use. At the Charlestown Navy Yard two cannon were found that were captured with H. B. M. Boxer, one of which was purchased and came to No. Woburn; the other went to East Woburn where it was used for a time and then sold for old junk. Of the original subscribers for this purchase only one is now believed to be living, Mr. J. M. Eaton.

NAVAL VICTORY.

From the "Portland Augus" of Sept. 8, 1813:

We have the inexpressible satisfaction of presenting to our readers, this week, the details of another brilliant achievement of our gallant tars, in the capture of the British brig Boxer, Capt. Blyth, rating 14, but mounting 18, guns, by the U. S. brig Enterprise, commanded by Lieut. Burrows, rating 14 guns, but mounting 16, of the same calibre. On Monday, the 6th inst., at 5 P. M., anchored in this harbor, the U. S. brig Enterprise, (late Lieut. Wm. Burrows commander), with H. B. M's brig Boxer (late Capt. Blyth,) her prize, of superior force, captured on the 5th inst., after an action of 45 minutes; the following particulars of the engagement are obtained from the officers on board the Enterprise:

Sept. 5th, at 5 A. M., light winds from N. N. W., Pemmaquid bearing north, 8 miles distant, saw a brig at anchor inshore, and made sail on a wind with the larboard tacks on board. At half past 7, the brig weighed and fired 3 shot at a fishing boat, for the purpose of ascertaining what we were (as we have since learned). At half past 8 the brig fired a shot as a challenge, and hoisted 3 English ensigns, and immediately bore up for us. At 9 we tacked, kept away south, and prepared for action. At half past 9 it fell calm, the enemy bearing N. N. W. distant 4 miles. At half past 11 a breeze sprang up from the S. W. which gave us the weather gage; we manœuvred to the windward until 2 P. M. to try our sailing with the enemy, and ascertain his force. At a quarter past 2 P. M., we shortened sail; hoisted 3 ensigns, and fired a shot at the enemy. At 3 P. M. tacked and bore up for the enemy, taking him to be one of H. M's. brigs of the largest size. At a quarter past 3, the enemy, being within half pistol shot, gave 3 cheers and commenced the action, by firing her starboard broadside. We returned them 3 cheers with our larboard broadside, when the action became general. At 20 minutes past 3 P. M. our brave commander fell, and while lying on deck refused to be carried below, raised his head, and requested "that the flag might never be struck." At half past 3 we ranged ahead of the enemy, fired our sternchaser, rounded to on the starboard tack, and raked him with our starboard broadside. At 35 minutes past 3 the enemy's main topmast and topsailyard came down. We then set the foresail, and took a position on his starboard bow, and continued to rake him, until 45 minutes past 3, when he ceased firing and cried for quarters; saying, "that as their colors were nailed, they could not haul them down." We then took possession of the prize, which proved to be H. B. M's. brig Boxer; 64 prisoners were taken, including 17 wounded. The number of the enemy killed cannot be exactly ascertained, as many were hove overboard before we took possession, Captain Blyth being one of the slain who fell in the early part of the action. When the sword of the vanquished enemy was presented to the dying conquerer, he clasped his hands and said, "I am satisfied, I die contented," and consented, not till then would he consent, to be carried below. Some of the Boxer's crew inform that when she last left her port she had 115 picked men for the purpose of taking the Enterprise; and that 6 were put on board of a prize, and 5, including the doctor, were on shore at the Island of Manhiggen, leaving on board when the action commenced 104, which account is corroborated by the musterbook found on board of the Boxer. The Enterprise had 2 men killed and 12 wounded, among the latter of whom were the Captain, who expired at 12 o'clock on the night following the action, and midshipman Kervin Waters also mortally, yet languishing. The damage done to the two vessels in the action, forms a most surprising contrast; for whereas the Boxer is literally cut to pieces, in sails, rigging, spars, hull, &c., the Enterprise is in a situation to commence another action of the same kind immediately, if we may except some injury done to some of her spars and rigging, which may require them to be replaced.

While we deeply lament the loss of our gallant Burrows, we are proud to record the cool and determined courage and good conduct of Lieut. McCall, his successor to the command, as also, that of all the rest of the brave officers and crew of Enterprise, who, in this brilliant affair, have placed at a still greater distance, all doubt of the decided superiority of our naval heroes; nor is their heroism less conspicuous in their humanity to the vanquished enemy, than in their bravery while in combat.

The remains of the intrepid and gallant William Burrow, late commander of the United States brig Enterprise, and of his brave competitor, Samuel Blyth, late commander of the British brig Boxer, were entombed in Portland, on Wednesday last, with military and civil honors. The procession was formed at the Court House at 9 o'clock A. M. under the direction of Robert Haley and Levi Cutter, Esquires, assisted by twelve marshals, and proceeded under the escort of the Portland Rifle Company, and Capts. Shaw and Smith, Companies of Infantry, commanded by Capt. Abel W. Atherton, to the lower end of Union Wharf, where the corpses were landed from each vessel from barges of ten oars each, rowed at minute strokes by shipmasters and mates, accompanied by most of the barges and boats in the harbor. During the approach of the barges from the vessels to the shore, and the moving of the procession, minute guns were fired alternately by each vessel. From Union Wharf the procession proceeded up Fore and Pleasant streets to High street, thence down Main and Middle streets, to the Rev. Mr. Payson's meetinghouse, where the rites of Sepulture were performed with appropriate and solemn music; thence to the place of interment. Captains Bird and Varnum paraded their Artillery Companies, and fired minute guns after the procession left the meetinghouse, until it arrived on the burial ground. By an order from Col. Learned, minute guns were repeated from Forts Prebble and Scammel. After the whole ceremonies the procession returned to the Court House.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Military Escort.
Selectmen of Portland.
Town Treasurer and Sheriff of the County.
Town Clerk and other Municipal Officers.
The Reverend Clergy.
Corpse of Lieut. Burrows.
Chief Mourners.
Dr. Washington, Capt. Hull.
Officers of the U. S. Brig Enterprise.
The Crew of the U. S. Brig Enterprise.
Corpse of Captain Blyth.
Officers of the Brig Boxer, as Mourners and Officers on parade.
Crew of Brig Boxer.
Officers of the United States Navy.
Ship Masters and Mates.
Marshals of Maine.
Navy Agent, and the late Consul General to the Barbary Powers.
Collector of the Port and Surveyor.
Superintendent General of Military Supplies.
Officers of the Army of the United States.
Military Officers of the State in Uniform.
Judges and other Civil Officers of the U. States.
Members of Congress.
Judiciary of the Commonwealth.
Members of the State Legislature.
Civil Officers of the State.
Portland Marine Society.
President, Directors, and officers of the Banks and Insurance Officers.
Citizens in General.

Capt. Blyth of the Boxer was one of the pall bearers at the funeral honors paid to the late Captain Lawrence in Halifax.

"Do It To-Day."

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do today," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it TO-DAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

A Japanese Souvenir Night is the timely novelty announced for the celebration of the twenty-fifth performance of that unique character comedy, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," at the Park Theatre, where the play has firmly established itself as a popular favorite with New England playgoers. The inspiration for this event has been the receiving by Madge Carr Cook (who is so artistically portraying the title role) of a curious present from far-away Japan in the shape of a sash pin, about the size of one of Uncle Sam's dollars. According to the letter from F. Kasuwara, which accompanied the pretty remembrance, this pin is an exact duplicate of one worn by the Mikado as a good-luck token. The symbolical figures stand out in golden relief work against the variegated back-ground of red, black and yellow. Four curious Japanese symbols in one corner represent the invocation to Fortune. Three feminine figures in typically Japanese postures probably stand for the idea of Happiness; while a chrysanthemum plant is budding with that national flower of the empire of Nippon all around the circumference of this delicate piece of Japanese art. The lobby of the Park Theatre will be decorated on Monday evening, March 28 next, in highly Oriental style, with the colors of the Mikado, the flag of the Land of the Rising Sun, exact imitations of Japanese battle flags, and plenty of chrysanthemums embowering all.

Littleton Woman's Club.

Mrs. Hayward, President of the Woburn Woman's Club, prefaced her lecture, "The Renaissance," given before the L. W. C. on Monday last, with very delightful expressions of the value of club ideals and the strong hold that is being formed from individual worth and the development of intellectual forces.

Mrs. Hayward drew a most fascinating picture of the lives of the Women of the Renaissance, and the important part they took in the revival of the different branches of human interests.

Mrs. Hayward is a dainty sprite herself, full of the buoyancy of youth and the gaiety of temperament that no subject, however weighty, could force her to conceal. A more instructive and, at the same time, entertaining, lecture, could scarcely be thought of. The addition of a considerable force of the Ayer W. C. added greatly to the enjoyment of the afternoon.—*The Littleton Guidon.*

Loyal Temperance Legion.

The regular meeting of the L. T. L. was held in the usual place Saturday afternoon March 19, at 3 o'clock. The officers who were elected at the first meeting having resigned, the following were chosen to fill their places: President, Sigrid Lawson; Secretary, Alice Rosenquist; Treasurer, Gustav Everburg; Captain, Gabriel Noren. New members are enrolled at each meeting, and Mrs. Norton expresses herself as well pleased with the work.

Members please notice the change of time. In the future, the exercises will begin at three o'clock instead of two.

C. M. W.

Basket Ball.

Last Tuesday night at No. Woburn the North Woburn A. A. team defeated Methodist Gym; score 24 to 3 The A. A. team will play the Lowell boys Saturday night at North Woburn

The X. L. O. girls will play a return game with the Ward 9 team of Boston at the Auditorium, Saturday night. They were defeated by the Ward 9 team by a score of 6 to 1 in the previous game at Boston. The Woburn girls play better at home and should make their opponents hustle.

City Council.

The Board of Aldermen held a meeting on Monday evening, March 21.

Clarence Littlefield was re-elected Chief of the Fire Department without a dissenting vote. Frank E. Tracy declined a re election to the office of Assistant Engineer.

There was a long and warm discussion of telephone matters, but nothing done.

A Card of Thanks.

For the kindness shown us in the loss by death of our dear wife and mother by friends and neighbors we hereby return sincere thanks. We are deeply grateful for their sympathy and help in our hour of sorrow; for their attentions and aid at the funeral; and especially for the great number of beautiful flowers contributed by them.

ROBERT B. WYMAN,
BEATRICE WHITNEY.

WINCHESTER.

Everybody feels keenly the death of Mr. Patrick Holland.

Another vexed question, the Howe lot buildings, has been settled in the right way. They are to be razed and carted away.

The "Twombly Ledge" question received its quietus last week in good shape. Let it rest in peace.

The Lenten season has been observed with commendable decorum and propriety by the people of this village.

The season of gay and festive doings has about closed. Now for the summer vacations and Brother Littlefield's trolley excursions.

The next "Glorious Fourth" is to be celebrated here with great pomp. The Selectmen have voted a handsome appropriation for it.

HOME
SAVINGS BANK
(Incorporated 1869)
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE
Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000
Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.
CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

PRATT'S FOOD
FOR HORSES.
Price per Package 75c.
The most particular people send all their order to us.
That means something, don't it.

W. J. Buckman
CENTRAL GROCERY,
No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 104-7.

Winslow, Rand & Waton's celebrated
High Life Coffee
AND
Winslow Chop Tea
FOR SALE AT
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
We give Green Stamps.
Telephone, 128-6.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
—AND—
Contractor.
No. 8 Middle St. Woburn
Telephone 103—2.

..Are..
You Particular
About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.
Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
—AND—
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

J. E. Herrick, Jr
BUILDER.
Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings. Jobbing promptly attended to. Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices.
Office: 439 Main St., Woburn
SHOP 17 PROSPECT STREET.
Telephone 103 - 4.

To Let.
Two Modern Flats.
Shaw house on Main street, next to Methodist Church, is being converted into two flats with all modern improvements.
Write to JOHN W. SHAW, 15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.
Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity solicited. Also, Fire Insurance.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

O. B. SANBORN,
Furniture and Piano Moving,
Jobbing of all kinds.
Out of town moving a specialty. Storage for furniture. Telephone connection, 165-7.
Residence, 117 Montvale Ave. WOBURN

Desk Room To Let
at $5 per month in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

A KERRY COWARD

By M. Louise Cummins

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Mike Carney sat loosely on a heap of slag during the last two minutes of the noon hour, the empty dinner pail which hung from his locked fingers swinging backward and forward rhythmically between his knees.

His blue eyes, looking straight ahead, held that blending of guilelessness and mysticism which is the birthright of a religious people. Down to the end of his short nose Mike's face might have been a fit study of a fifteenth century monk, but his mouth belied all that, apparently having been formed for no reason on earth but to whistle an Irish jig, and the sight of it thus engaged was sufficient to cure one forever of the idea that life was dull.

At present his lips puckered more than once, but only a lone note, which seemed to have gone astray from the rest of the tune, issued from them. Something began to grow in his eyes, burning away their mysticism and revealing a substratum of quicksilver.

"'Tisn't fair, be gob!"

He stood up and faced the brick wall opposite, as though it was the president of the wire works himself.

"'Tis chances enough the workin'man has to take anyhow"—

His voice stopped as if broken. Cringed into himself, he sank back on the slag, torn between the conviction that "'twas fair" and the Irishman's inherent abhorrence of "informing."

"An' sure, where'd be the use?" he soliloquized, his mental attitude seeming to descend despondently with his body. "Don't they know 'tis done, an' every day too?"

But an hour later when the foreman ordered him to replace a large belt from a shafting to a countershaft while the machinery was in motion, Carney looked him quietly in the eyes and refused.

His glance had measured the danger first. It was a particularly ugly job, crammed near the ceiling, compared to which the belt he had replaced that morning was as child's play.

"You'll not do it?"

"Not while she's running I'll not do it."

The foreman's strong young hands closed and unclosed at his sides. He was ten years the Irishman's junior, with his record still to make. The eyes which answered Mike's narrowed to points of steel. For a moment the two men regarded each other with a peculiarly still, flat look.

"You Kerry coward!"

The measured words were like the hiss of escaping steel scalding the Irishman's face. All the fighting blood of his race showed in the one unloosed shaft of blue light that leaped from his eyes. Like a felled log the foreman went down.

Very quietly Mike picked up his belongings and left the shop. Not even the certainty that he had lost his job and the beating thought of five small mouths at home to be fed could quell the fierce satisfaction in what he had done. For an hour he walked, hugging it savagely to his breast. Then, as he ascended the steps of his tenement, it seemed suddenly to ooze out at his finger tips. Nora's eyes, while she stood on the small piazza hanging out clothes, were as mirrors from which all the grim, bare facts attendant on being "out of a job" looked back at him with cruel distinctness.

* * * * * * * *

Margaret Hartman leaned her arms on the table and looked across the silver and cut glass at her husband. Her white face and wide open eyes still held the tremulousness of one who had recently been in the darkness of a great fear.

"But the man," Hartman said, fingering his glass. "I wish you had found out his name, Constance."

"I know, dear; but, Henry"—her hand went to her heart; Hartman felt reproached as he watched the added pallor of her face—"oh, it was all so sudden, so awful, those mad horses with the trailing harness and wrecked carriage, the fearful recklessness of it, as they came down the street! And then when baby left Anna and came toddling unconsciously across to where I sat on the piazza"—

"There, dear, don't go over it any more." Hartman came around the table and put his hand on his wife's shoulder.

"The man," she went on after a pause, "has been hanging about here lately. I have fancied sometimes that he wished to speak to you or me. When I had baby safely in my arms I looked at him—he had the kindliest blue eyes—and saw that he was very white. But when I asked him if he had been hurt he said no, only a 'bit of a bruise' where the shaft grazed his shoulder. It was the quickness and coolness with which he did it, Henry, that stunned me. And no sooner had he grabbed baby than his mouth puckered in the funniest way, and he sauntered up to me whistling an Irish jig."

Hartman's brows drew together.

"It couldn't be—of course not"—

"Who, dear?"

"Carney, my little jig whistler. And that reminds me that I haven't seen him around since I got home."

The superintendent of the Leffington wire works went quickly into his library. A moment later his wife heard him calling up his assistant by telephone.

Mike stood in the Hartmans' library two hours later. His sensitive face worked as he turned a shabby hat round and round by the brim.

"Oh, sure, 'twas nothing, ma'am. I've got five o' thim meself at home," he said depreciatingly.

"How does it happen that you're not working, Carney?" The superintendent looked at him keenly.

"Well, sir, you see, 'twas this way: Meself an' Harrington had a bit of a disagreement about a belt and—a"—

"Well?"

Hartman's eyes held his, compelling the truth.

"Mr. Hartman, sir"—the words rushed from the Kerry coward in a choking blurt—"I once seen a man tore to bits doing what Harrington bid me do. I'll not deny that it's hungry the childer've been sometimes since I've not had a steady job, but 'tis hungrier they'd be if I wasn't here at all, an'—I couldn't take the chanct."

"You don't have to take the chance." Hartman was pacing the floor, with hands thrust deep into his pockets, the veins on his forehead knotted. "No man who works under me will be asked to take chances that I would not take myself. Did Harrington discharge you for that?" He wheeled suddenly, facing Mike.

"No, sir; no, Mr. Hartman, sir. We had a few words first, an' Harrington he called me a Kerry coward, an'—I hit him a lick."

"Did you, though?" There was relish in the superintendent's voice.

"Oh, sure 'tisn't any harm I'd want to be doin' him," Mike put in quickly, "the lad is a dacent lad enough, an' knowledgable, too; only a bit young, an', sure, that'll mend."

Hartman followed him to the door.

"Come down to the works in the morning, Carney, and we'll see if we can't find something for you that'll keep the 'childer' from being hungry in future," he said genially. "As to what you did for me this afternoon—I can't speak of that yet."

Margaret Hartman pushed her husband aside and, taking Mike's hand, raised it to her lips.

"He called you a Kerry coward," she said, with heaving breast, while Mike stood transfixed by the beauty of her tear filled eyes, "but I call you the bravest man—the bravest man—that ever lived!"

When Mike reached the street he stood and looked at his hand in the moonlight.

"Wisha, now, to think of that!" he said reverently. "Faith, I dunno but I'm glad he called me a Kerry coward."

Mrs. Rosa Adams, niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C. S. A., wants every woman to know of the wonders accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you with pen and ink what good **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** did for me, suffering from the ills peculiar to the sex, extreme lassitude and that all gone feeling. I would rise from my bed in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed, but before I had used two bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** I began to feel the buoyancy of my younger days returning, became regular, could do more work and not feel tired than I had ever been able to do before, so I continued to use it until I was restored to perfect health. It is indeed a boon to sick women and I heartily recommend it. Yours very truly, MRS. ROSA ADAMS, 819 12th St., Louisville, Ky."

Any women who are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, general debility, and nervous prostration, should know there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No other medicine for women has received such wide-spread and unqualified indorsement. No other medicine has such a record of female cures.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am very pleased to recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** for womb and ovarian difficulties from which I have been a sufferer for years. It was the only medicine which was at all beneficial, and within a week after I started to use it, there was a great change in my feelings and looks. I used it for a little over three months, and at the end of that time I suffered no pain at the menstrual period, nor was I troubled with those distressing pains which compelled me to go to bed, and I have not had a headache since. This is nearly a year ago. I always keep a bottle on hand, and take a few doses every week, for I find that it tones up the system and keeps me feeling strong, and I never have that tired out feeling any more.

"I certainly think that every woman ought to try this grand medicine, for it would prove its worth. Yours very truly, MISS ELSIE DANFORTH, 203 De Soto St., Memphis, Tenn."

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

The Maid's Evasive Answer.

Strange as it may seem, there is a public man in this city who is blessed or cursed with a tender conscience that worries him in small matters as well as in great. Among the things that he cannot justify to himself is the bidding a servant to say that he is not at home when in reality he is inside his house. At the same time he is not able to receive the many visitors who call upon him, and his only resource was to give instructions that polite excuses should be given. Upon one occasion such instructions were given to a maid, an Irish girl gifted with the readiness and good wit of her nation.

"Then I'm to be saying, sir, that you're not at home?" the maid inquired.

"No, Mary; no!" was the reply. "That would not be true. If any one should ask for me you must just put him off—give him some evasive answer, you know."

"I'll do it, sir, never fear," was the maid's reply. Mary was as good as her word.

That afternoon a person of importance made his appearance and was duly sent away. The faithful maid reported the circumstance to her employer.

"What did you do, Mary?" inquired the latter, with some trepidation.

"Oh, I just put him off, sir, as you told me. I gave him an evasive answer."

"Yes, but what did you say to him?"

"Oh, sure, he axed me if the boss was at home, and I said to him, 'Was his grandmother a monkey?'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Puzzled the Irishman.

The Rev. Robert Collyer was a blacksmith in Germantown, Pa., before he became a preacher, says Success. Once when there was little work at hand he asked a builder in his neighborhood for something to do. The latter replied that all he could give him would be a job carrying a hod.

"I'm your man," replied the blacksmith promptly.

Years afterward, while an imposing edifice was being erected in Chicago for Dr. Collyer, he was standing among the beams watching the progress of the work when an Irishman came along with a hod of bricks. Dr. Collyer spoke to him, and he paused.

"This is har-rd work, sor," said the Irishman.

"I know that well," answered Dr. Collyer. "In my day I've carried the hod myself."

"The Irishman stared at me an instant," said Dr. Collyer in relating the incident, "and then went on his way mumbling something that sounded suspiciously like, 'I wouldn't 'a' beleaved th' parson was such a liar.'"

Swimming Boards.

Sandwich swimming boards take their name from the fact that they are used in the Sandwich Islands, and not from their shape, as might be imagined. The contrivance is simply a large coffin shaped board, usually about five feet in length and from one to two feet in width. It is used especially for passing through the surf. In most cases the islands of the Sandwich group are of coral formation and surrounded by dangerous reefs, which make it extremely dangerous to land. By clinging to his swimming board, however, the native has the advantage of being able to use all his strength in propelling himself forward.

Would Then Be Useful.

Grinder—What! Asleep at your desk, and work so pressing! Meekly—Excuse me, sir, baby kept me awake all night. Grinder—Then you should have brought it with you to the office.—Town and Country.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

QUEER OLD LAW.

Eighteenth Century Edict Against Tobacco Chewing.

In the code of laws passed by the towns of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield in the years 1738-39 may be found the following on tobacco chewing:

"Forasmuch as it is observed that many abuses are crept in and committed by the frequent taking of tobacko, it is ordered by the authority of this court that no person under the age of twenty-one years nor any other that hath not already accustomed himselfe to the use thereof shall take any tobacko until hee hath bought a certificate under the hands of some one who are approved for knowledge and skill in physicks that it is useful for him and also that hee hath received a lycense from the courts for the same.

"And for the regulating of those who either by theire former taking it have, to theire apprehensions, made it necessary to them or upon due advice are persuaded to the use thereof, it is ordered that no man within this colonye after the publication hereof shall take any tobacko publiquely in the streets, highways or any barnyards or upon training days, in any open places, under the penalty of sixpence for each offense against this order in any of the particulars thereof, to bee paid without gainsaying, uppon conviction by the testimony of one witness—that is, without just exception—before any one magistrate.

"And the constables in the several towns are required to make presentment to each particular court of such as they do understand and can convict to be transgressors of this order."—Pittsburg Gazette.

HINTS FOR BRIDEGROOMS.

Plenty of Advice For Brides, but Not a Word For the Men.

A thoughtful young man of Washington was heard to decry the other day the fact that, while there is a deluge of "don't" and "do" for the bride to follow, the bridegroom must shift for himself.

"There is absolutely nothing to guide a man but his own awkward self. It isn't fair," he said. "From the time a girl is old enough to detect sound she understands the importance of having things done properly at a wedding, while the prospective groom is only something necessary to complete the picture. Nothing short of inspiration can get a man through a marriage ceremony gracefully.

"In order to impress the bride and spectators that he is enthusiastic about it he appears with a sort of frozen grin on his face that you expect to melt at any moment and run down his collar. If he is too frightened to respond in a loud voice some of the bride's girl friends will whisper that 'it was plainly evident he was unwilling from the start.' Again, if he replies in a loud, stern voice another bunch in another direction of the church will huddle together and express how glad they are that they are not marrying him, while the attitude of many is that they are signing away their life and all worth living for. So I, for one, think it high time that somebody wrote a few hints on how to behave, that we men may appear enthusiastic about being married without being ridiculous."—Washington Post.

Ancient Jewelers' Association.

Birmingham jewelers have been famed since the middle of the seventeenth century. When Charles II. brought with him to England the French fashion of wearing metallic ornaments Birmingham at once took the lead in supplying them, and the city then commenced a career of prosperity which has never save for brief periods suffered abatement. Even Southey, who could scarcely find sufficiently censorious language to describe Birmingham, allowed that it "excelled every other place in the world for watch chains, necklaces, bracelets, buttons, buckles and snuffboxes," though, he said, "they were dearly purchased at the expense of health and morality."—London Chronicle.

The Liberty Cap.

When the Romans manumitted a slave his head was adorned with a small red cloth cap. As soon as this was done he was known as a libertinus, or freedman, and his name was registered among others of the city's "tribes." In the year 263, when Saturnius invaded the capital, he hoisted a cap on the point of his spear to indicate that all slaves who rallied around this standard should be free. This was the origin of the liberty cap still used in art as a symbol.

Ichthyology.

"Never mind," said her dearest friend. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught out of it."

"I know it," said the girl that had set her cap for the foreign count and failed to get him, "but statistics show that the lobster catch is getting smaller every year."—Chicago Tribune.

Ancestors.

"We can't afford to recognize them. Their ancestors were in trade."

"Weren't ours?"

"Of course, but our trade ancestors are two generations farther back than theirs."—Exchange.

Willing to Forget.

"Then he doesn't want to be called the Hon. Mr. Smith?"

"No. It's an unpleasant reminder that he used to be in politics, and with strangers it might hurt his reputation."—Puck.

It is supposed that the average depth of sand in the deserts of Africa is from forty to eighty feet.

Joy and Sorrow.

Joy, they say, is a sensation similar to sorrow. It merely hurts along lines that we enjoy. We go to the theater, weep over a teary play and are delightfully sad. Some people's greatest joy lies in being sad.

What a remarkably interesting study must humanity be to the scientists of the lower kingdom!—San Francisco Bulletin.

Red Pepper For Ants.

A small boy who lived with his aunt and grandma noticed that the regular black pepper shaker was filled with red pepper. This startled him, and, turning to his aunt, who sat next at the table, he said: "You better not eat any of that red pepper, Aunt Harriet. Grandma says that red pepper kills ants."—Christian Intelligencer.

A Misnomer.

Cobwigger—Look here! Did you break that rubber plant? Freddie—That ain't no rubber plant. I pulled at it till all the leaves came out, and it didn't stretch a bit.—Judge.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 27.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Matt. iv, 23—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1904, by American Press Association.]

LESSON I.—The boyhood of Jesus (Luke ii, 40-52). Golden Text, Luke ii, 52, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." The heart of this lesson is, to my mind, His first and only recorded utterance until He entered upon His public ministry—"I must be about my Father's business."

LESSON II.—The preaching of John the Baptist (Matt. iii, 1-12). Golden Text, Matt. iii, 2, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." It had been foretold that the Messiah would have a herald, even Elijah the prophet, who would prepare His way before him. Gabriel told Zacharias that his son whom God would give him should be called John and that he would herald the Messiah in the spirit and power of Elijah (Luke i, 17).

LESSON III.—The baptism and temptation of Jesus (Matt. iii, 13; iv, 11). Golden Text, Matt. iii, 17, "And, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Consider the same words as those of the Golden Text in Matt. xvii, 5, with the addition "Hear ye Him" and see how impossible it is to please God unless we give heed to His Son. With His first words in Lesson I put His second recorded words of verse 15 of this lesson and concerning all temptation take comfort from I Cor. x, 13, and overcome as Jesus did.

LESSON IV.—Jesus rejected at Nazareth (Luke iv, 16-30). Golden Text, John i, 11, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Declaring Himself to be the one of whom the Spirit by Isaiah spake, they would not accept Him, but were so enraged at Him that they would fain have killed Him. With a word He could have killed them all, but the day of vengeance was not yet. He came to save, not to destroy.

LESSON V.—Jesus calls four disciples (Luke v, 1-11). Golden Text, John viii, 31, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples." Not His first, but His second or third, call to these men, as we saw when studying the lesson, and each time a call to follow more fully. Our bodies are vessels, and if fully yielded to Him He will not fail to fill them. It is ours to trust and obey.

LESSON VI.—A Sabbath in Capernaum (Mark i, 21-34). Golden Text, Luke iv, 40, "He laid His hands on every one of them and healed them." Anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power, going about doing good, covers all His daily life (Acts x, 38); teaching, healing, comforting, always full of compassion, never considering Himself; in the synagogues, in private houses or by the wayside revealing God to sinful men; the words and works of God manifest in Him that He might win men to God.

LESSON VII.—Jesus forgives sins (Mark ii, 1-12). Golden Text, Mark ii, 10, "The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." The man carried by his friends and let down through the roof into the presence of Christ as He preached to a crowded house certainly needed healing for his body, but our Lord saw that he needed more the forgiveness of his sins, and this He attended to first.

LESSON VIII.—Jesus and the Sabbath (Matt. xii, 1-13). Golden Text, Matt. xii, 12, "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day." These self righteous, religious people were making a god of the Sabbath day instead of worshiping the living and true God on that day, and our Lord by His healing on that day would teach them that to know the Lord of the Sabbath, who was in their midst, was better than all their self righteous doings (Jer. ix, 23, 24).

LESSON IX.—Hearers and doers of the word (Matt. vii, 21-29). Golden Text, Jas. i, 22, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." A lot of so called religion is mere talk and an offense to God and man. It is true that there is no salvation by works revealed in Scripture, but only salvation by the precious blood of Christ as God's free gift to the penitent sinner.

LESSON X.—Jesus calms the storm (Mark iv, 35-41). Golden Text, Ps. cvii, 29, "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." Fear and alarm should have no place in the heart of a child of God, for the perfect love of God casts out all fear (I John iv, 18). But, like the disciples in the boat, we are apt to see with the natural eyes only and merit His "How is it that ye have no faith?"

LESSON XI.—Death of John the Baptist (Matt. xiv, 1-12). Golden Text, Rev. ii, 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The ungodly prosper in this world, for the whole world lieth in the wicked one (Ps. lxxiii, 12; I John v, 19). The righteous are called to walk with Him who has chosen them and to suffer with Him and not to think it strange (John xv, 18-20; I Pet. iv, 12, 13; Phil. i, 29). Seeing Jesus only, in His hand for His pleasure, and saying, "Even so, Father," this is the believer's way.

LESSON XII.—Jesus feeds the five thousand (Matt. xiv, 13-23). Golden Text, John vi, 35, "Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life." Full of compassion, seeing the multitudes as sheep having no shepherd, feeding them as to their bodies and speaking to them of the kingdom of God, this was His way and should be ours, for He is still saying, "Give ye them to eat." We may seem to have no resources, no power to do anything, but He who used and multiplied the lad's loaves and fishes still lives.

A Hindoo Belief About Owls.

The Hindoos declare that the flesh and blood of an owl will make a person insane who eats or drinks it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market and purchase an owl. In silence they carry it home and secretly prepare a decoction, which an accomplice will put into the food of the object of their malignant designs.

A Mercenary Preference.

"She despised him because his parents were poor, but honest."

"No," said Miss Cayenne; "she didn't despise him, but she preferred a man whose parents were neither."—Washington Star.

Which Was Far Worse.

Williamson—Does your wife always have the last word? Henderson—Well, if she doesn't, old fellow, she looks it.—Smart Set.

It is better to swallow a lie than to utter it.

A GROWING TREE.

Two Things That Nature Invariably Does to Protect It.

Nature invariably does two things when she tries to grow a tree—she protects the bark from hottest sunshine and the roots from severe changes of temperature. Both these points are almost invariably overlooked by man. Observe a maple or elm or birch as it shoots from the ground. Its sides are clothed all the way with small twigs unless removed by knife or browsing. Any tree starting in an open lot is thus protected from the sun. Otherwise the extreme heat will rupture cells, and the bark will dry and split. As far as possible there must be equal development of cells on all sides of the tree. But care of the roots is even more important.

The feeding of a tree is at unequal depths, but most of it is near the surface. If the sun be allowed to strike directly on the soil the finer rootlets that do the foraging are destroyed, and extreme droughts will affect the roots for a foot in depth. What is worse, the extreme changes of temperature also affect the tree and suck its life away. In some cases such conditions are produced as encourage the development of fungi or other enemies to plant life. Nature guards against this by laying down each autumn a layer of leaves to mulch her forests or solitary pets.

RENEWING THE BODY.

The Way Man Is Constantly Being Made Over and Over.

It takes but four weeks to completely renew the human epidermis. You have new eyelashes every five months, you shed your finger nails in about the same period, and the nails of your toes are entirely renewed annually. The white of the eye, known as the cornea, is in a continual state of renewal, being kept clear and clean by the soft friction of the eyelids. These are a few manifestations of the restorative powers retained by man, who is less fortunate than the lower animals.

Crabs can grow fresh limbs; the snail can renew even a large portion of its head; with eyes and feelers lizards do not worry about the loss of a tail, and if you make a cut in the caudal appendage of some of these last mentioned creatures they will grow another tail straightway and rejoice in the possession of two.

But man still possesses the wonderful restorative little cells which scientific men call leucocytes. They are always coursing through the body to renew and to defend the body from its enemies, the harmful bacteria of various maladies. These cells generate antitoxins to kill our enemies. They do battle for us in hundreds of ways, and yet the majority of us know nothing of these great services rendered by our tiny friends inside.

Piano Test For Engines.

Pointing to a piano that was standing in the locomotive roundhouse of the Missouri Pacific railroad near Kansas City, an English visitor remarked, "Ah, I see your road supplies you with musical entertainment."

"Guess not," replied the foreman. "That piano is for testing the engines."

The Englishman thought it a joke, says a writer in the World's Work, but when a uniformed pianist struck a note which harmonized with the noise of vibration in each part of the locomotive as it was tested he understood that there could be no flaws or cracks in the engine. He was informed that if the noise of the locomotive made a discord with the musical note the locomotive would be thus proved defective. The method has been discovered to be more accurate than the old way of hammering each part.

Ancient Serpent Superstition.

It is popularly believed even in this day and age of the world that bees die almost immediately after using their stings. This may be true; in fact, I believe that it is so stated on good authority. But what do you think of the idea of a poisonous serpent dying as soon as he has inflicted the fatal bite? Pliny, a writer of the first century after Christ, says: "Serpents, no odds how poisonous the variety, can hurt but once; neither kill they many together, to say nothing how. When they have bitten or stung a man they die for very grief and sorrow that they have done such a mischief, as if they had some remorse or conscience afterward."

Yet He Wondered.

"You rash boy," she said, looking sweetly up at him as she tenderly drew his silk scarf about his throat; "you mustn't go out in the night air without being more careful. You are so careless. You ought to have somebody to watch over you and keep you from catching your death." And still he wondered as he went home whether he would lose her friendship forever if he were to dare to ask her to be his when he returned on the following evening.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Blushing Girl.

You may know if a girl likes you by the way she behaves when you meet her. Don't be taken in by the mere fact that she changes color. Girls do that from a thousand different causes, and there is no reason why she should be in love with you merely because she blushes.—Health.

Her Vocation.

Tess—Why, Miss Uppisch's grandmother was merely a servant girl, wasn't she? Jess—Oh, no, indeed! Miss Uppisch says she was a "household specialist."—Philadelphia Press.

Education has many good results, but none that is more sure than the sense of power and self reliance with which it invests its possessor.

Stopping an Artery.

The prompt application of the tourniquet or even of the finger to stop the bleeding of an artery before the doctor comes will often save life. A wound anywhere below the middle of the upper arm or below the middle of the thigh may be easily stopped by a tourniquet. The simplest improvised form of this implement, which may be always found ready to hand, is a linen handkerchief and a strong stick. The best place to apply the tourniquet for a wound of the arm is above the elbow, where the pulsations of an artery may be felt by any one.

The handkerchief should be tied around the arm rather loosely; the stick is thrust in and turned to tighten it until the blood ceases to flow. Of course this is only a temporary relief till the coming of the doctor, who, in case of serious bleeding, must be summoned as soon as possible. When you have nothing at hand in a case of sudden accident even the pressure of the forefinger and the thumb over the wound may arrest the flow of blood for the time.

THE LIBRARY.

It Should Be, So to Speak, the Author's Tool Chest.

In the gradual growth of every student's library he may or may not continue to admit literary friends and advisers, but he will be sure sooner or later to send for a man with a tool chest. Sooner or later every nook and corner will be filled with books, every window will be more or less darkened, and added shelves must be devised. He may find it hard to achieve just the arrangement he wants, but he will find it hardest of all to meet squarely that inevitable inquiry of the puzzled carpenter as he looks about him, "Have you actually read all these books?" The expected reply is: "To be sure. How can you doubt it?" Yet if you asked him in turn, "Have you actually used every tool in your tool chest?" you would very likely be told: "Not one-half as yet, at least this season. I have the others by me to use as I need them." Now, if this reply can be fairly made in a simple, well defined, distinctly limited occupation like that of a joiner, how much more inevitable it is in a pursuit which covers the whole range of thought and all the facts in the universe! The library is the author's tool chest. He must learn as he grows older to take what he wants and to leave the rest.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Atlantic.

THE COUNTERFEITERS.

Fine Work of the Secret Service In Running Them Down.

A secret service man tells of an experience of his when on a difficult case of counterfeiting. The district had been flooded with bad coins and spurious notes, and it was his duty to locate the plant. At last they dropped across a newcomer who was living in fine style. He was educated and very reserved, and when he got any mail he seemed quite indifferent whether any one saw it or not. He would read his notes on the way home and throw the envelopes carelessly on the sidewalk. Not one of them gave the ghost of a clew. Every morning about 7 o'clock a young milkman went to the man's house and left a quart of milk. He, too, was a newcomer, and this set the secret service man thinking. So he watched. A stout cook at the kitchen always took the can of milk and handed the milkman the can he had left the day before. The milkman, it turned out, was the go-between. The milk cans had false bottoms, and here Mr. Fine Gentleman's letters were hidden. An intercepted letter led to inquiries to a house not more than a few blocks from police headquarters. Sure enough, there was the engraving and bad money plant of which the refined newcomer was the head.—Kansas City Independent.

THE WORD "CHAPEL."

It Comes From Latin and Originally Meant Cope or Canopy.

The word "chapel" comes from the low Latin capella, a cope or canopy, and was applied to a recess or chapel attached to the altar.

Used originally of the place where the cappa or cope of St. Martin was preserved, the word came in the eighth century to signify any sanctuary where holy relics were kept and thence a consecrated building connected with a church or cathedral. At this period also domestic oratories and places of worship for such corporate bodies as colleges began to be called chapels.

Apart from its present day meaning, as applied to any place of worship which is not a parish church, such as a chapel of ease or a nonconformist chapel, the word denotes the ecclesiastical staff of a sovereign, the sacred office recited by the pope with his household and the working staff of a printing office, because the first one in England was set up by Caxton in Westminster abbey.

Water Colors.

Pigments have been used from the earliest times and are now used by all savages for decorative purposes. But the paint used in Babylon and Nineveh and in Pompeii was composed of pigments mixed, not with oil, but with water to which had been added a little glue, egg albumen or perhaps sometimes casein, which is albuminous matter from milk or the gluten from cereal grains. Glue, however, which was well known to the ancient Egyptians, was the most universal binding material. Such paints are now known as fresco paints, or water colors.

As Pepys Tells It.

Pepys tells in his diary that in the reign of King Charles II. a customer bargaining with a London merchant for claret hired a confederate to "thunder (which he had the art of doing upon a deal board) and to rain and hail—that is, make the noise of—so as to give them a pretense of undervaluing their merchant's wines, by saying this thunder would spoil and turn them, which was so reasonable to the merchant that he did abate 2 pistolls per tun for the wine in belief of that."

An Easy Test.

"I often wonder just what she thinks of me," said the young married man.

"It is easy to find out," said the elderly married man. "Just sit down on her hat, and she will tell you what she thinks of you in less than a minute."—Chicago Journal.

Her Little Surprise.

"Don't stop me now, dear. Archie's going to propose in a few minutes."

"Has he shown any symptoms?"

"Certainly not! He doesn't know it yet. I've arranged it as a surprise for him."—Brooklyn Life.

There are men who don't mind being kicked blue if they can only be talked about.—Eliot.

Pilgrims and Puritans.

The pilgrims were a body of English nonconformists who emigrated from Holland and settled Plymouth colony in 1620. The Puritans were a body of nonseparatist religious reformers from England who in 1629-30 founded and settled the Massachusetts Bay colony. The two bodies united in 1692 under the name of Massachusetts.

Deacon and Elder.

Morrison—What is the matter, Dumley? You look terribly mystified. Dumley—No wonder. I was talking with Jinkins just now. We were speaking of the Joneses, and he said that the elder was the younger and the deacon the elder. I can't get at the rights of the thing to save me.—Boston Transcript.

No Fool.

"A least I am not a fool," he said, "for you know 'a fool and his money are soon parted,' a fact which leads naturally to the inference that the fool must have money, and I never had any."—Chicago Post.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

THOMAS SALMON,

Foreign Steamship Agent,

480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

The Allan, Anchor, Cunard, Dominion, Leyland, White Star LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

Knife, Fork and Spoon Experience

Over half a century of it is one of the reasons why goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

the product of this long experience are best. They are sold by leading dealers. For catalogue No. 6, explaining points of interest to buyers, address the makers

International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute. Remember 1847

That Old Piano

so fruitful a source of vexation and annoyance, may count for more than you think toward the purchase of a new and beautiful piano which will delight instead of distress you. With your permission we will place a value on it and tell you how much we will allow for it in exchange for a new Ivers & Pond upright or grand, the balance to be paid if desired in easy monthly instalments. We will cheerfully examine your old piano without placing you under the slightest obligation to purchase a new one. We are offering some unusually attractive bargains in little used second-hand pianos, squares and uprights. May we describe and price these by mail if inconvenient to call?

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.,

114 Boylston Street, Boston.

Dimensions of Noah's Ark.

"Within recent years," says the editor of the Syren and Shipping, "the general dimensions of the ark have been closely followed by cargo steamship builders for deep sea and the American great lakes service. According to the Bible, the ark was 480 feet long, 80 feet wide and 48 feet deep. Her tonnage was 11,413, and she had plenty of room for pairs of all the distinct species of animals that are classed by Buffon—244—and she could have accommodated a thousand persons and then have plenty of room for the storage of supplies. In the seventeenth century Peter Jansen, a Hollander, built a vessel of the exact proportions of the ark, and she was successful, as records of the times show, in making money for her owners. Noah, 'the father of naval architecture,' is held in profound respect by naval architects of today, who know how immeasurably the Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans and all other shipbuilders fell short of the excellence of the type of the ark as a commodious, safe and economical vessel."

Heels Half a Yard High.

The streets of the old city of Venice were often extremely thick in mud, in spite of the great sewers which dated from the tenth century. Even now the thoroughfares between the Piazza and Rialto are sometimes sufficiently bad. We are writing of the time when the population was nearly five times what it now is, and when Venetian trade was at its zenith. Well, to combat this mud the ladies took to high heeled shoes.

As the mud grew worse the heels became taller and taller until at length they were half a yard high and so difficult to control as a pair of stilts without handles. The consequence was that a lady in full dress, obliged to walk but a few yards, had to be supported on both sides. This was a task for the black pages or for the lovers, who had at that time become a very conventional part of Venetian society.

Some Misnamed Drugs.

Some misnomers of the drug store: Oil of vitriol is not an oil. Copperas is an iron salt and contains no copper. Salts of lemon has nothing to do with a lemon, but it is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid. Soda water contains no soda. Sulphuric ether contains no sulphur. Sugar of lead has nothing to do with lead, nor has cream of tartar anything to do with cream. Oxygen means the "acid generator," but hydrogen is really the essential element, and many acids contain oxygen. German silver contains no silver, and blacklead contains no lead. Berberine is usually made from hodrastis canadensis. Wormseed is unexpanded flower buds. Milk of lime has no milk. Quicksilver is purely mercury. Oil of origanum is made from thyme and not from origanum.

Genius in the Hat.

You seldom will find a brainy man with a round head. The head that contains lots of brains either is very long from front to back or else irregular. You can learn something of a man's mental ability by the hat he wears. If his head is so bumpy that it seems as if he never could get a hat to fit him he probably is a genius or an eccentric in some particular line. If his head is long from front to back he is a clear thinker and keen as a razor. So if your hat costs more money than your friend's hat does and you are harder to fit be consoled by considering that your brain is worth more.—Chicago Journal.